THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE HOUSE WITHOUT A KEY

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

MISS MINERVA WINTERSLIP was a Bostonian in good standing and long past the romantic age. Yet beauty thrilled her still, even the semibarbaric beauty of a Pacific island. As she walked slowly along the beach she felt the little catch in her throat that sometimes she had known in Symphony Hall, Boston, when her favorite orchestra rose to some new and unexpected height of loveliness.

It was the hour at which she liked Waikiki best, the hour just preceding dinner and the quick tropic darkness. The shadows cast by the tall coconut palms lengthened and deepened, the light of the falling sun flamed on Diamond Head and tinted with gold the rollers sweeping in from the coral reef. A few late swimmers, reluctant to depart, dotted those waters whose touch is like the caress of a lover. On the springboard of the nearest float a slim brown girl poised for one delectable instant. What a figure! Miss Minerva, well over fifty herself, felt a mild twinge of envy—youth, youth like an arrow, straight and sure and flying. Like an arrow the slender figure rose, then fell; the perfect dive, silent and clean.

Miss Minerva glanced at the face of the man who walked beside her. But Amos Winterslip was oblivious to beauty; he had made that the first rule of his life. Born in the Islands, he had never known the mainland beyond San Francisco. Yet there could be no doubt about it, he was the New England conscience personified—the New England conscience in a white duck suit.

"Better turn back, Amos," suggested Miss Minerva. "Your dinner's waiting. Thank you so much."

"I'll walk as far as the fence," he said. "When you get tired of Dan and his carryings-on, come to us again. We'll be glad to have you."

"That's kind of you," she answered in her sharp, crisp way. "But I really must go home. Grace is worried about me. Of course, she can't understand. And my conduct is scandalous, I admit. I came over to Honolulu for six weeks, and I've been wandering about these islands for ten months."

"As long as that?"

She nodded.

"I can't explain it. Every day I make a solemn vow I'll start packing my trunks—tomorrow."

"And tomorrow never comes," said Amos. "You've been taken in by the tropics. Some people are."

"Weak people, I presume you mean," snapped Miss Minerva. "Well, I've never been weak. Ask anybody on Beacon Street."

"It's a strain in the Winterslips," he said. "Supposed to be Puritans, but always sort of yearning toward the lazy latitudes."

Was There Anything in the World He Wanted Less? No Matter. Barbara Took Him Among the Chinese

"I know," answered Miss Minerva, her eyes on that exotic shore line. "It's what sent so many of them adventuring out of Salem Harbor. Those who stayed behind felt that the travelers were seeing things no Winterslip should look at. But they envied them just the same—or maybe for that very reason." She nodded. "A sort of gypsy strain. It's what sent your father over here to set up as a whaler and got you born so far from home. You know you don't belong here, Amos. You should be living in Milton or Roxbury, carrying a little green bag and popping into a Boston office every morning."

"I've often thought it," he admitted. "And who knows?—I might have made something of my life."

They had come to a barbed-wire fence, an unaccustomed barrier on that friendly shore. It extended well down on the beach; a wave rushed up and lapped the final post, then receded. Miss Minerva smiled.

"Well, this is where Amos leaves off and Dan begins," she said. "I'll watch my chance and run around the end. Lucky you couldn't build it so it moved with the tide."

"You'll find your luggage in your room at Dan's, I guess," Amos told her. "Remember what I said about ——" He broke off suddenly. A stocky white-clad man had appeared in the garden beyond the barrier and was moving rapidly toward them.

Amos Winterslip stood rigid for a moment, an angry light flaming in his usually dull eyes. "Good-by," he said, and turned.

"Amos!" cried Miss Minerva sharply. He moved on and she followed. "Amos, what nonsense! How long has it been since you spoke to Dan?"

He paused under an algaroba tree.

"Thirty-one years," he said. "Thirty-one years the tenth of last August."

"That's long enough," she told him. "Now come around that foolish fence of yours and hold out your hand to him."

"Not me," said Amos. "I guess you don't know Dan, Minerva, and the sort of life he's led. Time and again he's dishonored us all."

"Why, Dan's regarded as a big man," she protested. "He's respected ——"

"And rich," added Amos bitterly. "And I'm poor. Yes, that's the way it often goes in this world. But there's a world to come, and over there I reckon Dan's going to get his."

Hardy soul though she was, Miss Minerva was somewhat frightened by the look of hate on his thin face. She saw the uselessness of further argument.

"Good-by, Amos," she said. "I wish I might persuade you to come East some day."

He gave no sign of hearing, but hurried along the white stretch of sand. When Miss Minerva turned, Dan Winterslip was smiling at her from beyond the fence.

"Hello, there!" he cried. "Come this side of the wire and enjoy life again. You're mighty welcome."

"How are you, Dan?"

She watched her chance with the waves and joined him. He took both her hands in his.

"Glad to see you," he said, and his eyes backed him up. Yes, he did have a way with women. "It's a bit lonely at the old homestead these days. Need a young girl about to brighten things up."

Miss Minerva sniffed.

"I've tramped Boston in galoshes too many winters," she reminded him, "to lose my head over talk like that."

"Forget Boston," he urged. "We're all young in Hawaii. Look at me."

She did look at him, wonderingly. He was sixty-three, she knew, but only the mass of wavy white hair overhanging his temples betrayed his age. His face, burnt to the deepest bronze by long years of wandering under the Polynesian sun, was without a line or wrinkle. Deep-chested and muscular, he could have passed on the mainland for a man of forty.

"I see my precious brother brought you as far as the dead line," he remarked as they moved on through the garden. "Sent me his love, I presume?"

"I tried to get him to come round and shake hands," Miss Minerva said. Dan Winterslip laughed.

"Don't deprive poor Amos of his hate for me," he urged. "It's about all he lives for now. Comes over every night and stands under that algaroba tree of his, smoking cigarettes and staring at my house. Know what he's waiting for? He's waiting for the Lord to strike me down for my sins. Well, he's a patient waiter, I'll say that for him."

Miss Minerva did not reply. Dan's great rambling house of many rooms was set in beauty almost too poignant to be borne. She stood, drinking it all in again, the poinciana trees like big crimson umbrellas, the stately golden glow, the gigantic banyans casting purple shadows, her favorite hau tree, seemingly old as time itself, covered with a profusion of yellow blossoms. Loveliest of all were the flowering vines, the bougainvillea burying everything it touched in brick-red splendor. Miss Minerva wondered what her friends who every spring went into sedate ecstasies over the Boston Public Gardens would say if they could see what she saw now. They would be a bit shocked, perhaps, for this was too lurid to be quite respectable. A scarlet background—and a fitting one, no doubt, for Cousin Dan.

They reached the door at the side of the house that led directly into the living room. Glancing to her right, Miss Minerva caught through the lush foliage glimpses of the iron fence and tall gates that fronted on Kalia Road. Dan opened the door for her and she stepped inside. Like most apartments of its sort in the islands, the living room was walled on but three sides; the fourth was a vast expanse of wire screening. They crossed the polished floor and entered the big hall beyond. Near the front door a Hawaiian woman of uncertain age rose slowly from her chair. She was a huge, high-breasted, dignified specimen of that vanishing race.

"Well, Kamaikui, you see I'm back again," Miss Minerva smiled.

"I make you welcome," the woman said. She was only a servant, but she spoke with the gracious manner of a hostess.

"Same room you had when you first came over, Minerva," Dan Winterslip announced. "Your luggage is there, and a bit of mail that came in on the boat this morning. I didn't trouble to send it up to Amos' house. We dine when you're ready."

"I'll not keep you long," she answered, and hurried up the stairs.

Dan Winterslip strolled back to his living room. He sat down in a rattan chair that had been made especially for him in Hong-Kong and glanced complacently about at the many evidences of his prosperity. His butler entered, bearing a tray with cocktails.

"Two, Haku?" smiled Winterslip. "The lady is from Boston."

"Yes-s," hissed Haku, and retired soundlessly.

In a moment Miss Minerva came again into the room. She carried a letter in her hand, and she was laughing.

"Dan, this is too absurd," she said.

"What is?"

"I may have told you that they were getting worried about me at home—because I haven't been able to tear myself away from Honolulu, I mean. Well, they're sending a policeman for me."

"A policeman?" He lifted his bushy eyebrows.

"I Say, It Was Awfully Kind of You, Letting Me Talk to You Like That"
"It Was Fun," She Told Him. "I Hope You're Going to Like Us Out Here"

"Yes, it amounts to that. It's not being done openly, of course. Grace writes that John Quincy has six weeks' vacation from the banking house and has decided to make the trip out here. 'It will give you someone to come home with, my dear,' says Grace.

"Isn't she subtle?"

"John Quincy Winterslip? That would be Grace's son."

Miss Minerva nodded.

"You never met him, did you, Dan? Well, you will shortly, and he certainly won't approve of you."

"Why not?" Dan Winterslip bristled.

"Because he's proper. He's a dear boy; but oh, so proper! This journey is going to be a great cross for him. He'll start disapproving as he passes Albany, and think of the long weary miles of disapproval he'll have to endure after that."

"Oh, I don't know. He's a Winterslip, isn't he?"

"He is; but the gypsy strain missed him completely. He's all Puritan."

"Poor boy." Dan Winterslip moved toward the tray on which stood the amber-colored drinks. "I suppose he'll stop with Roger in San Francisco. Write him there and tell him I want him to make this house his home while he's in Honolulu."

"That's kind of you, Dan."

"Not at all. I like youth around me—even the Puritan brand. Now that you're going to be apprehended and taken back to civilization, you'd better have one of these cocktails."

"Well," said his guest, "I'm about to exhibit what my brother used to call true Harvard indifference."

"What do you mean?" asked Winterslip.

"I don't mind if I do," twinkled Miss Minerva, lifting a cocktail glass.

Dan Winterslip beamed upon her.

"You're a good sport, Minerva," he remarked as he escorted her across the hall.

"When in Rome," she answered, "I make it a point not to do as the Bostonians do. I fear it would prove a rather thorny path to popularity."

"Precisely."

"Besides, I shall be back in Boston soon; tramping about to art exhibits and Lowell lectures and gradually congealing into senility."

But she was not in Boston now, she reflected as she sat down at the gleaming table in the dining room. Before her, properly iced, was a generous slice of papaya, golden yellow and inviting. Somewhere beyond the foliage outside the screens the ocean murmured restlessly. The dinner would be perfect, she knew; the island beef dry and stringy, perhaps, but the fruits and the salad more than atoning.

"Do you expect Barbara soon?" she inquired presently.

Dan Winterslip's face lighted like the beach at sunrise.

"Yes, Barbara has graduated. She'll be along any day now. Nice if she and your perfect nephew should hit on the same boat."

"Nice for John Quincy, at any rate," Miss Minerva replied. "We thought Barbara a lively, charming girl when she visited us in the East."

"She's all of that," he agreed proudly. His daughter was his dearest possession. "I tell you, I've missed her. I've been mighty lonesome."

Miss Minerva gave him a shrewd look.

"Yes, I've heard rumors," she remarked, "about how lonesome you've been."

He flushed under his tan.

"Amos, I suppose?"

"Oh, not only Amos; a great deal of talk, Dan. Really, at your age ——"

"What do you mean, my age? I told you we're all young out here." He ate in silence for a moment. "You're a good sport—I said it and I meant it. You must understand that here in the islands a man may behave a—a bit differently than he would on the Back Bay."

"At that," she smiled, "all men on the Back Bay are not to be trusted. I'm not presuming to rebuke you, Dan. But for Barbara's sake, why not select as the object of your devotion a woman you could marry?"

"I could marry this one—if we're talking about the same woman."

"The one I refer to," Miss Minerva replied, "is known, rather widely, as the Widow of Waikiki."

"This place is a hotbed of gossip. Arlene Compton is perfectly respectable."

"A former chorus girl, I believe."

"Not precisely; an actress—small parts—before she married Lieutenant Compton."

"And a self-made widow."

"Just what do you mean by that?" he flared. His gray eyes glittered.

"I understand that when her husband's aëroplane crashed on Diamond Head it was because he preferred it that way. She had driven him to it."

"Lies—all lies!" Dan Winterslip cried. "Pardon me, Minerva, but you mustn't believe all you hear on the beach." He was silent for a moment. "What would you say if I told you I proposed to marry this woman?"

"I'm afraid I'd become rather bromidic," she answered gently, "and remind you that there's no fool like an old fool." He did not speak. "Forgive me, Dan. I'm your first cousin, but a distant relative for all that. It's really

none of my business. I wouldn't care—but I like you, and I'm thinking of Barbara."

He bowed his head.

"I know," he said, "Barbara. Well, there's no need to get excited. I haven't said anything to Arlene about marriage—not yet."

Miss Minerva smiled.

"You know, as I get on in years," she remarked, "so many wise old saws begin to strike me as utter nonsense. Particularly that one I just quoted." He looked at her, his eyes friendly again. "This is the best avocado I ever tasted," she added. "But tell me, Dan, are you sure the mango is a food? Seems more like a spring tonic to me."

By the time they finished dinner the topic of Arlene Compton was forgotten and Dan had completely regained his good nature. They had coffee on his veranda—or, in island parlance, lanai—which opened off one end of the living room. This was of generous size, screened on three sides and stretching far down onto the white beach. Outside the brief tropic dusk dimmed the bright colors of Waikiki.

"No breeze stirring," said Miss Minerva.

"The trades have died," Dan answered. He referred to the beneficent winds which—save at rare uncomfortable intervals—blow across the islands out of the cool northeast. "I'm afraid we're in for a stretch of kona weather."

"I hope not," Miss Minerva said.

"It saps the life right out of me nowadays," he told her, and sank into a chair. "That about being young, Minerva—it's a little bluff I'm fond of."

She smiled gently.

"Even youth finds the kona hard to endure," she comforted. "I remember when I was here before—in the 80's. I was only nineteen, but the memory of the sick wind lingers still."

"I missed you then, Minerva."

"Yes; you were off somewhere in the South Seas."

"But I heard about you when I came back; that you were tall and blond and lovely, and nowhere near as prim as they feared you were going to be. A wonderful figure, they said—but you've got that yet."

She flushed, but smiled still.

"Hush, Dan; we don't talk that way where I come from."

"The 80's," he sighed. "Hawaii was Hawaii then. Unspoiled, a land of *opéra bouffe*, with old Kalakaua sitting on his golden throne."

"I remember him," Miss Minerva said. "Grand parties at the palace. And the afternoons when he sat with his disreputable friends on the royal lanai, and the Royal Hawaiian Band played at his feet, and he haughtily tossed them royal pennies. It was such a colorful, naïve spot then, Dan."

"It's been ruined," he complained sadly. "Too much aping of the mainland. Too much of your mechanical civilization—automobiles, phonographs, radios—bah! And yet—and yet, Minerva, away down underneath there are deep dark waters flowing still."

She nodded, and they sat for a moment busy with their memories. Presently Dan Winterslip snapped on a small reading light at his side.

"I'll just glance at the evening paper, if you don't mind."

"Oh, do," urged Miss Minerva.

She was glad of a moment without talk. For this, after all, was the time she loved Waikiki best. So brief, this tropic dusk, so quick the coming of the soft alluring night. The carpet of the waters, apple green by day, crimson and gold at sunset, was a deep purple now. On top of that extinct volcano called Diamond Head a yellow eye was winking, as though to hint there might still be fire beneath. Three miles down, the harbor lights began to twinkle, and out toward the reef the lanterns of Japanese sampans glowed intermittently. Beyond, in the roadstead, loomed the battered hulk of an old brig slowly moving toward the channel entrance. Always, out there, a ship or two, in from the East with a cargo of spice or tea or ivory, or eastward bound with a load of tractor salesmen. Ships of all sorts—the spick-and-span liner and the rakish tramp; ships from Melbourne and Seattle, New York and Yokohama, Tahiti and Rio, any port on the seven seas. For this was Honolulu, the Crossroads of the Pacific—the glamorous crossroads where, they said, in time all paths crossed again. Miss Minerva sighed.

She was conscious of a quick movement on Dan's part. She turned and looked at him. He had laid the paper on his knee and was staring straight ahead. That bluff about being young—no good now, for his face was old, old.

"Why, Dan!" she said.

"I—I'm wondering, Minerva," he began slowly. "Tell me again about that nephew of yours."

She was surprised, but hid it.

"John Quincy?" she said. "He's just the usual thing, for Boston—conventional. His whole life has been planned for him, from the cradle to the grave. So far he's walked the line. The inevitable preparatory school, Harvard, the proper clubs, the family banking house—even gone and got himself engaged to the very girl his mother would have picked for him. There have been times when I hoped he might kick over—the war. But no, he came back and got meekly into the old rut."

"Then he's reliable—steady?"

Miss Minerva smiled. "Dan, compared with that boy, Gibraltar wabbles occasionally."

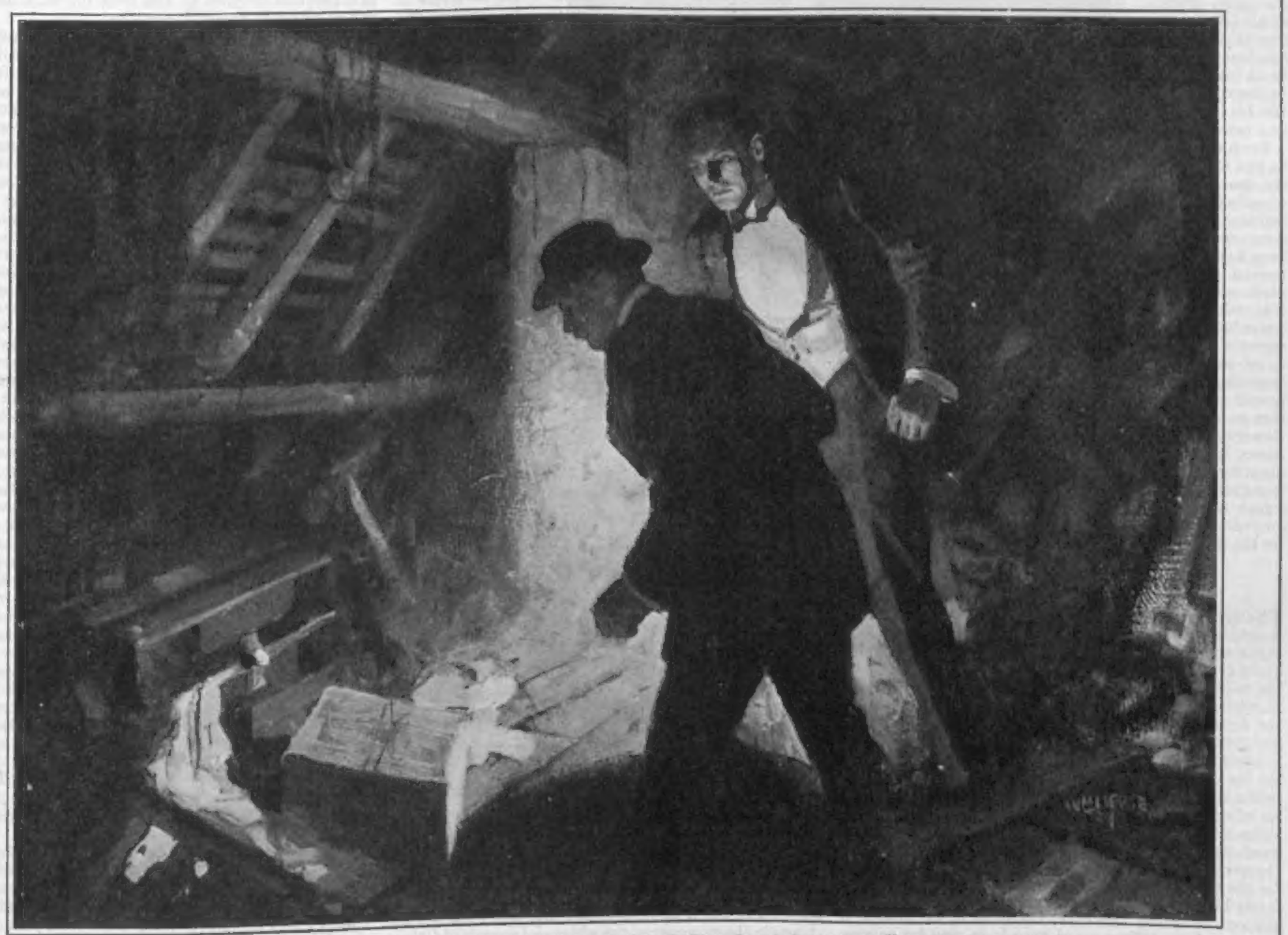
"Discreet, I take it?"

"He invented discretion. That's what I'm telling you. I love him; but a little bit of recklessness now and then—however, I'm afraid it's too late now. John Quincy is nearly thirty."

Dan Winterslip was on his feet, his manner that of a man who has made an important decision. Beyond the bamboo curtain that hung in the door leading to the living room, a light appeared.

"Haku!" Winterslip called. The Jap came swiftly. "Haku, tell the chauffeur—quick—the big car! I must get to the dock before the President Tyler sails for San Francisco. Wikiwiki!"

(Continued on Page 102)



"Look!" Roger Cried. He Pointed. "The Trunk—Lock Smashed!" He Went Over to Investigate. "And the Box is Gone!"

THE STORY OF IRVING BERLIN

By Alexander Woollcott

IT WAS a sweltering summer afternoon in the middle 90's—the loitering 90's, when a veteran of the Civil War could still be President in Washington and the skirts of American womanhood still swept up the dust of our avenues.

A dirty little barefoot newsboy, already well enough known to the rival gangs of Cherry Street as Izzy Baline, stood on the edge of an East River pier, there where Cherry Hill slopes down to the New York water front. It was his immediate mission in life to sell the Evening Journal, a gaudy gazette then adventuring for the first time in those howling headlines of which the new vehemence was serving so well to usher in the war with far-off Spain. A discouragingly large number of copies rested still unsold under his skinny right arm. But, firmly clutched in the damp grasp of his left hand, five sticky pennies bore witness to at least some business done on this his first day as a newsboy.

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Mr. Irving Berlin Photographed With the Author

For a moment he had forgotten the dreary need of selling the remainder. For his large dark eyes were happily occupied with a black and reeking ship which the water front tattle reported as about to set sail for an incredibly distant place called China. Over her rails there peered an occasional yellow face, just such a funny yellow face as looked out at him from the windows over by the Bowery when he scuttled by on his way to Chambers Street, where, it seemed, he could get the papers which an absurdly ordered world then expected him to sell at a monstrous profit to passing strangers. It was pleasant to forget their almost universal indifference to Evening Journals in gazing at this craft which would soon put out for the mysterious East.

An East River Adventure

INDEED, she proved so engaging a spectacle that the boy paid little heed to a crane which had been doggedly swinging to and fro all afternoon between a near-by coal barge and a row of carts waiting on the pier to carry its cargo to the cellars of the city. Thus the returning crane was able to catch him, sweep him through the air and drop him into the deep water of the East River, which swirls, littered and greasy, there between the Manhattan piers.

There was laughter and shrill clamor along the rails of the big ship. There was much conscientious calling for the police along the bustling pier. But it was an Irish wharf rat of no official standing who parted recklessly with his shoes and jumped in after the small merchant. Afterward the ambulance surgeon confided to the nurse in Gouverneur Hospital that the kid must have gone down for the third time, there was so much of the East River inside him. The newspapers were doubtless drifting soggily out to sea by this time, but some of Mr. Hearst's more emphatic tidings could have been read by anyone who held Izzy Baline's shirt up to a mirror. And as they stretched him out on a cot in the hospital, they laughed at discovering that his clenched left hand still held all five of the pennies.

That circumstance suggests ominously that this newsboy was a magnate in the making. But, after all, it was not thrift or shrewdness or any talent for business which finally made a name for him. In these weapons, so often forged in the furnace of the ghetto, his arsenal was passing poor. It so happens that he had quite another gift—a gift of inexhaustible melody; and, in the way it has, America found it out. To him, above all others of his day, a youngster carried out of Russia in the hold of a ship and pitched into the swarm of struggling life in the lower East Side, it was given so to catch the rhythm of his land and time that the whole world has jogged along to the measures of his songs; and tunes of his have traveled farther than ever the ship he watched loading for China that afternoon thirty years ago. It was this gift which made a name for him; and the name is not Israel Baline. You know him as Irving Berlin.

This is his story. As it is written here it will be left to you to guess by what alchemy he transmuted into music the jumbled sounds of his life—the wash of the river against the blackened piers, the alarms of the street cars, the roar of the Elevated, the frightening scream of the fire engines, the polyglot hubbub of the curbs and doorsteps of his own East Side, the brassy jangle of the hurdy-gurdies, the cries of the fruit venders and pushcart peddlers, the chants in the synagogues, the whine and squeals of Chinatown, the clink of glass and the crack of revolvers in saloons along the Bowery; above all, the plaintive race notes, the wail of his sorrowing tribe, the lamentation of a people harried and self-pitying since time out of mind.

Like Jascha Heifetz, Irving Berlin is a Russian Jew. When, as sometimes happens nowadays, the two of them come together in the corner of some lackadaisical studio for a holiday hour over the keyboard, it is the meeting of two paths that once long ago lay not so far apart. The onlooker, in the midst of his amusement at the intricacies of syncopation which four truant hands may achieve, can hardly help reflecting on the divergence of those paths, on the difference in the channels by which the music that was in each boy found its way out.

When Heifetz was the age of that urchin whom the crane knocked into the East River, he was toiling eight and ten hours a day over his violin and piano lessons. Marked in his Russian cradle for a virtuoso, he was guarded like a latter-day Ark of the Covenant,—an ark that was borne overseas to America at last because art flows unerringly to whatever land hoards the gold of the world. One who has seen Heifetz in the Pyrenees spending an afternoon gleefully shying stones at an unoffending tree can guess what kind of dreary, treadmill childhood the world must compensate him for, now that lessons are over. What music Berlin knows he learned on the sidewalks of New York. It seems to have been the school of schools for him.

Earliest Memories

OF THE Russia he left behind when he was four years old he now remembers nothing save the excitement of one terrifying night when he lay on a blanket beside the road and saw the darkness shrinking back from the flames of his burning home. All his village was ashes by daylight. Of the voyage to America he remembers nothing save the bunks below decks on which he and his folks were shelved. To this day a scar on his forehead is a souvenir of the penknife that dropped on him from the bunk above the one on which he had been deposited.

It was a refugee rabbi and his household that fled from village to village and finally came to America in 1892. Israel was the youngest of eight. They touched New York at the Battery. It was before Ellis Island and before the gates swung to in the face of the wistful migration.

There were dismal tenements and ghetto sweatshops awaiting them behind that famous sky line which glistened opalescent in the morning sunlight. A kinsman, duly apprised of their advent, had sent a lumbering truck down to the landing to transport them and their baggage to the waiting basement in Monroe Street which was to be their first home in the new land. The baggage was such odds and ends of clothing and furniture and frying pans as had been hauled from the flames when the house was burned in Russia. Of course there was the feather bed, a big, soft mattress into the depths of which a small boy could sink out of sight as into the East River. It was such a one as the bride's folks always provide when a Jewish girl is married in Russia. Mrs. Baline had issued her eight children into an unwelcoming world from that bed, and she did not propose to set up housekeeping in America without it.

PHOTO BY PACIFIC AND ATLANTIC PHOTOS., INC., N. Y. C.

Returning From Europe With a Prize Police Dog for Mr. J. H. Harris

The first greeting to the apprehensive newcomers was not amiable. It seldom is. Your settler no sooner finds his way about in a new land than he turns and scowls at those

coming after him. The hazing of freshmen is always attended to by the *nouveaux riches* sophomores. It is never the grizzled old-timers in any army camp who are most contemptuous of the rookies. The history of America could be written in terms of the scorn which each wave of immigration has heaped on its immediate successor. Consider the instance of the father of the four Marx brothers, who came indignantly to this country when the thralldom of Alsace-Lorraine was new. He alighted at the Battery and walked up Broadway wearing a high green hat. This jaunty but unfamiliar headpiece proved displeasing to a passing resident whose disapproval took the form of vegetables. A tomato was his criticism. The outraged newcomer, feeling a decent resentment at such destructive comment, gave chase and finally ran the critic down. Something pretty satisfying in the way of Alsatian *revanche* would then and there have been exacted had not the newcomer recognized, just in time at this close range, that his captive was a cousin who had but recently preceded him to the land of opportunity.

Thus it is ever. And the Baline children, peering shyly over the edge of their chariot as it clattered over the cobblestones of the Battery, were greeted by jeering crowds of children whose brogues and garbs suggested that they themselves had scarcely got the salt air of their own sea voyage out of their lungs. Yet their jeer of jeers was "Greenhorn! Greenhorn! Oh, gee, look at the ole greenhorns!"

The old greenhorns and the young greenhorns were distributed through the three compartments of that Monroe Street basement in whatever of space was left after the necessary preëmptions for eating and cooking. It was only when the Balines had begun to adjust themselves to the economic scheme of things and the first wages were dribbling in that they moved to a slightly airier tenement around the corner in Cherry Street.

Early Musical Education

THERE were six children in this home. The eldest son had remained behind in Russia and the eldest daughter had married. The four younger girls were soon bent over beadwork by what little light could filter down through the basement windows. The middle brother became at once a faithful hustler in the sweatshops of the quarter. At times the entire household sold papers on the street. Izzy, the youngest, was at first too young to send forth on such enterprises. Then and for a long time thereafter he was regarded as a total loss.

The father found irregular work as one competent to certify to the kosher meat in the butcher shops. At the approach of Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur he toiled also as a choirmaster. For in Russia the elder Baline had been a cantor, like his grandfather and his great-grandfather before him. And since his youngest was his last chance, he was grimly determined that his Israel should somehow fall heir to this legacy of piety and sweet sound.

The boy had a clear true soprano voice—a plaintive voice tuned to the grieving of the *Schule*, the same instrument for woeful chant with which two of his contemporaries have sung their way into the favor of their generation, one under the name of Eddie Cantor and the other under the name of Al Jolson. Jolson, too, is the son of a cantor. He, too, learned to walk in Russia and he, too, found the way to Broadway by the route of the honkey tonks.

PHOTO. BY BURKE & ATWELL, CHICAGO
Mr. Berlin in the Friars' Frolic, 1919

Within the narrow limits of Talmudic learning, the elder Baline was a scholarly fellow, and his Israel's blundering, woolly-witted hopelessness at the devotional lessons aroused all his wrath and his despair. But he had great hopes of the boy's future as a cantor, and especially in the year when the youngest was going to *chader*, the frail transplanted rabbi spent his strength training this small son's voice for the music which is the plaint of a homeless people to the great Jehovah.

He was only eight when his father died, and his mother became in name what truly she had always been—the head of the family. She was an austere and pious and heavily burdened woman, who held the purse and cooked the food for all her tribe. She never learned the speech or the folk ways of the new land to which she had come, nor dreamed what was going on in the turbulent world around her. She had no time for that world. Hers was a hungry brood, and later she was busy playing midwife and general help when three sets of grandchildren came to bend her patient back further.

The world grew easier for her when, to her surprise and inner amusement, this absurd new country began to pay handsomely for the songs her youngest wrote. The songs themselves did not greatly interest her, and it was not until the war that she consented to make the journey to a theater and hear him sing one of them. That was in the soldier show which Sergeant Berlin wrote between taps and reveille at Camp Upton. On the vast Century stage she saw him crouched, small and forlorn, over the scrubbing pail of the kitchen police. It was a tiny figure set in a very arena of beribboned generals pleasingly mingled for that evening with the *haute noblesse* of Broadway. When the thin sweet thread of song trailed its way to the end of the plaintive refrain which began "Poor little me, I'm a K. P.," there was one of those roaring responses which come but once in a blue moon and warm a minstrel's heart beyond all telling. Probably that was Irving Berlin's most exultant night, and such was the buoyant cheering that an onlooker had the illusion of a small troubadour being lifted onto the fond and delighted shoulders of the mob. But to the troubadour's mother, in her innocent literalness, the dejection of the song spoke too clearly; and she went home to her rocking-chair in the Bronx, oppressed with the feeling that New York was picking on her youngest. That rocking-chair was part of the stiff and ugly set which he had bought for her on the installment plan when his first royalties came in. If you ever bought a copy of such ribald and undomestic ditties as My Wife's Gone to the Country or Call Me Up Some Rainy Afternoon, you helped pay for that chair. Mrs. Baline would never have another, and when money began to pour in so abundantly that she might have had a palace and moved grandly from throne to throne, she grew stubborn about the shiny rocker and would not have it supplanted while she lived. Now her daughter cherishes it in memory of her.

The chair represented rest which came at last in the late afternoon of a life of hardship. It was the hardship that has been the portion of all the pioneer women since the first settlers pushed their way into the American wilderness. If for those who came last there were no trees to fell or ground to break, there was, in all conscience, toil as great of another sort. If there were no savages peering, hostile, into their poor little clearing, there were other dangers of another kind of wilderness that pressed close all around—dangers shrewdly scented by the Jewish fathers and mothers who came in the final migration and who therefore guarded with all the sterner hand the broods they brought with them into the New World. Yet in our time we have all read tales of the lower East Side written by men who seemed quite unaware that in the swarming tenements of its meanest street there were homes as strong in love and goodness as any one could find behind the green lawns and white pickets of a New England village.

The Late Leland Sterry, Irving Berlin and Walter Damrosch

For a long time the Balines were as poor as a family can be, and if there was to be food enough to go round, each child had to be counted on for some of it. It was the tribal custom for each of them to bring back and deposit in the mother's lap at sundown whatever silver had been earned that day by collars sewed, errands run, beads strung or papers sold. The reason the young Israel's fist never gave up the pennies that day even at the bottom of the East River was because the boy had no impulse half so strong as his deep sense of the need of money in the tenement in Cherry Street, no embarrassment half so scalding as the knowledge that of all the contributions to the family war chest his were always the smallest and the most irregular. Those pennies were due in the lap of his mother's apron. Wherefore, even while drowning, he could hardly be expected to let go of them.

Cherry Street Gang Wars

THE meagerness of his own contributions was less a matter of mark during the few years while he was still sidling reluctant to school—just such a multitudinous East Side school as the one in which Myra Kelly gathered her moving legends of the ghetto children. But even then he shirked the opportunities of the free hours and gave his first loyalty rather to the hot war of the Cherry Street gangs. Their battles were not infrequently marked by bloodletting, the military tactics of the Stone Age and an occasional atavistic return to mayhem; and they aroused the same passionate loyalty which, in other strata of American life, is drained off by Lawrenceville and Andover. It is worth noting in these more troubled days that the wars were never race wars, and only on great occasions, such as the holy eve of All Saints' Day, did the affable and reasonably tolerant Irish kids of Cherry Hill feel moved to pluck the Jewish boys from the doorsteps and drop them into the East River. That was how Izzy Baline and many of his contemporaries learned to swim. In time he became both ambitious and amphibious enough to swim as far as Brooklyn.

An added peril of the deep was the danger that the cops would pinch you for making so public an appearance in a

(Continued on Page 113)

HONEYSUCKLE COTTAGE

By P. G. Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

JAMES RODMAN bent forward and knocked the ashes out of his pipe. For a while he sat, silent and pensive, staring into the fire. Then with a little sudden movement he stooped and patted his dog, William, asleep on the rug, and, leaning back, refilled his pipe and lit it. The flame of the match shone for a moment on his strong, capable face. Outside, the storm raged against the window, for it was an eerie night of howling wind and driving rain.

"Do you believe in ghosts?" he asked abruptly.

I weighed the question thoughtfully. I was a little surprised, for nothing in our previous conversation had suggested the topic.

"Well, I don't like them, if that's what you mean. I was butted by one as a child."

"Ghosts," said James with some brusqueness; "not goats."

"Oh! Do I believe in ghosts?"

"Exactly."

"Well, yes—and no."

"That," said James, "is a fat lot of help. I'll put it another way. Do you believe in haunted houses? Do you believe that it is possible for a malign influence to envelop a place and work a spell on all who come within its radius?"

"Well"—I hesitated—"well, no—and yes."

James looked at me with dislike.

"Are you always as bright as this?" he asked sourly.

"Of course," I went on, "one has read stories. Henry James' Turn of the Screw, for example. And Dunsany, I think, has one."

"I'm not talking about fiction, fool. Of course there are thousands of haunted houses in fiction."

"Well, in real life —— Well, look here, I once, as a matter of fact, did meet a man who knew a fellow ——"

"I once lived in a haunted house," he said. If James Rodman has a fault it is his tendency to be a bad listener. I think it must be the result of always writing those mystery stories of his. You know how the detective in those tales always jumps on his friend and shushes him down if he tries to get a word in edgeways. James has become rather like that. "It cost me five thousand pounds. That is to say, that is the sum I sacrificed by not remaining there. I have spoken to you about my Aunt Leila, the one who wrote sentimental novels."

"James!" I cried. "I beg of you! *De mortuis*, you know. Remember she is dead."

"I know she's dead, fathead. That's the whole point of the story. I wasn't going to say anything against her."

I was relieved. In past years, you see, I had frequently heard James Rodman speak his mind on the subject of his Aunt Leila and her books, and I was fearing another outburst. For James, I regret to say, was ashamed of his gifted relative.

The lush sentimentalism of Leila May Pinckney, which was so dear to her enormous public, revolted him. He had always held rigid views on the art of the novel and maintained that the artist should not descend to sloppy love stories, but should stick austerely to revolvers, cries in the night, missing papers, mysterious Chinamen and dead bodies—with or without gash in throat.

I had never myself read anything by the late Miss Pinckney, but I knew that by those entitled to judge she had been regarded as preëminent in her particular form of literature. The critics usually headed their reviews of her books with the words:

ANOTHER PINCKNEY

Or, sometimes, more offensively:

ANOTHER PINCKNEY!!!

And once, dealing with, I think, The Love Which Prevails, the literary expert of the Scrutinizer had compressed his entire critique into the single phrase, "Oh, God!"

"What I was going to say when you interrupted me," resumed James, "was that when my Aunt Leila died I found she had left me five thousand pounds and the house in the country where she had lived for the last twenty years of her life." He paused.

"Fancy that!" I said.

"Twenty years," repeated James. "Grasp that, for it has a vital bearing on what follows. Twenty years, mind you, and she turned out two novels and twelve short stories regularly every year, besides a monthly page of Advice to Young Girls in one of the magazines. That is to say, forty of my Aunt Leila's novels and no fewer than two hundred and forty of her short stories were written under the roof of Honeysuckle Cottage."

"A pretty name," I said.

"It was a condition of the will that I should reside there for the whole of the first year and for six months in every year that followed. Failing to do this, I was to forfeit the five thousand pounds."

"It must be great fun making a freak will," I mused. "I often wish I was rich enough to do it."

"This wasn't a freak will. The condition was perfectly intelligible. Aunt Leila was a firm believer in the influence of environment. She inserted this clause in order to compel me to move from London to the country. She had always objected to my living in London, maintaining that it hardened me and made my outlook on life sordid. She never liked my stuff, poor soul."

"I see."

"So I went down to Honeysuckle Cottage and —— Well, I'll tell you the whole story."

James' first impressions of Honeysuckle Cottage were, he tells me, wholly favorable. He was delighted with the place. It was a low, rambling, picturesque old house with funny little chimneys and a red roof, placed in the middle of the most charming country. With its oak beams, its trim garden, its trilling birds and its rose-hung porch, it was the ideal spot for a writer. It was just the sort of place, he reflected whimsically, which his aunt had loved to write about in her books. Even the apple-cheeked old housekeeper who attended to his needs might have stepped straight out of one of them.

"Gallant, Damme! By Jove! By God! Yes, Gallant, by George!" Exclaimed the Soldierly Man

It seemed to James that his lot had been cast in pleasant places. He had brought down his books, his pipes and his golf clubs, and was hard at work finishing the best thing he had ever done. The Secret Nine was the title of it; and on the beautiful summer afternoon on which this story opens he was in the study, hammering away at his typewriter, at peace with the world. The machine was running sweetly, the new tobacco he had bought the day before was proving admirable, and he was moving on all six cylinders to the end of a chapter.

He shoved in a fresh sheet of paper, chewed his pipe thoughtfully for a moment, then wrote rapidly:

"For an instant Lester Gage thought that he must have been mistaken. Then the noise came again, faint but unmistakable—a soft scratching on the outer panel.

"His mouth set in a grim line. Silently, like a panther, he made one quick step to the desk, noiselessly opened a drawer, drew out his automatic. After that affair of the poisoned needle, he was taking no chances. Still in dead silence, he tiptoed to the door; then, flinging it suddenly open, he stood there, his weapon poised.

"On the mat stood the most beautiful girl he had ever beheld. A veritable child of Faërie. She eyed him for a moment with a saucy smile; then with a pretty, roguish look of reproof she shook a dainty forefinger at him.

"'I believe you've forgotten me, Mr. Gage!' she fluted with a mock severity which her eyes belied."

James stared at the paper dumbly. He was utterly perplexed. He had not had the slightest intention of writing

anything like this. To begin with, it was his unbroken rule never to permit girls to enter his stories. He held that a detective story should have no heroine. Heroines only held up the action and tried to flirt with the hero when he should have been busy looking for clews, and then went and let the villain kidnap them by some childishly simple trick. No, no girls for James.

And yet here was this creature with her saucy smile and her dainty forefinger horning in at the most important point in the story. It was uncanny.

He looked once more at his scenario. No, the scenario was all right.

In perfectly plain words it stated that what happened when the door opened was that a dying man fell in and after gasping, "The beetle! Tell Scotland Yard that the blue beetle is ——" expired on the hearth rug, leaving Lester Gage not unnaturally somewhat mystified. Nothing whatever about any beautiful girls.

In a curious mood of irritation, James scratched out the offending passage, wrote in the necessary corrections and put the cover on the machine. It was at this point that he heard William whining.

The only blot on this paradise which James had so far been able to discover was the infernal dog, William. Belonging nominally to the gardener, on the very first morning he had adopted James by acclamation, and he maddened and infuriated James. He had a habit of coming and whining under the window when James was at work. The latter would ignore this as long as he could; then, when the thing became insupportable, would bound out of his chair, to see the animal standing on the gravel, gazing expectantly up at him with a stone in his mouth. William had a weak-minded passion for chasing stones; and on the first day James, in a rash spirit of camaraderie, had flung one for him. Since then James had thrown no more stones; but he had thrown any number of other solids, and the garden was littered with objects ranging from match boxes to a plaster statuette of the young Joseph prophesying before Pharaoh. And still William came and whined, an optimist to the last.

The whining, coming now at a moment when he felt irritable and unsettled, acted on James much as the scratching on the door had acted on Lester Gage. Silently, like a panther, he made one quick step to the mantelpiece, removed from it a china mug bearing the legend A Present From Clacton-on-Sea, and crept to the window.

And as he did so a voice outside said, "Go away, sir, go away!" and there followed a short, high-pitched bark which was certainly not William's. William was a mixture of Airedale, setter, bull terrier and mastiff; and when in vocal mood, favored the mastiff side of his family.

James peered out. There on the porch stood a girl in blue. She held in her arms a small fluffy white dog, and she was endeavoring to foil the upward movement toward this of the blackguard William. William's mentality had been arrested some years before at the point where he imagined that everything in the world had been created for him to eat. A bone, a boot, a steak, the back wheel of a bicycle—it was all one to William. If it was there he tried to eat it. He had even made a plucky attempt to devour the remains of the young Joseph prophesying before Pharaoh. And it was perfectly plain now that he regarded the curious wriggling object in the girl's arms purely in the light of a snack to keep body and soul together till dinnertime.

"William!" bellowed James.

William looked courteously over his shoulder with eyes that beamed with the pure light of a life's devotion, wagged the whiplike tail which he had inherited from his bull-terrier ancestor and resumed his intent scrutiny of the fluffy dog.

"Oh, please!" cried the girl. "This great rough dog is frightening poor Toto."

The man of letters and the man of action do not always go hand in hand, but practice had made James perfect in handling with a swift efficiency any situation that involved William. A moment later that canine moron, having received the present from Clacton in the short ribs, was scuttling round the corner of the house, and James had jumped through the window and was facing the girl.

She was an extraordinarily pretty girl. Very sweet and fragile she looked as she stood there under the honeysuckle with the breeze ruffling a tendril of golden hair that strayed from beneath her coquettish little hat. Her eyes were very big and very blue, her rose-tinted face becomingly flushed. All wasted on James, though. He disliked all girls, and particularly the sweet, droopy type.

"Did you want to see somebody?" he asked stiffly.

"Just the house," said the girl, "if it wouldn't be giving any trouble. I do so want to see the room where Miss Pinckney wrote her books. This is where Leila May Pinckney used to live, isn't it?"

"Yes; I am her nephew. My name is James Rodman."

"Mine is Rose Maynard."

James led the way into the house, and she stopped with a cry of delight on the threshold of the morning room.

"Oh, how too perfect!" she cried. "So this was her study?"

"Yes."

"What a wonderful place it would be for you to think in if you were a writer too."

James held no high opinion of women's literary taste, but nevertheless he was conscious of an unpleasant shock.

"I am a writer," he said coldly. "I write detective stories."

"I—I'm afraid"—she blushed "I'm afraid I don't often read detective stories."

"You no doubt prefer," said James, still more coldly, "the sort of thing my aunt used to write."

"Oh, I love her stories!" cried the girl, clasping her hands ecstatically. "Don't you?"

"I cannot say that I do."

"What?"

"They are pure apple sauce," said James sternly; "just nasty blobs of sentimentality, thoroughly untrue to life."

The girl stared.

"Why, that's just what's so wonderful about them, their trueness to life! You feel they might all have happened. I don't understand what you mean."

They were walking down the garden now. James held the gate open for her and she passed through into the road.

"Well, for one thing," he said, "I decline to believe that a marriage between two young people is invariably preceded by some violent and sensational experience in which they both share."

"Are you thinking of Scent o' the Blossom, where Edgar saves Maud from drowning?"

"I am thinking of every single one of my aunt's books." He looked at her curiously. He had just got the solution of a mystery which had been puzzling him for some time. Almost from the moment he had set eyes on her she had

(Continued on Page 53)

Her Eyes Were Very Big and Very Blue, Her Rose-Tinted Face Becomingly Flushed. All Wasted on James, Though. He Disliked All Girls

HER TWO MEN

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

HE WAS down on the passenger list as Albert Laidlaw. Reading this name among the steamship arrivals in the evening paper, he wondered what the boys back in Wyoming would think of it. "Albert" was something of an affectation, he believed; he had been christened Bert

Everyone out there knew him as Bert. The boys would think perhaps that because he had sold his bunch of cattle and been to Europe, where things were a little more effeminate, he had tacked something fancy onto his name. He was not to blame. He had signed himself "Bert." If the ship reporter had to change that name at all, he might have made it plain "Al" and let it go at that. "Albert" did not fit a cattleman of thirty whose wrists were still lean and brown from the sun and the pull of leather, rope and thong. It was not a name that even fitted a man off the range, occupying the deserted apartment of his friend, that well-known young clubman, Austin Westall.

Laidlaw glanced about the living room of his borrowed quarters, realizing that he was here because of vague obligation. He had taken young Westall from his own ranch to the Yellowstone during two summer months, and when he met Westall in Ciro's in Paris and told him that he felt in large hotels like a bull in a buggy, the New Yorker had said, "Well, God bless your durned old hide! Here's the key to my shack in New York. There are slip covers all over the place, but get a valet and make yourself at home, old scout."

Bert had felt that to refuse that offer would be like refusing a drink; obligations of hospitality were attended by obligations of acceptance. He was not at home in Austin Westall's apartment. It was lonelier than a hotel, and hotels were lonelier than the Bad Lands in a norther!

Laidlaw got up from the sofa, opened the window, listened to the curious pulsing of the city. It reminded him through quite a different sense organ of the curious pulsing of heat waves in the desert country in midsummer. It brought back to him the memory of a long, long ride in the parched dryness with a girl—a young thing—not quite human—more like a golden unreality.

He Asked No Questions; He Was Staring Painfully, Waiting. His Thin Lips Moved. He Wet Them With the Tip of His Tongue

Well, there above the mantel was the oil portrait of an eighteenth-century gentleman in riding clothes. It was reflected in a Spanish mirror on the opposite wall. Laidlaw stopped before that reflection of himself, comparing his own lean body with that in the portrait, his own lean jaws and blue eyes, cold and yet merry, with those of the forgotten English squire. Their noses were rather similar, long and with a certain delicacy around the nostrils. But the portrait was a pink-fleshed personality—cold water and scrubbing and rubbing. His own skin was tanned; sun and wind had browned and dried and crinkled it. Winter winds on the range had traced furrows into it—the furrows of laughter in circles about the thin lips, furrows of alert observation about the eyes. In any case, the brown tint of his skin emphasized the bright blue of his eyes.

Mirrors were not a familiar accompaniment to his life and calculations. He turned from his own reflection. On the mantel were three portraits of beautiful young women. Society girls! Friends of Westall; strange beings, cold and proud and perhaps unprincipled—who knows?

The portrait of one of them was like a portrait of a queen. The head was held high, the throat was quite perfect, the figure, Laidlaw thought, was patrician. That was the word—"patrician!" And yet he was repelled by it. He took out the much-worn leather case which had carried around Europe his passport and his letter of credit. Between the two was a half-tone picture of a girl he had taken from a magazine which publishes pictures of smart people at horse shows and polo games to show how they are clad, and other representations of them at the Lido in Venice or at Palm Beach to show how they are not.

This was the portrait of a New York debutante, and her eyes looked out of the rather worn and frayed clipping with the same enigma. One could not say readily whether they were the eyes of a saint, with a warm heart and infinite potentiality, or the eyes of a wild hawk, still young, but destined to be a bird of prey. In those eighteen-year-old eyes there was that strange enigma, that poise between hell and heaven, something brave and something crushed, something inspiring and something decadent and desperate. She was a little person; golden hair, quick movements, but with the curious faculty of becoming at times the center of a great and admirable and spreading aura like a tiny piece of radium which can energize mountains.

Laidlaw put back into his worn leather wallet the magazine half-tone of Miss Barbara Milborne. He was a fool to carry it around! He was a fool to carry the picture of the daughter of F. Grant Milborne! Milborne was a college graduate. Milborne was a broker. Milborne was one of the New York Milbornes. He belonged to such-and-such-and-such city clubs and so-and-so-and-so country clubs; and was director of this-and-this-and-this corporation, and had two sons who owned the fastest motorboat in the world; and Barbara was a girl who had gone to Miss Pennyworth's School and come out at a twenty-thousand-dollar ball, and swore and smoked worse than the girl who runs the wheel at Joe's Place at Riverbed Bend, exactly as if the culture of Wild Liz, as that lady was called, was something to be emulated by the rich and refined leaders of manners and customs.

Bert threw himself down on the long overstuffed sofa. He recalled the days when Barbara Milborne had left her father and her brothers and tried to find the bottom of a rocky cañon on her own account. Lost for five days. He had found her. He had heard the whinny of her fleabitten mare. He had spent two more days taking her back to Borie's dude ranch, trying to make out whether he had recovered a fairy or a witch. At any rate, it was impossible to get rid of her. The memories of those two days constituted something Bert Laidlaw's lips had never expressed and never could. If he had not felt that to speak of them was some kind of sacrilege he would not have been able to express anything of them, because there was a kind of chaste mystery about them like an excursion to another world.

He had been a fool! He had waited on her, tended her, laughed with her, galloped with her, cooked for her, wrapped her up in blankets, watched over her when the stars were big in the black dome, looked at her when she was looking elsewhere, and stammered and gagged when he tried to talk to her.

When she said good-by to him she had whispered, "Well, so long, you big lovable dumb-waiter. Some day you ought to learn something about women."

She was not yet eighteen then. The way she talked and her point of view had thrilled Laidlaw, but it had made him shiver. The look in her father's tired brown eyes when Bert had ridden in with her after those days had made the Westerner feel like a man who eats bread with sand in it; but the look in Barbara's blue eyes was the look of a child shining through the look of an old and hardened female cynic. Bert was not used to more than two kinds of women's eyes—bad and wild or tame and good. It was terrible to see all four qualities in one pair. Above all, he had sense enough to know that he could play no part in her life—he lacked all the preparation, background, atmosphere demanded. He was a fool to carry her picture around! He was a fool to admit that he had sold his cattle and taken a Continental journey to forget her! He was a fool to wonder whether she had seen his name as a steamship arrival in the New York paper! He had been a fool to telephone her house this afternoon and tell the Milbornes' butler where he was staying. What possible connection could there be between his life and the lives of the Milbornes? The best he could do was to treasure his memories as one treasures living memories of rare moments with one now dead.

It was nearly midnight. His own reflection in the Spanish mirror showed that evening clothes would never fit him as they fit smart young men; they were always too loose on him, no matter what tailor of New York or London tried a hand. They merely exposed the truth about his lean, tall, wiry body hidden beneath the layers of black and white. They merely emphasized the gulf between him and people like the Milbornes, their chatter and his silences, their assurance and his awkward, angular kind of self-respect.

It was nearly midnight, and the telephone suddenly clicked, hesitated and then rang out a trill in the silent and lonely apartment. Not being used to the kingly authority of the telephone, Bert went toward it lazily. Probably someone who wanted Westall; probably one of the girls on the mantel who did not know that Westall had gone overseas for the hunting season. Laidlaw picked up the receiver.

"You called this place," he said in his slow-voice measure.

"Please excuse it," answered the usual chirrup.

It was midnight. Laidlaw could not say why he had come from a lone hunt for a good play and had remained awake as if waiting for some scheduled event on the calendar of destiny. Perhaps it was the luxury of thinking about getting back to the places where the sunrise rolls like a golden carpet over open expanses and the heights show

glorious about the green timber line. Perhaps it was the memory—the futile memory—of that silly little girl. He had just arisen, had just started toward Westall's bedroom, when he heard the tapping on the door.

Instincts not far different from an Airedale's or a mountain lion's are retained by men who have not lost them in the roar of cities and by the daily wear of food, drinking and smoking. Laidlaw knew, in spite of his complete unwillingness to believe it, that Barbara Milborne, having learned where he was staying, had come to his door. Crossing the room, he was so sure that he felt glad the apartment was on the ground floor and hoped that she had not met any door man.

He was so sure that before he could see who was standing there he drawled, "This is kind of irregular, isn't it—time and everything?"

It was Barbara who came in and Barbara who closed the door, with one bare arm thrust from under a dark evening wrap embroidered in gold thread. She ran her fingers up through her short metallic hair, which matched the embroidery threads, and threw the cloak onto the sofa. Anyone could see the signs of distress and desperation, but she only laughed rather contemptuously and, wheeling toward him, exclaimed, "That's nothing! I've been here to tea. I know these rooms. Don't be silly! Besides, here I am!"

She lit a cigarette, as if waiting to hear from the Westerner.

"Well, aren't you glad to see me?" she inquired, lolling back on the divan.

"Look kind of tired."

"Do I? I suppose so. But here is the tremendous jest of the gods, Bert—the very evening I want you most our fat butler comes with a message that you are here! Isn't that a sketch?"

"Mebbe."

He asked no questions; he was staring painfully, waiting. His thin lips moved. He wet them with the tip of his tongue.

"You know why I came?"

He shook his head. He could see her eyes fill with tears. They shone under the electric light.

"It was because you did wake up, after all," she said. "I never knew you'd come for me like this—especially when I didn't know I'd never see you again. And now here you are at the moment I need you most!"

"Me?" asked the startled man. "Gosh! I never thought a thing about coming for you, Barby. I wouldn't have dared to suggest that things were thataway. What's goin' on?"

"That's it," she replied, jumping up. "Nothing new. A terrible row with dad—he'd had a few too many at the club. But that's nothing. Bert, I hate all this. I hate the clothes. I hate everyone's breath smelling of liquor. I love the cigarettes, but I hate everything else. I'm tired of shooting a line. I'm tired of motors and bridge and dad's friends and my brothers' girls. There isn't any adventure left in it, though we're always trying to chase one from morning till night."

He stepped toward her swiftly as one jumps toward the victim of an accident.

"I've never been happy except those two days!"

"What two days?" he asked.

"Ours," she said; "yours and mine. They were sweet and clean. You never tried to touch me—not even my hand. And there was so much sky, and I was hungry when mealtime came."

Bert ran back over the photographic film of his recent observation of the modern and sophisticated world. He knew what she meant, but he wondered how she could know. Only through her youth and because she was the same wild good Barby!

"Huh!" he said derisively. "Mebbe you'd get tired of my life too."

"I'm never going to be tired of it, Bert," she said. "You may think I'm a little jackass, but I have got more sense than a burro. I'm going with you."

"You're assuming a heap," he answered in his drawl.

"No, I'm not," she said with conviction. "You love me. I'm not fooled about that. I never was fooled about it."

Laidlaw clenched his hands.

"I got to tell you. I didn't come to New York on your account, Barby," he said. "I never reckoned on seeing you again." He laughed. "I might be tempted to tell you contrariwise, but I couldn't lie to you."

She jumped up and put her slim arms about his neck; he could feel the warmth where the curve of one pressed against the flesh above his collar

"We didn't say anything out there, Bert," she asserted. "Perhaps that was one on me. You didn't say anything. But any darn fool woman knows when a man loves her—a real man. She can tell. You loved me, Bert—a lot!"

He took her by the bare shoulders and held her away from him.

"I reckon you're excited," he said. "It isn't quite natural and regular, is it? I'm not pre-cisely the man for you, Barby. I'm a heap sight older in the first place. I'm not a college man or that kind of thing. I'm poor too. I'm not much more than a feller who has his health and spirits. That's the honest truth. I don't know exactly what's gone on, Barby. You haven't been drinking, have you?"

"A little," she admitted. "I know what I'm doing."

"Gosh! I'm sorry," he said. "I don't like womenfolks to drink—not my womenfolks."

She smiled in a manner which made him desirous of sweeping her lithe youth into his arms.

She said, "If I'm your womenfolks and you say so, I won't drink—not a drop."

"Gosh!" he said, and there was perspiration on his forehead. "I reckon you'd better go home."

"If you'll say you don't love me I'll go home," she replied. "Go on, I dare you!"

"I suppose a crooked feller ——" he began

"—— would deny it," she finished. "But you wouldn't deny it. You're not a crooked feller, as you call it. You're straight—straight to the bottom. Do you suppose a girl like me who sees the imitation doesn't know the real men? Go on, I dare you! Tell me you don't love me! Then I'll go."

He bit his lips; he reached for the place where his gun usually hung as if someone had shot at him.

"Tell me! Go ahead!" she blazed forth. "Go ahead and deny what we both knew and understood out there

(Continued on Page 68)

They Were Staring With Frightened Eyes at a Girl With the Revolver Slowly Drooping in Limpness of Her Bare Arm and Quivering Fingers

COMMERCIALLY PERFECT

As Told to Myron Morris

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

MY FRIEND the jeweler is a man of fifty. We met at a little lake in the Catskills when he was on his vacation and fished for bass. Before I knew that he was in the business of handling precious stones I used to wonder what his occupation was. He looked more like a prosperous banker than anything else—always immaculate, even in fishing togs. He was invariably courteous, invariably quiet, invariably pleasant, invariably interesting. At the end of his fortnight in the hills he sighed, put on his city clothes, turned his neck a little in resentment, after the carefree days on the lake, at the confining collar, and went back to his work.

A few yards from where he stands during the other fifty weeks of the year, on the other side of the big plate-glass windows, the world of wealth goes by. Furs and silks, slim ankles and imported gloves, limousines and liveried footmen with buttons of shining brass. The wealthiest of all are his customers—those who can afford to match pearls, year after year, into already matchless necklaces. He sells more than $1,000,000 worth of gems—diamonds, rubies, sapphires, pearls, rings, necklaces, pendants, bracelets—each year.

During the Many Days That I Kept That Intaglio on Exhibition, There Was Hardly a Minute During Business Hours When Someone Had Not Stopped to Peer Down Through the Magnifying Glass at the Carving

The other day, while I was waiting for him to get away for lunch, a lady came in and asked to see some two-carat diamonds. She was expensively and expansively gowned, and was apparently exceedingly well pleased with herself and the world. To my uninitiated eye she seemed to be an excellent prospect—just in the right humor to make a substantial purchase.

Valuation Customers

BUT after her very first request, my friend seemed to be as nearly indifferent as I have ever seen him. It was as though she had given him some kind of signal, of which she herself was quite ignorant, telling him that she would purchase nothing today, thank you. He placed a small tray of beautiful diamonds before her at once, but without animation or any particular interest. He seemed to be waiting for something.

Presently that something came. Taking off her glove, she showed a large white diamond, simply mounted on a slender ring.

"How does that compare with these others you're showing me?" she asked.

"We never comment on jewels purchased elsewhere," he answered quietly; "it is against the policy of the firm."

She flashed him a look of triumph as she gathered up her things.

"I should think you wouldn't!" she remarked. "Why, your prices are hundreds of dollars above what I can buy the same diamonds for at"—she checked herself sharply—"elsewhere."

As she went out my curiosity burst into song.

"Is that really so?" I asked. "Are your prices higher than others, because of the reputation of your company? That diamond of hers certainly looked like a beauty to me—perfect!"

"Commercially perfect," he corrected. Then, as my eyebrows went up interrogatively, he explained: "Jewelers call diamonds that have only small flaws that are not visible to the naked eye, commercially perfect, and often sell them as perfect stones. Larger stores with established reputations, that care more about giving full value and having only satisfied customers, class such gems as second quality, and tell purchasers about the defects, showing them the flaws with a microscope."

"Then the triumphant lady who has just gone out has probably made a poor bargain?"

"Unquestionably. There is no place in the world where perfect diamonds can be bought, with security, more cheaply than in the largest houses with the greatest reputations. The lady who just went out is only one of hundreds. They come in here every day, hugging themselves about their supposed bargains, when we could point out defects they never even suspect, and show them equally showy jewels at prices far below what they have paid."

"But how did you know what she wanted?" I persisted.

"Valuation customers are so common here that we can usually recognize them at a glance," he told me. "You heard her ask to see two-carat diamonds. That in itself is an absolute give-away. Whenever a man asks to see stones of a particular size the chances are nine out of ten he merely wants to see how our prices compare with what he has paid somewhere else. And usually we can see at once what he, in his ignorance of real values, never even guesses—that the jewel he has bought is off color or in some other way worth far less than other gems that to him seem no better."

Another lady came in just then and made a comment that almost exactly paralleled my own thought.

"Aren't you Mr. Powers, of Powers & Burke, of Boston, nearly fifteen years ago?" she asked.

My friend smiled his acknowledgment.

"I felt sure of it," she went on. "I remember your store there perfectly, Mr. Powers. And now to think of you here in New York, after so many years! My, what a lot you must know about selling jewels, and the people who buy them!"

Later I got Powers to tell me something of his story, with a little of that fascinating knowledge of the business and of human nature woven into it. As nearly as possible I will set it down in his own words.

I became a jewelry salesman—he told me—in order to save a chum from too-late hours. That was on the Pacific Coast nearly thirty years ago. I was just out of college, on a trip West to see the world before settling down. I had no more idea of becoming a jeweler than I have now of becoming an aviator. In Seattle I met a chap named Tom Burnet, about my own age. We struck up quite a friendship. Tom had a position with one of the local jewelry houses—the largest in the city. His work kept him busy all day, but in the evening he was free and we would step out together. Often we wouldn't get in until the small hours.

It was all right for me, because I could sleep as late as I wanted the next day. But it was different with Tom, who had to slap the sleep out of his eyes with cold water and get down to the store by half past eight. Then at night we'd start out again, with Tom unwilling to be left behind just because he was tired. Finally, in self-defense, Tom suggested I take a job in the store with him. There was a vacancy at the time. It was only temporary, and I was given a chance at it on Tom's recommendation. I had nothing in particular to do, and wanted to be with Tom. It would put us on an equal footing for the evenings—I'd have to turn in earlier and Tom would get rested.

How the Business Is Learned

THIRTY years ago—and here I am, still in the jewelry business! What trifles often determine where our lives will lie, where we will take root!

In three months I had seen all I wanted of a jewelry counter. The fifteen dollars a week I was getting was not much of an inducement. But the company wanted me to stay on. I had good eyes—one of the essentials for anyone connected with a business where an infinitesimal flaw in a small gem may mean a large difference in value—and learned quickly. Knowledge of precious stones and their values is gained mostly as the trade knowledge of England in the old days of the guilds was gained—from master to apprentice, little by little, by word of mouth. Besides my eyes and ability to learn I had a pleasing manner and made sales easily. So the company, in order to keep me, offered to double my salary. That was too big a bait to resist, and I stayed on.

Until 1898 the jewelry business had me. But when the United States declared war on Spain, Tom and I both enlisted with four others from the store. All six of us saw service in the Philippines. When the war was over we came back. The company had kept our places open. Jewelry companies, in many instances, are more like big families than is the case in other businesses. If a man cannot be trusted, there is no place for him among precious metals and gems, and nothing is more conducive to trust than the intimate knowledge born of long association. No jeweler

likes to take on new men or let old men go. The older the house, the more established its reputation, the more conservative you will find it in this respect; its employes often have been with the firm practically all their lives

But the years afield in the Philippines had changed me. Something of the rover, perhaps, was in my blood. After the days and nights in the open to stand behind a counter once more, selling rings or bracelets, seemed too shut in, too close, too confining. A college professor once told me that men can be classified as being either of sedentary or roving disposition; their heredity, he said, in large measure determines which they are. One class has descended, perhaps, from the nomadic tribes; the other traces its descent to the more settled agricultural regions that have supported a stable contented population for centuries on centuries. One class will stay put and thrive on it; the other is forever on the move, and frets under confinement. If there is anything in the theory, I sometimes believe my own far ancestors must have been the rovingest of the rovers, the sailingest of those who sailed the sea.

I told my employers I appreciated their kindness and good offers, I appreciated their holding my place open for me so long. But I couldn't make the grade. I should have to be on the move. I would go on the road.

It proved a natural and easy solution. I was by this time a good salesman. I knew the jewelry business. Without difficulty I made up what is known in the trade as a jobber's lot.

A jobber's lot is made up of the product of several small factories. I had plain rings from one house, seal rings from another, a line of ten-carat rings from a third, mesh bags, silverware, and so on, from others—nine different lines in all. With these in my big sample trunks, I set out to cover a small amount of Western territory.

A High-Flying Partner

FROM the very first my sales on the road were good. The venture was a success. It gave me the diversity, the constant shifting of scene, that, after my years in the Philippines, I found I craved. And it brought me in a good income. From covering a comparatively small territory I soon found myself covering more and more ground. I learned more about jewelry than I should ever have known if I had stayed in Seattle. I learned more and more about selling. Soon I was traveling pretty much over the entire western half of the United States.

The next step was to shift from my jobber's lot to a single big line.

Most of the larger manufacturing jewelers are located in the East, many of them in or near New York City. I applied to one of the largest, a New Jersey concern known from coast to coast. On the strength of my record I had no difficulty in making the connection, and for a number of years traveled exclusively for that concern. At first I had only the Western territory with which I was already familiar, but later I was given the entire United States. For the first time since I was a boy the currents of life were throwing me once more into the East

I fell in love and married. That changed things. Suddenly the road became less desirable.

I had been making money. Not large amounts, as investments go, but in good quantities for a man who is not in business for himself. Though I had not stinted myself in spending, I had been able to put aside a considerable amount. I decided to invest in a business of my own. Powers & Burke was the result of that decision.

On the mantelshelf of the living room of our New York apartment there is today a little black clock that strikes the Westminster chimes. In small letters of inlaid gold it carries the name Powers & Burke. That clock is the only thing remaining to link us with the years of effort and ambition and anxiety that went into our Boston venture.

My partner, Burke, cared more about a good time than he did about the business. Day after day he would be away on this jaunt or that, leaving me to look out for the store. My wife and I felt that if the venture was to succeed, it would be because of what we could put into it.

There was a florist's shop a few doors away, and my wife, who has always been enthusiastic about flowers, ran in there often. She found out that from time to time quantities of cut flowers that had found no purchaser had to be thrown away. This distressed her and gave us an idea. In order to make some use of this sheer waste of beautiful flowers, and at the same time brighten up our own window display, I made an arrangement with the florist by which he supplied me, for a small weekly amount, with quantities of cut flowers.

To this day people who recall the firm of Powers & Burke remember it as the jewelry store that always had beautiful flowers in the show window.

At another time I was able to pick up a fine Italian intaglio. It was such an exquisite bit of carving that it seemed a pity to waste it on the interior of a store. So I put it in the window, and to attract attention focused a magnifying glass on it in such a way that a person looking through the show window found the magnifying glass placed in exactly the right position to give the clearest enlargement of the beautifully cut little design. During the many days that I kept that intaglio on exhibition, there was hardly a minute during business hours when someone had not stopped to peer down through the magnifying glass at the carving. Frequently there was quite a little crowd waiting to take a peek when their turn came. I suppose the novelty of it was the attraction. It brought in almost as much trade as a newspaper advertisement

But with all our work and ingenuity, there wasn't enough in my share of the store to make a comfortable living for my wife and myself. So I sold out to my partner. After we left he made a desperate effort to leave pretty girls alone and attend strictly to business, but the old habits were too strong and matters went rapidly from bad to worse. In a year he was bankrupt.

My next venture was in New York City, and it proved more profitable. I took over the remaining stock and goodwill of a reputable old concern that had fallen into the hands of a receiver. Many of the more valuable assets of the store had been assigned to various creditors as security for their claims, and, by buying these back for the amount of the indebtedness, I was able to secure them at such low figures that I could sell at a good profit. For three years this made a business that would ordinarily have had to struggle for bare existence a very satisfactory income getter

Little Fellows Crowded Out

BY THIS time, however, I had learned that ordinarily the small jeweler has a pretty hard time to make ends meet. Because of the sums involved in the purchase of gems any jewelry store with limited capital is severely handicapped. The financial standing of a jewelry concern is of more consequence than in almost any other business, except banking. The larger stores, with great resources and established credit, can buy in larger lots, pay cash and get far better prices. It is absolutely impossible for the small jewelers to compete with them on equal terms.

A story is told of one of the largest New York jewelers to illustrate this. Shortly before the war this concern was selling flat silver at a dollar an ounce, while practically all the other retailers were charging $1.25 an ounce. A committee of these other retailers finally waited on the larger concern, asking them, in the interests of the trade, to change their rate to the higher figure—$1.25—as the others could not meet the dollar rate and live. To this the officers of the larger concern replied that they were making their regular profit at the dollar rate, and felt that in justice to their customers they should not change to $1.25.

At about this time a very flattering offer was made me by one of the best known firms in the country, to come in on an equal footing with their leading salesman, who had been with them for twenty or thirty years. But I had been doing pretty well, and felt that I could at last afford to say good-by to the jewelry industry and follow my own inclinations to travel, and finally settle down somewhere in open country. I dissolved my business, now that, with the

Continued on Page 84

A Pearl Necklace Will be Shown About the Neck of a Beautiful Young Woman

THE JUDGMENT FROM PARIS

By Agnes Burke Hale

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

As He Turned Round the Corner of the Boathouse He Saw Her Standing on the Edge, Silhouetted Against the Brilliant Lake

MISS ROSE SPRINGER at fifty-five had her life neatly arranged into a series of committee meetings, when the cable came from Paris wrecking her schedule. Iris, the widow of Mark, Miss Springer's weak but beloved brother, was dead at last. Lucy, their child, now twenty, was alone in the world. Would Miss Springer take charge of her, as Mark had asked in his will?

Miss Springer shuddered. She was a Unitarian, and a firm believer in Mr. Darwin; Lucy could not escape her mother. She would be pretty, but could come to no good end. Nevertheless, Lucy was Mark's child, Lucy would come into the Springer money when she was twenty-five, and one's duty is one's duty.

She cabled the Paris lawyers to ship Lucy on a fast boat, and telephoned her friend, Mrs. Burrell Blarcom, to stop in on her way downtown. Within an hour Mrs. Blarcom, a large woman of mound-builder architecture, came charging up the veranda steps. Mrs. Blarcom had a noble look about her. "Hold the fort. I am coming," she seemed to cry as she tore along through life.

One of Miss Springer's impeccable maids let her into the long drawing-room, where the Springers of three generations had left their traces. Miss Rose had put glazed chintz on some of the uglier pieces, and had gone in for early maple, so that, bit by bit, the execrable taste of Grandpa and Grandma Springer was being obliterated. Things remained which Mrs. Blarcom would have consigned to the ash can, but to which Miss Springer—who had nothing to love but her past—clung.

Miss Springer came in, a slim precise woman in a dotted voile. She sat down by Mrs. Blarcom and told her about Lucy.

"It's astonishing. I've never thought of Iris dying; she was as strong as a horse. She never got up until twelve, and never did anything but gamble and flirt. Now what can this child be like?"

Mrs. Blarcom thought it like a play—one of those plays in which the child of dubious upbringing is a nobler character than the lily sheltered in a refined home.

"Where did Iris die?" she asked.

"At Pau. This spring she got a fever. I haven't heard from her for ten years—since Mark died. He settled enough on her so that she could ignore us. She hated me so. Well, I hated her. I'm glad she's dead. She ruined Mark's life."

Mrs. Blarcom agreed. "He was a dear, Mark. When will Lucy come?"

"I don't know. I'll get a cable. What I want from you is help. You've had children. Imagine how she's been brought up."

Mrs. Blarcom found the picture horrible, yet exciting.

"Don't fret, Rose," she said. "There's nothing like a young person in the house. She'll be in mourning, but next winter we'll give parties for her. There'll be plenty of men then."

"Men? Then? Why? Why should there be men in the winter, and none in the summer?"

Mrs. Blarcom roared. "You lamb. Haven't you ever heard of Harvard?"

"Oh," said Miss Springer. "So that's why we have Harvard."

It was nice to learn the really significant things.

"I'm too old, though," she said, as Mrs. Blarcom kissed her. "Too taut and tight."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Blarcom; "you're like a girl."

Yet as she climbed into her sedan she thought how much more responsive she herself was to life. Mrs. Blarcom, like so many idealists, was awfully cheery about her own good points.

Mrs. Blarcom and Miss Springer had been friends from girlhood. Mrs. Blarcom was intellectually pretentious and a gusher; Miss Springer was cryptic, intolerant, honest-minded. She distrusted immigrants, people born west of the Hudson, and new forms of life. Mrs. Blarcom welcomed all things new and joyous, and talked about opening one's mind to the sun and the air. If she hadn't been well connected she might have started a New Thought movement.

Despite these differences, Mrs. Blarcom and Miss Springer were friends, tied together by a thousand crises and propinquities. So when Mrs. Blarcom announced at luncheon that she meant to help Rose out with Lucy, her daughter Ursula groaned.

"Oh, Lord, why couldn't it be a nephew! As if there weren't women enough around anyway."

Ursula was twenty-two and pretty, but too bossy. She had told a girl that she intended to marry before she was twenty-four, and this girl, like a mean cat, had told a boy, who told all of Harvard, so that Ursula's swains fell off. She resented her mother, too—who was always in the foreground, giving things a nice tone.

"Ursula," her mother said now, "that does not sound like my daughter."

"No, I never do." Ursula took a third helping of asparagus. "Why can't we have hollandaise sauce?"

"It's too rich. I shall ask Hubert to arrange some parties. Lucy has had an interesting life; the contact will be broadening."

"Oh, come, mother," said Ursula, who resented her mother's cracks. "You'll have a hard time separating him from Lily Duffield."

"Humph," snorted Mrs. Blarcom, "we shall see."

Lily Duffield would be rich some day, but at present she was a brainless flirt. Who exactly were the Duffields, except for their varnish? Mrs. Blarcom, in the depth of her heart, preferred the Springer cotton mills.

Miss Springer, within a few days, received a cable from Paris saying that Lucy would land in eight days at New York. The south bedroom overlooking the garden was made ready for her; and Miss Springer hoped Lucy would be lovable. The Springer money would come to her, the Springer home, and all the Springer hope of life, secreted in Miss Rose's lonely heart. "She'll be like Mark," she argued. But Iris, with her blond, bedeviling head and her slow laugh, mocked her. Iris had overwhelmed Mark, blotted out his ambition, made him lead her wasteful life. Mark had got the best of her by dying after twelve years; why should Iris let his child escape her?

Had Miss Springer known more of Lucy she would have written Alice Pope—Alice Pope, who had been her friend Alice Ames. One year after Mark had jilted her for Iris, Alice had married Preston Pope, who was forty, a millionaire, and as dull as ditch water. With perfect composure Alice had gone through the gestures of her position as his wife and the heiress of the Ames Woolen Mills. If a black-eyed, beloved weakling named Mark Springer had broken her heart, no one but Miss Springer knew. Alice had borne a child, Jim, now twenty-two, and raised him without emotion. Even the war and the death of her husband had left her undisturbed.

But Rose Springer remembered the day when Alice Ames cried in her drawing-room so noisily that Rose had shut the door and windows lest the servants hear. She had brought Rose the letter in which Mark wrote that he was a cad but could not help it. Unable to resist Iris, he had married her. Alice Ames had been almost vulgar in her grief; her face had become distorted and red with weeping; her fine sun-gold hair came down from its huge knot beneath her sailor hat, and she had flung herself on the old walnut sofa, crying out Mark's name. The shattering of her control was cataclysmic.

Even as she wept, Miss Springer thought she understood her brother. Iris was a witch, without morals or manners; but she had an enchanting face and a magic body. In Mark there was a desire to be warmed by life which Alice, had she envisaged it, would have been slow to satisfy. It was only when she lost him that she flung aside her wrapping of reserve. Miss Springer, who regretted her beauty and her wealth, mourned that day for the passion in the girl, which might have made Mark a happy man.

When Miss Springer picked out a thin girl in black among the S's on the New York pier, she could have cried out. Lucy was like Mark. She had his thin white face with the long pointed chin, and his disdainful brows. She stood apart, waiting, as Mark, who never made the first move, would have done. Miss Springer had laid a hand on the girl's arm before her eyes lost their opaque listlessness. She had Iris' mouth, red-lipped, full and parted, like a child's

"You are my Aunt Rose," she said. "It's good of you to come down."

Miss Springer, who had been wondering how one greeted an unintroduced niece, felt herself kissed shyly. Mark used to kiss her in that quick way when he was a boy leaving for school.

"You have your luggage?"

"Yes, it's all over there." Lucy explained that she had not brought much. "Some of our things are with the Montignys—the people I stayed with in Paris. But most of the rest we sold. I didn't have many clothes." She was solemn and slow spoken; she leveled her dark unhappy eyes upon Miss Springer's pale blue ones.

The inspector pawed among her belongings, a mélange of adolescent finery and rather second-rate mourning. There was a negligee and some lace that must have been Iris'; and one great box tied in canvas. The inspector faced it dubiously.

"Say, lady, whot are these?" he said

Lucy gave him a scathing look. "Those are paintings. They're my own, so they're not worth anything." The inspector believed her. Such a kid and such a nice old lady couldn't be master smugglers.

Miss Springer, as she arranged to have Lucy's trunks and paintings shipped through to Boston, was a little aghast. She had not looked for an artist.

All the way uptown, and through luncheon, they were shy with each other. Lucy was poised, aloof; Miss Springer, solicitous and formal. Each, between remarks, took furtive glances at the other. It was apparent to the older woman that Lucy was excited. With a childlike docility she submitted to her aunt. Now that she had taken off her hat she was pretty, though a bit too thin; her dark fine hair, cut short, clung to her head, and her skin was like milk. She was all black and white except for her mouth. About her clung a silent serenity never engendered by Iris.

They talked about Paris and London, where Miss Springer had gone in her youth. "With my father," she said. "When I was a young lady."

Lucy was silent. "Do you remember your father?" her aunt hazarded

The girl quickened. "Oh, yes. I was ten when he died." She had been to a variety of schools—all over Europe. "Wherever mummy went for the winter, she would put me in school somewhere—not too near and not too far. I finished two years ago, in Belgium. Mummy was in Brussels. Since then I've been pretty well on my own."

"On your own?"

"Well, I stayed in Paris with the Montignys—he's a professor at the Sorbonne—and I studied with Corlotti. They're dears, the Montignys. They used to know father. Last summer I went to Moret with them. I was there this spring when mother got ill."

Miss Springer was a little shocked. A daughter was an appendage of her mother's. "You were with her when she died, dear, weren't you?"

Lucy nodded. "I was there. But I don't think mother cared much. I may as well be frank, Aunt Rose. I didn't like mother. I don't want to talk about her."

Miss Springer felt compassion for the girl whose mother had embittered her.

"Oh, but your father, Lucy," she said.

"I loved my father," the girl went on. "But I am glad mother is dead. For the last two years I hardly saw her."

Only the angels could have extracted from Miss Springer her feelings about her late father; but certainly frankness cleared the air. With a shy gesture she laid a hand on the girl's wrist.

"Lucy, I would like you to be happy here—for your father's sake."

Lucy measured her with her unfathomable eyes. This was the primmest woman she had ever seen, but she did not take effusive possession of one, as relatives usually did. Perhaps they would get along. After all, America was the place to be.

"I like you, Aunt Rose—I think," she said slowly. "And if you don't like me I'll go back to Paris."

Aunt Rose had never heard such nonsense. After they had eaten strawberry mousse and little cakes, they decided to go to the shops.

"You will need new things for summer, Lucy." They went to a place where the Carberry girls got their things. Aunt Rose thought the Carberry girls lovely.

"She is chic, your daughter," madame said to Aunt Rose. Lucy laughed a high shrill laugh and Aunt Rose started. It might have been Iris. But the dark head, the finely articulated body and the slow voice were Mark's.

Afterward they went, at Lucy's request, to the Metropolitan Museum, which they found closed.

"We'll come again tomorrow," said Lucy, "early."

Miss Springer rejoiced to see the ghost of Iris laid low—Iris who would have died before she would have looked at a picture.

Lucy, when they came home to Brookline, fitted with a minimum of disturbance into the Springer home. The three spinster maids, who took religious weeklies and held strong views about the carryings-on of girls, approved of her. She was neat and up like a bird in the morning. Had they seen the pictures Lucy unpacked in her studio they might have withheld approval.

"Lucy," He Called

For after Lucy had been home two days she asked for a studio. Miss Springer, after breakfast, was walking with her in the garden.

"It will be dull for you, Lucy. Until the winter you can't be very gay. But Mrs. Blarcom, my old friend, has children. You will make friends."

Lucy's cheeks had a faint tinge of color, and her dark hair shimmered in the sun. She was too thin, but her vivid coloring, her indifferent, challenging eyes were noticeable. Her aunt hoped, for she was a mother at heart, that Lucy would have beaus.

"Aunt Rose," said Lucy, "can I have a room to paint in? If you don't mind?"

"Of course I don't mind. But I want you to rest."

Lucy shrugged her shoulders. "Rest? Why should I rest? In the fall I want to study at the art school." She hesitated. "If you shouldn't want me to stay I could go to New York."

Miss Springer made a clucking protesting sound. "Not stay! This is your home." She was angry. "Of course you can paint. But I want you to have pleasure too. Come in and I shall show you the sewing room."

Forthwith Lucy was installed on the third floor, and Miss Springer sent for a carpenter to knock in a skylight. Andrew, the chauffeur, stacked her pictures against the walls. They mingled incongruously with a sewing machine, a dressmaker's form and the prim furniture.

"Couldn't we take some of this stuff out?" said Lucy

"We could that," said Andrew, and he stowed it in the next room, where the housemaid slept.

(Continued on Page 43)

"Say, Why Don't You Come Back Here Tomorrow, and Let Me Paint Your Face?" He Said. "You've Got Wonderful Skin"

BONDS TRIUMPHANT

Who is the Investor?—By Albert W. Atwood

WHEN this country entered the war in 1917 it became necessary to finance the continued operations of the Allies, as well as our own participation, on a scale previously unknown in fiscal history. Government obligations, under the name of Liberty Bonds, were sold to many millions of people to whom the thought of becoming investors had never before occurred. Nor was it merely that more bonds were floated than had ever been deemed possible. The character of the methods employed, although faintly foreshadowed by those of Jay Cooke during the Civil War, were in the main undreamed of and impossible in any earlier stage of financial development.

Bonds were bought in part through such motives as patriotism and fear. But still more they were sold by means of the huge total accretion in the arts of advertising, publicity and salesmanship, which has been such a marked and peculiar feature of the recent industrial and commercial expansion of the country.

They were highly organized, concerted and well-nigh universal assaults upon the personal financial habits of the American people, were these thorough, meticulously planned campaigns of the Liberty Loans. Nor could they fail to have far-reaching effects upon the investment markets, business and habits of the country.

Such was the prediction at the time, and such in the main has been the outcome. Everyone insisted in 1917 and 1918 that we would become a nation of investors, of bond buyers; and to a large extent the prophecy has been fulfilled.

Today bonds are in fashion, triumphant. But there has been curiously little attempt to make clear or understandable the import of this fact. The bond business, in its present proportions and with its present development, is like so many other institutions which have rather gradually assumed the shape of a prodigy and marvel—there is hardly any separate awareness of its existence as such. It is a wonder which has come upon us in the night, as it were; or rather it is here in our midst, familiar enough, but receiving none of the notice, observation and study which it so richly deserves.

New Territory Opened

OF ALL that is new in our economic system since the war, there is nothing which more fully exemplifies the speed, the competition, the factorylike methods and the magnification of salesmanship so characteristic of American life than the bond business. Only a few years before the war there were fair-size towns or small cities in New York State or Pennsylvania which were visited by one or two bond salesmen for a few hours at a time, once or twice a month. Today, in these same places, not so much larger than they were a decade or two earlier, dozens or scores of bond salesmen actually reside, concentrating their efforts there and working the district as intensively as ice dealers and grocers.

It is doubtful if merchandising methods in any other industry have gained in intensity so fast. It is the avowed boast and policy of the largest single factor in the trade to sell bonds as freely, as readily and as openly as shoes are sold in a corner store. In this field, if anywhere, the salesman is rampant, and it is not to be doubted that the force and velocity of sales effort are having a wholesome modifying effect upon the very capitalistic system itself.

To ascribe the enlargement in this field of activity entirely to the war and the forced financial education born of the Liberty Loans is not strictly accurate. One of the most absurd pieces of sheer exaggeration ever perpetrated was the statement made during these flotations that 250,000 bond buyers, the maximum before the war, had been increased to 20,000,000.

There were probably considerably more than 250,000 bond investors before the war, nor did 20,000,000 emerge from the conflict by any manner of means. Possibly there were that many aggregate purchases of Liberty Bonds, but that is quite a different matter. The business man in New York City bought a few bonds in small denominations from pretty girls on street corners, in larger denominations from his bank or committee in his New Jersey or Connecticut suburban home, and in still larger denominations from his trade committee. There was endless repetition and duplication. Many who bought sold again as soon as the war was over, and have never again purchased a bond of any description.

Not only were enough new investors created, without exaggerating their number, but other factors must be allowed for. Both the South and the West have developed with extreme rapidity in the past few years, and have opened up much new territory to the investment banker. In states like North Carolina and California the increase in wealth has been phenomenal. High income taxes also have stimulated the demand for tax-exempt municipal securities on the part of the rich wherever they might live.

Possibly also the tendency toward more uniform rates of interest incident to the Federal Reserve system has made bonds bearing moderate coupons more acceptable to Western and Southern investors. Far more important is the fact that aggregate wealth and debt have both mounted enormously since the war. It has been necessary to issue securities in great variety and quantities to care for the inevitable expansion and subsequent contraction. Seymour L. Cromwell, a former president of the New York Stock Exchange, remarked in a recently published introduction to a book on investments:

"The securities now traded in cover the whole field of our business life. These securities reflect the enormous cost of war and represent our efforts to restore the economic structure destroyed by war."

A Look at the Works

IT IS not my idea, however, to treat in detail of the economic causes which have led up to the present tremendous dimensions of what is called the bond business. Rather it is proposed to examine what this rapid and widespread financial development means to the individual who has money to invest. The bond salesman is rampant, and bonds are being sold, relatively speaking, everywhere and to everybody.

But to see this many-storied structure of the bond business as it is, we must first gaze upon the investor, and with clear, unflinching eyes study the creature as it exists, with all its peculiarities and idiosyncrasies; in other words, to the limits of our ability and space we must understand the human nature of the buyer. For obviously there can be no bond business, or back of that any growth of industry so far as bond issues are concerned, without the investor—the man or the woman who has saved a surplus.

"The important act in investment banking is the decision to exchange the command over present comforts for the promise of someone to pay interest and principal at future dates," said Dwight W. Morrow, of J. P. Morgan & Co., in a recent speech. "The important actor in investment banking is the one who makes that decision."

Books and articles that treat of investors and investments have been published without number. I suppose the booklets which describe bonds and are issued by concerns which have these wares for sale run up into the tens of thousands. Quantitatively speaking, the literature of the subject is immense. Campaigns of publicity and advertising are constantly under way. But most of this information is in the nature of generalities, pious and wholesome enough, but generalities for all that.

Of necessity most subjects must be written about in a rather superficial fashion. If you want to discover the time of day you look at the face of your watch and do not bother to examine the wheels and cogs to see if they are working properly. As a rule doctors give you pills, with the possible implication that the pills may help you, but without telling you in precise, exact detail just what this pill will do in the way of assisting the processes of Nature.

As a rule it is wiser to write nice little essays on the desirability of saving money, of putting it into conservative bonds, of exercising caution in the selection of a house to deal with and of the particular bonds purchased. For once, however, let us look behind the face of the watch. Let us inspect a few of the works themselves. Useful as the conventional generalities are, this is an occasion to look farther, to dig a little way beneath the surface.

The increase in the intensity of bond salesmanship and in the number and variety of offerings cannot fail to puzzle the

(Continued on Page 129)

"It is Nobody's Function Down Here in Wall Street to Protect the Small Investor"

ILLUSTRATION BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THE CIRCUMSPECT SEVENTIES

By Kenneth L. Roberts

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THERE is a rumor abroad in the land that manners are not what they used to be. So far have they departed, in fact, from the groove in which they were located within the memories of those now living that almost anyone who possesses ordinarily active hearing can hear at least five persons declare passionately on any given day that they don't know what the world is coming to.

This remark is brought forth by the way young women wear their hair, complexions, corsets, stockings, business clothes, morning dresses and evening gowns, not to mention the way that they do not wear some of these things, by the things that young men say to young women and that young women say to young men, as well as by the things that young men and young women say or do not say to their elders; by the way that young men act at dances, at the dinner table, on street corners, in drug stores and in automobiles; by the garments that young men wear, and the things that they drink and the places in which they drink them, and the books that they and their young women friends read or do not read, to say nothing of the books that they are frequently guilty of writing; and by almost everything that everybody except themselves is suspected of doing or not doing at the present time.

It appears to be the consensus of opinion among those who declare fiercely that they do not know what the world is coming to that the world is coming to something pretty awful; and one gathers from the eager and frequently somewhat low-down gleam that may be detected in their eyes, when they indulge in their daily headshaking over the present-day manners and morals of America, that they hope the world will come to whatever it is coming to in the very near future; and that they will be willing to pay speculators' prices for the sake of obtaining front-row seats at the thrilling spectacle.

Now I, in common with many other persons whose memories fail to go back even to the comparatively recent days when football players wore quilted pants, have heard many and many an exciting tale about the younger generation—such as how it is necessary for every male to protect himself by main strength against the wild ways and the feverish embraces of the modern maiden; and yet I am forced to admit that in long and receptive sojourns in such sophisticated and cosmopolitan centers of youthful activity as Washington, D. C., Hollywood, Kennebunk Beach and Palm Beach, no member of the younger generation has ever leaped out at me from behind a potted palm in a hotel lobby and cruelly pressed her lips to mine with reckless abandon.

No Member of the Younger Generation Has Done This to Me

Merely Hearsay Evidence

EACH representative with whom I have come in casual contact, furthermore, has usually impressed me as the sort of young lady who, if I were careless enough to pick up her hand for the innocent purpose of telling her fortune or pointing out the length of her life line, would deftly remove a slipper with her disengaged hand and strike me promptly, accurately and enthusiastically behind the left ear with its heel.

Never, to my deep regret, has any member of the younger generation made any effort to strangle me in an excess of emotion while dancing with me, or in any other way displayed the traits which are generally admitted to be bringing the world to whatever it is that it is supposed to be coming to, outside of a little moderately enthusiastic drinking and cussing, which has never yet caused the world to start even a partially successful disintegration.

Consequently I have been obliged to depend almost entirely on hearsay evidence for my information concerning those unnatural goings-on which are popularly supposed to be forcing the world to disintegration and—as the more forward-looking politicians are fond of remarking—chaos; and it has occurred to me that some of the good folk who are waiting for the world's ultimate break-up with an evil light in their eyes, in addition to basing their conclusions almost entirely on what an intimate friend of a certain young lady's cousin told them about the wild goings-on of the young lady, have been so careless as to forget some of the peculiarities of the manners and customs which were regarded as the height of perfection in the days of their youth.

What Was Good Form in 1877

IT WAS recently my good fortune to come across a book bound in rather offensive-looking brown cloth which bore in the center of its cover a lovely but somewhat heifer-faced young maiden whose bonny brown hair was tastefully decorated, slightly to the northwest of the base of her skull, with a sweet little pink rose with leaves attached. Her ears were completely exposed; and a perceptible fullness beneath her chin held out the promise of a magnificent dewlap in the years to come. Furthermore, her right shoulder, over which she was staring in a pleasantly unemotional manner, as though looking for something to eat, was embellished with a large bow of light-blue silk about nine inches long and six inches wide.

The simple yet elegant name of the book was Decorum; and it was obvious that the cow-faced young lady on the cover was supposed to be a concentrated example of the feminine charms that were guaranteed to knock young men out of their chairs in the year 1877, when the book Decorum first burst upon a palpitating nation for the purpose of telling it what it ought to do, wear, think and say in order to avoid receiving the coarse and unmistakable raspberry from those who mattered.

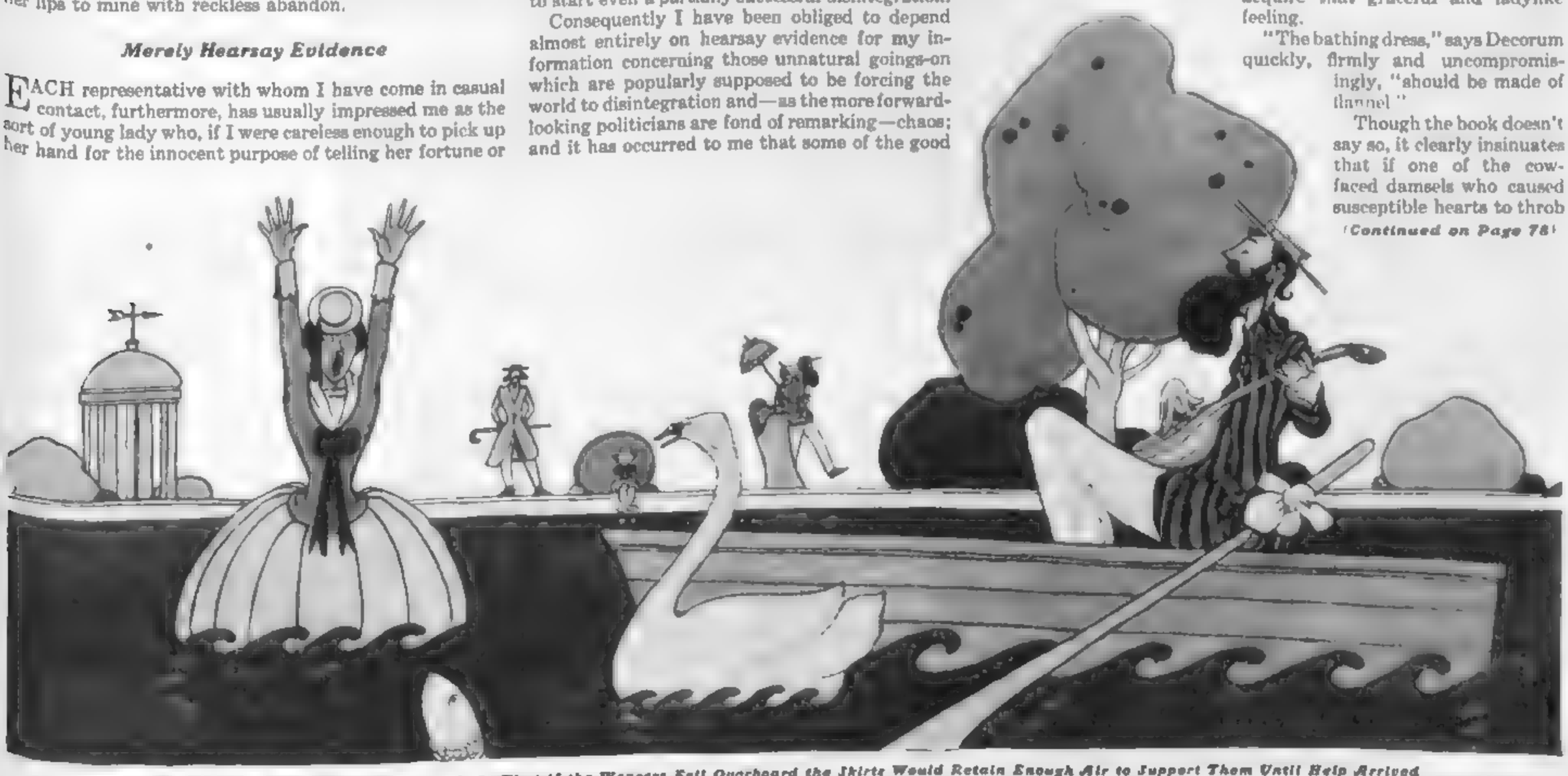
As the book itself more fittingly phrased it, its object was "not only to give the usages of our best American society, to disregard which would subject the offender to the epithet of 'ill bred,' but to impart that information by which anyone might be enabled to acquire gentlemanly ease or graceful ladylike deportment, so that their presence would be sought for."

Flipping over the pages of Decorum at random, one's eye is caught by the simple title Bathing Costumes; and having in mind the vast expanses of female flesh that are nowadays exposed to the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and the slightly protruding eyes of the more or less innocent bystanders, one hastens to see what the young ladies of 1877 were allowed to take off in order that they might acquire that graceful and ladylike feeling.

"The bathing dress," says Decorum quickly, firmly and uncompromisingly, "should be made of flannel."

Though the book doesn't say so, it clearly insinuates that if one of the cow-faced damsels who caused susceptible hearts to throb

(Continued on Page 78)



Ground-Length Skirts Were Stipulated, So That if the Wearers Fell Overboard the Skirts Would Retain Enough Air to Support Them Until Help Arrived

Galloping Donkeys No Good

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

A CERTAIN man of Chicago lived to the age of forty without the love of a woman. His name was Asa B Tilly, but that doesn't explain it wholly. From boyhood he had been pet of a mid Victorian sister who deemed a lipstick the badge of a wanton and a powdered nose the first false step.

After she had passed to her Victorian paradise of golden streets and pearly gates, Asa was thrown on his own resources. He found himself fretting. Vague regrets assailed him. After a decent interval he decided to close the house and fare forth to see the world. London, Paris, Vienna—all the capitals of Europe offered as playgrounds, for he had plenty of money. But Asa headed for Greece. Don't blame me—I'm merely telling the story. He chose a small boat sailing to a Mediterranean port, and consequently found himself *en famille* with the other passengers.

There were only about a score, and very early in the voyage A. B. decided that only two among them were his sort—Mrs. Gilbert, of Cleveland, and a Miss Rankin, from Worcester. They used to play three-handed bridge and mah-jongg, and walk the narrow decks for hours, and in the evenings Miss Rankin would play and sing after the orchestra had knocked off for the day. The things she played were about eight miles and a half above Asa's head, but when it came to singing they got on common ground because her voice was nothing more than a pleasant, drawing-room mezzo-soprano and she knew better than to tackle anything ambitious. So she would croon old love songs and lullabies. Asa frequently asked her to sing Just A-Wearying for You—that was the song of songs to him. Mrs. Gilbert would sit watching them, smiling a pleased smile.

"He's a nice old thing," she said. "But, merciful heaven, why does he make puns?"

"I think they're very good," declared Miss Rankin warmly. "And he's so different from the men one meets nowadays."

"He is that. I guess there hasn't been another one like him since the Big Wind," agreed Mrs. Gilbert. "And do you know, from things he's said now and then—just little things he's dropped—I believe he's got money too."

"Possibly," was the indifferent reply.

"What on earth does he want to go to Greece for? You try and get him to change his plans and come along to Egypt, Kate. Perhaps we can find a fourth for bridge."

"I'll do nothing of the sort."

"Then I will!" exclaimed Mrs. Gilbert. "Nice men are too scarce to let one get away like that"

However, she had no luck in this direction. Asa liked them both—he felt at ease with them—but he had made all his arrangements and saw no reason for altering them. Also, he began to note a sort of proprietary attitude that he vaguely resented; sometimes Mrs. Gilbert talked to him almost as his sister used to talk.

They parted in Naples, but a fortnight later he ran into them again at Brindisi.

"Going to Egypt after all?" demanded Mrs. Gilbert.

"Greece," said Asa.

But he never saw the land of his heroes. For at lunch that day in the International Hotel, Ona Shane flashed in at the head of her satellites, and Asa lifted up his eyes, and it was finished.

Once He Glanced at Her Face When They Emerged From the Shadows of the Columns Into Open Moonlight. A Deep Spiritual Exaltation Shone There; the Soft Light Made the Outline Even Tender. Why, She Was Beautiful!

As soon as he had eaten he streaked for the concierge's desk to find out who she was.

What, he did not know Mees Shane, the most celebrated cinema star! . . . Yes, he had heard of her. . . . Well then, this was Mees Shane in person, and she was bound with all her company for Egypt, where they planned to make a colossal cinema of Arab life.

Asa meandered off to digest this information over his cigar. Presently Ona Shane and her party emerged from the dining room and went upstairs. Almost immediately a hubbub arose on the floor above, and down she swept like a hurricane, followed by the assistant director, doing his best to explain and placate her. Sure that something dreadful had happened, Asa approached—but it was only the star making her usual outcry over the room assigned to her.

Tilly stepped forward and with courtly grace offered the one he was occupying. Miss Shane eyed him up and down—was this another fresh Aleck?—but A. B.'s innocence stuck out like Gibraltar, and she smiled and thanked him. However, she said she would like to take a look at it first. His room had a fireplace, and the exchange was made.

"I've been trying to get better rooms," remarked Mrs. Gilbert, encountering Asa just before dinner as he loitered in the cold lobby.

"Yes?"

"They told me you had given up yours to that Shane woman."

"Well, she had no fireplace and ——"

"Neither had Miss Rankin. And she has a dreadful cold too."

A. B. reddened and glanced toward Miss Rankin, who was pretending not to see him. He realized with a sense of self-reproach which he resented, that it would never have occurred to him to offer his room to her.

"A baby doll ——" began Mrs. Gilbert, launching on one of her favorite themes, but Asa muttered something unintelligible and slunk away before she could get going.

His reward came after dinner, when Ona stopped to talk with him a few minutes. What she said, or what he said, he could not remember afterward, for his senses were swimming. In all his life he had never seen so glorious a creature. Ona registered spirituality for A. B., knowing intuitively that this was the line for him, and when she did that the cameolike purity of her face made one think of a delicate flower just opening its tender petals. It seemed to Asa that her limpid blue-gray eyes shone with a light almost holy. How could he know that Ona was wondering what sort of goof he might be?

"Look at that, will you?" exclaimed Tom Camp, her publicity man, to the assistant director. "That look's worth a million. Maybe it won't knock 'em over in the repentance scene."

Immediately she turned from Asa to go upstairs, however, her expression changed. She caught Mrs. Gilbert's appraising stare, and gave back as good as she got.

There was no serene purity in the eyes now—the sophistication of centuries looked out of them.

The boat for Alexandria was due next morning. Right after breakfast Tilly changed all his plans and secured passage. They could give him only indifferent accommodation, and any other time he would have rejected an inside cabin, but now he would have slept in a lifeboat rather than be left behind.

They sailed at the scheduled hour. The Venetia always rolled until her smokestacks threatened to dip under, but that night the old rowdy cut up worse than usual. A following sea, with a snow-laden wind from the northwest, keeled her over until chairs and trunks and tables and dishes united in a crashing Wagnerian overture, and Asa B. Tilly was catapulted in his new striped lavender pajamas through the wildly swinging door of his cabin, across the corridor, and into the suite de luxe occupied by the star. Ona switched on the light.

"Gee, but you Chicago guys are abrupt!" she exclaimed.

Asa B. mumbled an apology and backed out. Yes, he did. He did. He backed out and went to his own quarters, flushed with shame, as well he might be.

He did not see her again until they docked at Alexandria, because the sea continued rough and Ona was very busy, but when he spoke to her amid the babel of customs inspection she gave him a cold curt nod. It worried A. B. all the way to Cairo. He sat in a compartment with

Mrs. Gilbert and Miss Rankin, and they lost all patience with him. He was dull and absent-minded, and every time there came a peal of laughter from the adjoining compartment, Asa winced. In vain he racked his brains for an excuse to join the movie crowd; his nerve failed him every time.

They were all going up the Nile, and Asa boarded the steamer before nine o'clock next morning. The moment Ona appeared he went up to her and earnestly explained that the intrusion on the Venetia was accidental. Now what can you do with a man like that? She gaped, then laughed and pretended to believe he had planned the whole business. It gave A. B. a fine glow, which was heightened when others of the party dubbed him the cave man and showed readiness to admit him to their circle. Asa assumed a rough, hard-boiled manner.

"Goodness gracious, but you are tough!" exclaimed Mrs. Gilbert with a shiver. "I'll bet you just eat 'em alive!"

A. B. acknowledged this levity with a cold and formal bow. He considered it ill-timed, to say the least. What right had she to comment on his behavior? Was it any of her business—or Miss Rankin's, for that matter—what he did?

"I suppose our little bridge game is all off now?" continued the Cleveland lady.

"I didn't know it was a fixture," retorted Asa with knock-out politeness. Maybe that would hold her for a while!

"Well, you're the last man in the world I'd have suspected of cradle robbing," she said.

What did the woman mean? He stalked away, boiling with rage. Cradle robbing, hey? Perhaps she had an idea that he ought to make up to Miss Rankin! Asa laughed bitterly—the notion was too preposterous. Why, Miss Rankin was thirty-two or three, if she was a day!

He soon became a recognized member of the moving-picture party. Every day he joined Ona's group on the pilgrimages to tombs and temples. Sometimes they rode donkeys, sometimes they drove. Most of the women wore walking skirts, even to ride astride, but Ona had brought along a dashing riding suit which made her look like a beautiful boy, and when she appeared in this, tapping her tight-fitting boots with a whip, a near-riot always ensued. Asa used to risk heart strain trying to get to her first, that he might help her mount and lift her from the donkey at the stops. Nor did he always succeed, despite fine generalship. Every young man on board scrambled for position, and old gentlemen who hadn't thought to help their wives down a steep place in twenty years strove for advantage with the furtive cunning of age and experience, growing savage over failure and muttering imprecations on young pups who ought to be home at work.

Foremost among Asa's rivals was the Prince Dadapopoulos, a Levantine gent who had attached himself to the movie party somewhere in Europe—one of those smooth, copper-hued, oily persons who give an impression of dubious origin. The Near East is full of them—watchful parasites, ready to fawn before strength or pounce like a vulture on a sign of weakness. He said he was a prince and they took him at his word. The title seemed to have a hypnotizing effect on all of them.

Although he had been introduced to the prince when they started from Cairo, Asa hadn't given him a thought until they were three days' journey up the Nile. In fact, he had surmised that Dada was a member of the company, employed because of his title and probably filling the part of a rascally Ha-ha-the-girl-is-mine nobleman when the scenario required it

Then he caught the prince staring at him—staring with such sinister, blighting intensity that A. B. was put out of countenance.

He tried to stare back, all the while wondering what it could mean and what he ought to do. But he was not practiced in the art. In Chicago, staring is apt to provoke prompt inquiry and summary action, whereas a steadfast starer is rated highly on the Continent as a doughty man. A. B. was no match for Dadapopoulos and registered confusion early in the contest. He felt an impulse to rise up and hand the prince a sockdolager, but diffidence of his surroundings prevented him.

"What's the matter?" demanded Mrs. Gilbert.

"Nothing. Why?"

"I just saw you and that prince glaring at each other like a couple of bull pups. Naughty, naughty! The Bible teaches you should love your enemy."

"Why should he be my enemy?" asked A. B. sulkily.

"Rivals, my dear boy; rivals. I've got eyes, you know."

Asa walked off without another word. He avoided Mrs Gilbert as much as possible, and beyond "Good morning" and an occasional chance meeting on the road when their donkeys bumped together, he had seen nothing of Miss Rankin. She treated him as she had always done, yet somehow A. B. had always a guilty feeling when she looked at him. That was the trouble with women—a man couldn't be civil to one without her thinking she owned him.

"And I will have the honor to show you all what's to be seen," George Gatas, the dragoman, would announce to the passengers at dinner. "And after visiting the tombs the party will return to the boat in time for lunch. Monument tickets very much wanted. Galloping donkeys no good."

George always won laughter and applause with that line, and the tourists went right ahead galloping the donkeys for dear life. Now, that's a precarious sport. The least sure-footed of all animals is the Egyptian donkey, manhandled by his native owner, abused and jerked around by every variety of clumsy tourist. His knees are usually gone, his mouth is impervious to guidance, and he doesn't give a damn. Why should he? No matter what he does, he is going to be beaten.

The donkey boys will never let him alone. They stick close to his tail and whack him on the rump when they want to speed up, and whack him on the rump when he goes too fast, and whack him on general principles when there's no other excuse. Also, they put nails in the end of their sticks to prod him with, or work a tender place under the saddle where they can tickle him. The result is that, harassed constantly in his rear, the Egyptian donkey has acquired the habit of weaving his hind quarters like a Hawaiian dancer.

It was a spectacle to see Miss Rankin skimming with stiff dignity across the flat lands on top of a donkey no bigger than a rabbit. She rode sidesaddle, and her get-up was a combination of Vesta Victoria and Ed Wynn. An old brown skirt, a tight jacket of another era, a crumpled felt hat down over her ears, a flying green veil pinned under the chin—no wonder the children herding goats in the fields abandoned their jobs and ran to get a good look, uttering shrill cries of amazement. No wonder they carried out the sick and bedridden from the villages to give them one last treat before they died.

(Continued on Page 118)

"One of These Days," Continued Miss Shake, "She's Going to Fall Off That Donkey and Hurt Her Ankle. Gee, Wouldn't You Like to See It?"

PILLBECK AND EGGS

Gradually She Closed Up the Gap Between Them; He Turned Abruptly. "Go Back," He Ordered

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THERE are few people who can look back on their sojourn in a cemetery with profound regret for its sudden termination, and yet that was the experience of Mr. Pillbeck Loftus. Here was a man with an imagination of such astonishing proportions that it had made him dictator of the Hill and Glade Burying Ground Association, a concern which controlled a property that could not be bought either as a whole or piecemeal for a hundred million dollars; but a man with a disposition so peculiar that he had handed over to his slippery cousin, Mr. Pillbeck Buck, the rich emoluments of a thirty-thousand-dollar chairmanship, and reserved for himself only the job of graveyard superintendent.

Why had he done it? For two reasons. First, because Mr. Buck felt that Mr. Loftus, in inheriting a paltry income of a hundred a month, had done him a million-dollar injury; secondly, because while Mr. Buck gloried in the feel of a mahogany swivel chair and thrived on stale office air, Mr. Loftus was never happier than when lying on his back on a verdant carpet of close-cropped grass, lazily looking up at a canopy of leaves.

Yes; he had been amazingly happy as superintendent of the cemetery, and with somebody to take over the job during the winter months he would have been content to remain in that employment indefinitely had it not been that Mr. Buck's greed for money had collided with Mr. Loftus' love for a gurgling brook and its bordering glade. Once convinced that Mr. Buck was conspiring to cut up this entrancingly idle land into plots for the benefit of the indifferent dead and his own pocket, Mr. Loftus had not hesitated to strike the knockout blow which had at one and the same time divested himself of his heart's solace and Mr. Buck of his lucrative chairmanship.

That had been a black day for the Pillbeck succession figuring as a short-lived dynasty, and even Mr. Van Renselaer Dyckman, half stunned by his all but miraculous restoration to control of the overgrown commercial child of his heart, had found a shadow amid the blinding light. This dark spot was induced by the hundreds of letters he received, protesting in chorus against the dismissal of Mr. Pillbeck Loftus as resident superintendent of the Hill and Glade Burying Ground. He wrote in answer a form letter stating that Mr. Loftus had fled rather than suffered dismissal, and that if any of the irate correspondents could locate the fugitive, the association would be glad to give him back his job.

Such search as was made proved unavailing for the simple reason that Pillbeck Loftus had abandoned his usual haunts for the time being. Say you had inherited the entire patrimony of your Grandmother Pillbeck; say you had a lone cousin who considered you had thereby done him a million-dollar wrong; say you sympathized with his point of view because he was seven years your elder, and had a wife named Margaret and two children; say you had handed this man what amounted to an annuity of thirty thousand and had just done him out of it, after one short year of enjoyment, for the sake of a mere brook—would you want to argue with him about it?

Mr. Loftus had not hesitated for a moment on the choice between saving the brook or his cousin, and yet no benefit in the form of peace of mind had come as a recompense for his self-sacrifice. In fact, his only reward had been a warm look from the brown eyes of Mr. Buck's wife's sister, a fine girl named Kate Mason, and even that cannot be counted as a gain, as he had not consciously seen it. At that moment his mind had been intent on the necessity of placing one foot before the other in order to arrive at some point a long way off. He had turned his back on the stately business offices of the H. G. B. G. A. while they were yet seething with excitement, and proceeded to walk to Florida and back.

The languid journey consumed several months, but as he lived every moment of the way, he did not consider the time wasted. Upon reading that statement, some will think Mr. Loftus crazy, and others will grant him a crown as the last of the self-illusionists, but as a matter of record let it be set down once and for all that next in magnitude to his phenomenal imagination was the quantity and quality of his common sense—a common sense so fundamental and revolutionary, for instance, that it actually told him the time for a man to eat is not when others think he ought to eat, but when he is hungry.

This flair for essentials had been taking a long nap as far as practical ends were concerned, but about the time Mr. Loftus crossed from Wilmington to Penns Grove on his return journey it began to show signs of awaking to renewed vigor.

He commenced noticing other things than mare's-tail clouds, futilely sweeping a clean blue sky; or the way some lights turn dull on striking water, giving it a plated finish; or the profound shadow within the darkness of an upland cedar. He frowned a rare frown as he reflected that while these things had a distinct value to himself, out of none of them could a man coin a million dollars.

Somewhat farther north his eye began to be trapped more and more frequently by what looked like banks of animated snow and proved on closer inspection to be huge flocks of white Leghorns under wire. He began to ponder, and the longer he pondered the more did he despise the Leghorn hen. He despised her because she was so pigeon breasted, so scrawny, so confoundedly trim and neat; but, most of all, he despised her because she was a specialist. Here was an animal that devoted her entire life to laying eggs as uniform, as trim and as white as herself, thereby acquiring an edge of ten cents a dozen on her equally worthy but variegated sisters.

Mr. Loftus felt a growing rage against a standardized world which had less and less use for variety. It was all right that a trader should make his fame on overalls or out of the sirup that babies weep for, and hand down the laurels with his cash to the third and fourth generations. While he was climbing, he fed thousands of employes; and after he had climbed he added thousands of sycophants to his meal list. In a grand way he was almost as beneficent

as a carcass. But when it came to artists and thinkers—ah! that was another matter.

The white Leghorn became an emblem of the age to Mr. Loftus. Did a poet make his name on drunken unpunctuated verse, then forever must his lines stagger down the page; did he exalt the pick and shovel, then always must the ditch digger be his fugue; did he glorify the home, then must apple sauce forever be his product. To establish a following, writers must master the technic of a baking-powder brand and be sure each package contained its due allotment of Cape codfish balls, or mystery built to scale, or the humor that made the can famous. So with the painter. Once let the public think it could spot a picture by a certain glorious tone of light, heaven help the artist if he ever used another sky.

The long and short of it was that trade had permeated the national mind to such an extent that surprise in the nature of a book was almost as shocking to the senses as surprise in the quality of an egg.

Such were the thoughts which troubled Mr. Loftus as he drew near to an inclosure seething with chickens. They were so greedy that they rushed toward the point of his approach with eyes fixed avidly just over his bare head. These females, he continued to ponder, lived to produce, not to reproduce. Love scarcely entered into their lives. They did not create, they merely produced, and in so doing symbolized the total submergence of the maternal instinct in a commercialized era. He hated them. In addition, the chicken farmer approached and regarded him suspiciously.

"Anything I can do for you today?" he asked meaningly.

Pillbeck turned on him the full power of his smile. "Why, yes," he replied, waving a hand toward the fluttering horde. "You can tell me what you get out of these."

"What I get out of 'em! What do you think? Eggs, young man. Eggs. They're hens and they lay eggs."

"I see you have a subtle sense of humor," rejoined Pill. "That's why I can't understand how you can put up with this sort of thing."

"What's the matter with it?"

"Why, it's all so flat, so uniform, like a tune played on one note. No kick to it. No uplift."

"You think so, do you? Well, let me tell you you don't know beans about the egg business. I know men worked in it ten years only to get one kick that sent 'em back behind where they started from, and I know others that's been lifted to the back seat of a ten-thousand-dollar car, and stayed there."

"You interest me," said Pillbeck, frowning. "Do you mean to say fortunes are made and lost in eggs?"

"Yes, sonny, I do," replied the man commiseratingly. "Made and lost in a lot less time than it takes an egg to grow stale. Why, the hen is the most important animal alive today."

"More important than horses?"

"Sure thing."

"More important than dogs?"

"What do you take me for? Can a dog produce?"

"More important than cows, then?"

"For her size, a laying Leghorn is ten times as important as a cow."

"But is she more important than an elephant?"

"Say," retorted the man angrily, "can an elephant lay an egg?"

He half turned to go, but Pillbeck stopped him. "Don't rush off," he begged. "I've got to know something."

"What is it?"

"We spoke of fortunes a moment ago. What constitutes a fortune in your opinion?"

"Oh, well," declared the man dreamily, picking up a straw and breaking it at regular intervals, "I guess I'm not much different from other folks as to what constitutes a fortune. In this country a fortune is a million dollars."

"The exact sum my cousin is always talking about!" exclaimed Pill, his eyes brightening. "How long do you figure it would take to make a million in the egg business?"

"It depends which end you start in at. My broker made eighty thousand last Monday."

"Eighty thousand dollars?" gasped Pillbeck.

"Sure. And on Wednesday, between ten in the morning and a quarter past, he lost it and forty thousand dollars besides."

"I've been missing something," murmured Mr. Loftus, the gray of his eyes beginning to deepen to a translucent blue. "I had no idea chickens laid as fast as that."

"They don't," said the farmer darkly. "If they did, there wouldn't be no overnight fortunes."

"How are they laying this year?" asked Pillbeck.

"Well, mine aren't laying fast enough, but the hens on every farm within two thousand miles of here—north, west and south—are laying a durned sight too fast. Don't you ever read the papers? Don't you know eggs are being given away for twenty-six cents a dozen?"

"Twenty-six cents a dozen!" cried Pill. "Why, the last pair of eggs I bought cost me an average of a quarter apiece!"

"That's it! That's the crime against the farmer in this country. You city folks let the middlemen get you going and coming, and then yell your heads off at the price of foodstuffs. When I was serving time in Germany you could see folks with sacks and satchels scouring the farms for fifty miles around any old town, like grasshoppers looking for a green tree. They found it, and that's what we'll have to come to. A bunch of people with peeled eyes will own a jitney between them and take turns going out to the places where the stuff grows. After they deduct the price of summer gasoline, they'll still be eighty per cent to the good on their week's marketing."

"A great idea," commented Mr. Loftus, "but practically useless to me, as I am only interested in a fortune. Perhaps you can tell me where eggs are bought and sold in large quantities."

"Yes," said the farmer, his eyes gleaming, "I could, but I won't; I've grown to like you too much. Why, son, say you were feathered like one of them chickens. Ten days after you went into that game there wouldn't be anything left to singe. You'd be so naked you'd feel like a newborn babe that arrived before his clothes was made. No; what I say is, keep out of it; but if you do go in, buy eggs till you're black in the face. The price may have laid down on us, but people haven't quit eating, have they? They're just asleep, that's what's the matter; and when they wake up they're going to find out they're hungry; and when they know that, they're going to yell for eggs at a dollar a dozen. Don't say I ever told you to start dabbling in eggs, but if you do begin any time this month, buy 'em—buy 'em till you're black in the face."

He had to shout the latter part of this admonition, for, with a friendly though absent-minded nod, Pillbeck had started on his way at what was for him a rapid pace. With hands thrust in his pockets he walked along the side of the road, head bent, and travel-stained feet deliberately kicking through the weeds most heavily laden with dust. Anyone watching him, and perceiving that he was drawing great drafts of the thickly powdered air into his lungs, would have undoubtedly thought him mad or drunk. He was neither. He was merely going through the unpleasant process of disgusting himself with the country so that he might truly enjoy the city for an interim.

(Continued on Page 138)

"You Don't Understand, M. B. I Haven't Any Use for Sixty-Nine Thousand Dollars. I'm Only Interested in a Million"

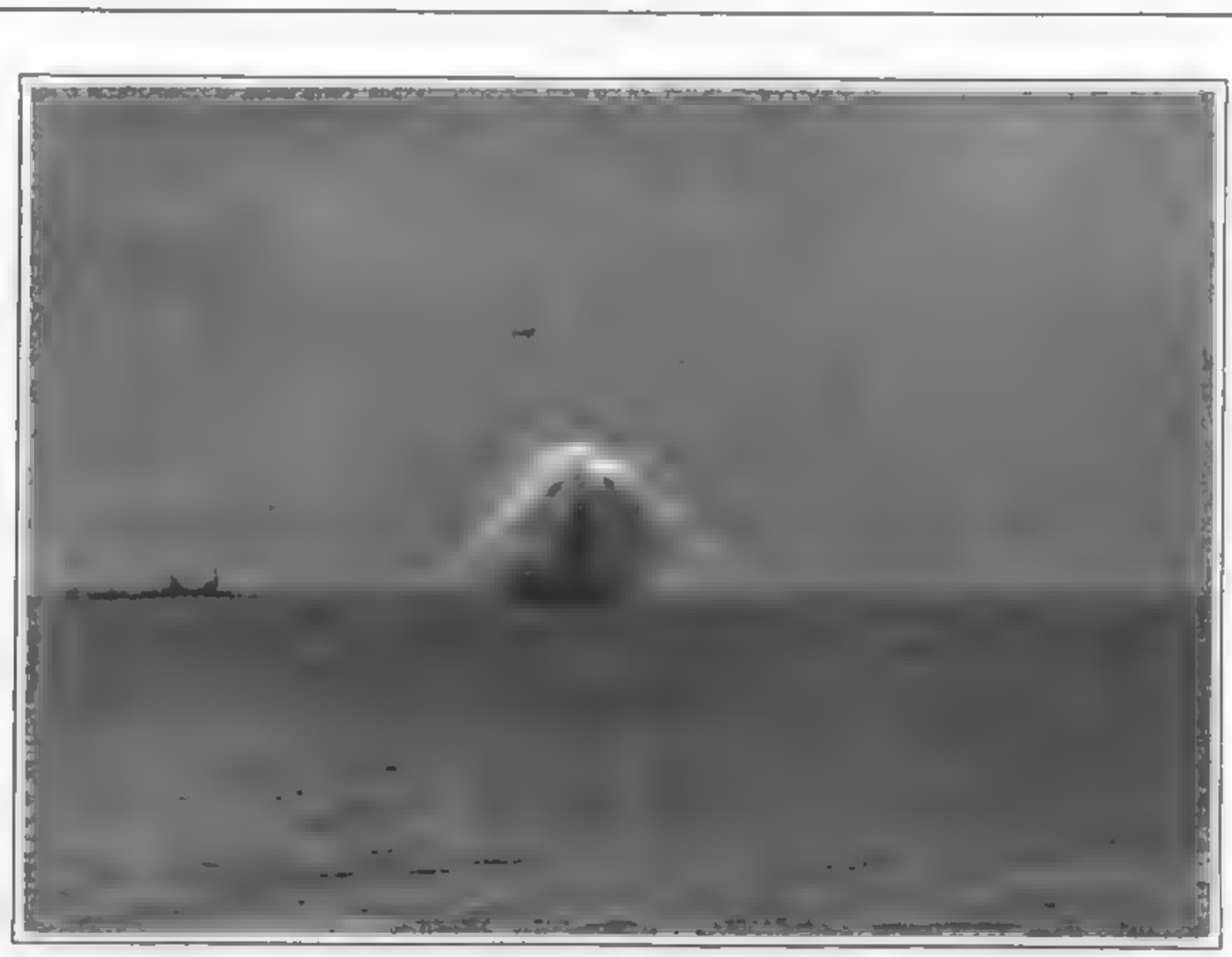
Aircraft Dominate Seacraft

By Brigadier General William Mitchell

ASSISTANT CHIEF OF AIR SERVICE

THE stately Atlantic Fleet, consisting of eight battleships, several cruisers, many destroyers and auxiliary vessels, hospital ships and tenders, moved into the Chesapeake Bay and anchored in the Lynnhaven Roads. The appearance of these great vessels was majestic. The fleet had been assembled to watch and observe the bombing tests, so that all could see what happened. Many considered this trial to be utterly useless, because they reasoned that it was entirely impossible to sink, or even injure, a battleship; that a battleship could not be hit by an aërial bomb, and could not be damaged to any great extent if it were hit. These people little knew the great accuracy of aërial bombing, which at the present time, at battle ranges, is perhaps the most accurate method of hurling missiles. Also, on account of the tremendous proportional amount of explosives carried in the bombs, they constitute the most powerful weapon of their kind ever devised by man. On the other hand, the officers and men of the First Provisional Air Brigade were certain that their efforts would be crowned with success. They were eager to have their theories put to the test.

The first trial took place on June 2, 1921, against the ex-German submarine U-117. It was anchored on the target grounds, about seventy-five miles off the Capes, in an awash condition. The day was perfect and the line of the destroyers, placed at ten-mile intervals across the Chesapeake Bay and from the Capes out to the target ships, looked like little beetles in the molten sea as we sped over them.



A Phosphorous Bomb Hitting the Alabama

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS U. S. ARMY AIR SERVICE. PHOTO, SCHOOL

Four One-Hundred-Pound Phosphorous Bombs Hitting the Alabama

Quick Work

THE first air units to attack this submarine were three flying boats of the Naval Air Service, commanded by Lieutenant Thomas. They flew close together in a V-shaped formation, and each dropped one bomb for sighting purposes as they passed over the target. The practice was perfect and each missile either hit the submarine or struck within a few feet of it. Making a turn, they came back, dropping three bombs each. These bombs weighed one hundred and eighty pounds each. The center of impact of this volley struck the submarine squarely, split her in two, and down she went.

None except the air people had expected such a rapid termination of the first experience. Had she been fired at with cannon no such result could have been obtained—she would have been hit above the water line and would have had to fill up with water gradually before she would have gone down. These bombs tore her all to pieces above the water, below the water, and along the water line. Some of the skeptics began to be convinced that there was something to air bombing. It was a very severe jolt for those who still adhered to the old theories.

This was not all: The vessel that was directing the target practice, which remained about a mile and a half away from the submarine, had her condenser system so badly damaged that she steamed into the Chesapeake Bay that night at only three knots an hour. If these small bombs could produce such an under-water shock as to affect a warship's condenser system a mile and a half off, what could the big bombs do?

The discussions waxed stronger than ever, and the congressmen, naval officers, press representatives and guests on the naval transport Henderson spent the night in terrific arguments. These arguments, however, were soon to have their answer.

A couple of days later the Army Air Service was given as a target the ex-German torpedo destroyer G-102. She was one of the large-type boats of this class, employed so successfully by the Germans. Our air brigade moved out with all its different parts in exactly the same way that it would have attacked any sea force equipped with airplane carriers and airplanes. First came the pursuit ships, eighteen of them, flying in three flights, so that they could attack underneath, up above or on the same level any enemy pursuit ships which might contest their progress. They not only had their machine guns but each plane carried four twenty-five-pound bombs to be used against the ship's superstructure, antiaircraft guns, searchlights and personnel, so as to sweep the decks clear and interfere with her navigation. Should one of these small bombs be dropped down the funnel into the boiler rooms and detonate, it would cause the boiler to explode, and, of course, blow up the vessel.

Formation

THE pursuit pilots thought they would be able to sink this vessel alone with their twenty-five-pound bombs, but I hesitated a long time before allowing them to go so far to sea, as their old airplanes had only a two hour's supply of gas. They insisted on being allowed to go, however, so that they could carry out their allotted part in the maneuvers.

Following the pursuit aviation went the lightweight bombardment squadrons of DH two-seaters, each plane equipped with four one-hundred-pound bombs. These bombs alone were sufficient to sink a destroyer or any unarmored ship, and in case a battleship was attacked they could at least clear the decks of any exposed personnel, smash up the communicating and radio systems, and probably bend the battleship's propeller shafts and rudders, so that even a heavily armored vessel could not be worked after an attack with these light bombs.

Following the lightweight bombers came the heavy Martins, a dozen of them, each equipped with six three-hundred-pound bombs. They sped along in their V formation about two miles behind the DH squadrons. It was the first time in aëronautical history that an attack had been made in this way. Every element of a large air force was there: First the pursuit aviation to take care of the opposing aviation, and, after having conquered it, to attack with their machine guns and bombs the decks of the war vessels; next the lightweight bombardment to scatter and destroy the auxiliary vessels of the battleships, such as cruisers, destroyers and submarines; and, last the heavyweight bombers to sink and destroy the battleships themselves.

We had been allotted this destroyer to attack in any way we saw fit, not with restricted conditions, as was the case with the other vessels, so I took this occasion to have the whole air brigade take part so that all could

see that the plans that we had worked out were correct, which they proved to be.

I accompanied every bombing mission of the airplanes over the sea in my control ship The Osprey, a two-seater DH plane with sufficient gas in it to fly for five hundred miles. On that day Lieutenant Johnson accompanied me in a brand-new Thomas Morse single-seater pursuit airplane. It was able to go about one hundred and seventy miles an hour. I used him as a courier, signaling to him what I wished to be done. He would go and return with information in a very short time in his fast plane.

As we approached the target vessel we could see the whole Atlantic Fleet formed in a circle around it. We wound our way in and out of great banks of cumulus clouds, behind which we could have concealed our approach very easily had it been actual war. As the pursuit squadron arrived over the target they formed into a large V, preparatory to attacking with bombs, as it was assumed that the hostile pursuit aviation had been defeated in the air battle. Captain Baukum, leading them, gave the signal for the attack, and one after another in regular cadence dived for the destroyer, coming straight out of the heavens for three thousand feet. Straight toward the destroyer they went until within two hundred feet of it, when they let go of one of their bombs.

The airplanes followed each other at about thirty seconds' interval, so that there was a continual stream of bombs against the target. It had been decided beforehand that a certain number of bombs should be fired at the decks, a few exploded in the water alongside, and some hits made down the funnel in the expectation that these small bombs alone might sink the vessel

The attack was beautiful to watch; the accuracy of the bombing was remarkable, practically every bomb going where it was directed. The decks of the destroyer were punctured and swept from end to end. Lieutenant Alsworth put one bomb straight down one of the funnels, which undoubtedly would have blown up the boilers. Everyone was surprised at the great accuracy of this bombing.

Under cover of the pursuit attack the lightweight bombardment airplanes with their hundred-pound bombs moved up. The method for attack found to be best was to fly one airplane behind another at a distance of about two hundred yards, so as to bring a succession of bombs falling at the target with only a few seconds' interval between them. In this way one airplane could correct from another's fire in front. Also, it would be impossible for a vessel to escape by changing its course or dodging, because it would be seen from the airplane succeeding in the column, and its fire would be corrected accordingly.

Results

WE HAD taken up so much time in the pursuit attack that I feared the fuel would run short in the two-seaters so I called off this attack and ordered the Martin bombers to finish the destroyer. They moved up at once, directly into the wind, led by Captain Lawson, who so greatly distinguished himself in all the bombing. Behind him stretched the squadron of twelve great airplanes. In less time than it takes to tell it their bombs began churning the water around the destroyer. They hit close in front of it, behind it, opposite its side and directly in its center. Columns of water rose for hundreds of feet into the air. For a few moments the vessel looked as if it was on fire, smoke came out of its funnels and vapors along its decks. Then it broke completely in two in the middle and sank down out of sight.

The demonstration was absolutely conclusive. While it was not particularly difficult to sink the vessel itself, those who thought any antiaircraft guns could keep off an air attack saw that it was now impossible, because under cover of pursuit and lightweight bombardment aviation the larger bombers could move in with little danger. All our methods and systems of bombing had proved to be correct. The bombs themselves never failed to explode, the accuracy was remarkable, and the spirits of every man ran high. We had, however, stretched our cruising ability out at sea to the limit with some of the old airplanes that we possessed. Many of the planes of the pursuit squadron barely got back to the shores of the coast, where they landed along the beach. All the airplanes we had except the Martin bombers were obsolescent war machines entirely unsuited for this work. There were no injuries and no forced landings in the water, and due to the excellency of our mechanics very little trouble was experienced with the engines. This again surprised the onlookers, who had expected the airplanes to fall into the water and that disaster might attend our efforts.

One Martin bomber barely made the shore. Lieutenant Dunlap was the pilot. One engine failed about fifty miles at sea, so he made for the nearest point on the shore. The bombers, it will be remembered, have two engines, and with this spare engine he held up the ship as best as he could, constantly losing altitude, as one engine alone could not keep the bomber in the air. He just made the beach and landed safely. His one engine, however, had become so hot that when he cut the spark it would not stop and, as the engine in the bombers is set off on one wing, it turned the airplane around and drove it right into the breakers along the beach, where the large waves broke it up.

A Practical Problem

LIEUTENANT JOHNSON, who had acted as my courier in the small plane, had also run out of fuel, and had made a landing near the spot where the bomber had met with misfortune. It would have been very difficult to send more gas from Langley Field for Johnson, a distance of thirty-five miles, so he swam out to the Martin bomber, now being pounded to pieces in the surf, cut the emergency tank of gasoline out of the upper wing, poured the gasoline into his own airplane and flew to Langley Field.

That night all our men had returned safely to Langley Field after their first great experience in bombing. The rejoicing was tremendous. They knew now that unless something most unusual happened, it would be proved for all time that aircraft dominated seacraft.

The next operation scheduled was to search for and find a battleship that was supposed to be located anywhere between the mouth of the Delaware River and the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay, and then to bomb it with sand-loaded bombs. It was to be under steam and controlled by radio telegraphy. Its speed was only six knots an hour under these circumstances. This was such a simple problem that there was no use of sending any airplanes out over the water for that purpose, particularly as we had so few of them and as this test would give us very little practical benefit. So some of the dirigible airships were sent out and promptly found the ship, which was the Iowa, and sent back news of its whereabouts. Seacraft are not only very easy to find but their type and character are also easy to determine from the air.

The air bombs had now sunk the unarmored ships that is, the submarine and the destroyer. These tests did show conclusively that planes could sink merchantmen, or any kind of vessel not protected by armor.

Our next target was to be the cruiser Frankfurt, a beautiful vessel. It had considerable side armor, deck armor, excellent watertight compartments and bulkheads, and every perfection of a modern vessel of that class. The tests were to be conducted with varying sizes of bombs and after each attack with a specified number of bombs which were not intended to sink the ship, an inspection would be made by officers of the Navy to see what damage had been inflicted. These tests started on July eighteenth, and of course the interest grew as they went on. First one-hundred-pound bombs were tried, and then three-hundred-pound bombs. The three-hundred-pound bombs undoubtedly

(Continued on Page 72)

Direct Hit by Eleven-Hundred-Pound Bomb on a Battleship

A Gas Curtain Laid Over New York by an Airplane

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 24, 1925

A Waning Nuisance

THE rural billboard nuisance is at last beginning to yield to the pressure of public opinion. Years will probably pass before it has been finally abated; but in the meantime it is encouraging to note how many enlightened advertisers—great corporations whose names are synonyms for broad-gauge management and real vision—have had a change of heart and have begun to see what widespread resentment they have aroused by their defacement of rural beauty. In some cases self-interest has pointed the way to a new policy. In many others honest public spirit and unselfish desire to rid our charming and otherwise peaceful countryside of shrieking and blatant signboards have brought about the happy change.

It is right to say that some of the worst atrocities of rural advertising have been perpetrated, not in cold blood, not in wanton defiance of the rights of the public, but in the heat and fury of the sharpest sort of commercial competition. More than once competing advertisers who have been vying with each other in hectic campaigns to plaster every main-traveled road with objectionable signboards have welcomed the proposal of a civic club or of a disinterested individual that all immediate competitors simultaneously abandon their unsightly rural signboards. This course has met with signal success in England, in Massachusetts and elsewhere.

Such friendly arrangements constitute a long and firm stride in the right direction; for all experience teaches that it is infinitely more effective to convince a man that he ought to alter his commercial methods than it is to jam a statute through the legislature and to restrain him by threat of fine or jail.

Legislation, however, is not without its uses. Massachusetts, for example, took the matter so seriously that she amended her constitution so as to give the legislature power to "regulate and restrict all outdoor advertising within public view," and also made it legal for towns and cities to pass local ordinances restricting billboards. Iowa, too, has enacted progressive legislation along somewhat similar lines and has thereby set an example that other commonwealths may well study.

The kernel of the whole situation, the underlying principle upon which sane control may be based, has never been better stated than in a recent bulletin of the National Association of Real Estate Boards:

"The view from the highway does not belong to the individual who owns the property along the right of way. It is a community possession."

Massachusetts appears to have accepted this simple principle, lock, stock and barrel; and no doubt other commonwealths whose citizens are inspired by a like pride in local scenic beauties will presently follow suit.

No body has been more active or effectual in stirring up public sentiment against objectionable country billboards than the National Committee for the Restriction of Outdoor Advertising; and much credit for what has already been accomplished is due to its chairman, Mrs. W. L. Lawton, of Glens Falls, New York. One reason that Mrs. Lawton and her colleagues have been able to do so much is that they have voluntarily narrowed down their field of operation to that portion of outdoor display advertising which is calculated to impair scenery, civic beauty or residential values. They have made no declaration of war upon billboards as an advertising medium, but confine their attentions to the vicious five per cent of the total number. Last summer members of this committee and of the fifty organizations which are coöperating with it mailed to offending advertisers about a thousand personal letters each week making earnest protests and explaining how unfavorably prospective consumers react to the selling talk on their misplaced signboards. There is every probability that the impression made by these letters will be deepened by those that will go out next season.

It is pleasant to note that some of the advertising companies which maintain great numbers of outdoor signboards have formed an organization for the voluntary control and restriction of this form of publicity, with special reference to the location and artistic character of the signs displayed. Their efforts to confine their customers' displays to urban sites and to recognize the rights of the public to the enjoyment of rural scenic beauty, undefaced by the hand of man, are in a high degree praiseworthy.

Friendly coöperation will go a long way toward abating the billboard nuisance; and well-framed legislation, to take care of those who will not listen to the voice of public opinion, should practically finish the job within a few years.

Work for the Chamber of Commerce

ONE of the most useful civic activities that we know is practiced in a small Pennsylvania city where the chamber of commerce believes in looking out for the home folks before "boosting" for outsiders to come in. The organization has an unpretentious ground-floor office on a side street. A typical case that illustrates the work that this chamber of commerce is doing was that of a middle-aged woman in black who called at the office and asked for the secretary. He invited her to sit beside him at his desk. They talked for a few minutes and then the secretary reached for the telephone. The man he called was the president of the town's largest banking institution.

"Mr. Blank will see you right away," the secretary told the woman a moment later. "When you have had your talk with him he will probably ask you to see one or two others. If there is still any doubt in your mind then, please do not fail to come back here, and I will arrange for you to talk with someone else."

This woman was the widow of a railroad man who had died within the past month. She had received his life insurance a few days before. According to the chamber of commerce's arrangements with the local insurance men, the agent who handled the transaction notified the secretary in advance of the actual payment of the money, and he wrote her a letter, one paragraph of which ran thus:

"At this time you may feel the need of advice from someone experienced in financial affairs, and the chamber of commerce is anxious to help you. Any one of the gentlemen whose names appear on this letterhead will esteem it an honor to be consulted as to the safe investment of the money your husband has provided for you."

The names on the letterhead were those of six of the most prominent lawyers and bank presidents in town, forming a voluntary committee of the chamber of commerce.

The letter reached the widow none too soon. In that town, as everywhere else, there are ghoulish salesmen of shady stocks who make it a business to follow death notices in the newspapers. Already several had called on this poor woman with schemes promising anywhere from a hundred per cent a year up.

Right then is the time when people like this widow need the help of such men as are on that committee. Such persons will be inclined to follow their advice because they are home-town people of standing, whose names they see in the newspaper every day. If the committee is instrumental in safeguarding the fortunes of half a dozen poor people a year, the chamber of commerce has justified its existence.

Safer and Saner

WHEN men in all parts of the world begin to think alike the day of universal peace will be close at hand. The establishment of mutual understanding is as important as the limitation of armaments.

Racial differences run deep, and the chasms opened by centuries of divergent ideals and varied standards of living cannot soon be closed or bridged. It is surprising, nevertheless, how much of the working of a man's mind depends on the everyday details of his existence, where and how he lives, what he eats and what he wears. Donning a straw hat, eating pumpkin pie and owning a flivver do not automatically convert an alien into a good American citizen; but they help considerably except in those cases in which racial inheritance and background make real Americanization impossible. One of the things we have learned from our colossal experiment in racial fusion is that Americanization only begins when the alien starts to acquire American tastes. As long as the newcomer stays in the crowded corner of some large city where people of his own race congregate and continues to live as he did at home and to talk his own language, his possibilities for good citizenship are almost nil.

The same principle can be applied to the problem of universal brotherhood as the prelude to world peace. If we all talked the same language, dressed in the same garments, ate the same food, enjoyed the same amusements and did business in the same way, we should not be likely to indulge again in the tragedy of world war.

Even today, with Europe rent and impoverished, the leaven of understanding is working steadily. The world will be less picturesque when man has ironed out the differences that arose from centuries of national segregation, but it will be safer and saner.

A Bumper Sugar Crop

TWO years ago the per capita sugar consumption of the United States passed the hundred-pounds-a-year mark. Last year it was a little below a hundred pounds. This season there is no limit in the world crop, for it will exceed all records.

The sugar production just before the war was, roundly, twenty and one-half million short tons per annum. A little more than half was cane sugar—in about the proportions of ten to eight. During the war the total production of sugar declined, due largely to losses in the beet-sugar outturn of Europe. In 1921–22 the world crop again reached the twenty-million-ton mark, in 1922–23 another half million tons was added, in 1923–24 the figure for world crop rose above the twenty-one-million-ton mark. The forecast crop for the present season is in excess of twenty-four million short tons, nearly seventeen million of which will be cane sugar and less than nine million tons beet sugar. The beet-sugar countries of Europe are gradually recovering, the cane-sugar countries are holding their own.

We are heavy consumers of sugar—in canned and preserved fruits, soft drinks, confectionery, in the kitchen and on the table. We use practically half as much sugar as flour. Perhaps prohibition has made us use more sugar in one form or another. Sugar consumption in the United Kingdom is not far behind our own. Germany is trying to get back to her prewar level of consumption. But no matter how much is wanted, apparently sugar producers are in position to meet all possible demands.

AFTER LENINE—WHAT?

Red Poison—By Isaac F. Marcosson

ONE of the few stories told of the late czar relates to the day on which Rumania entered the World War. The emperor is reported to have asked one of his principal aides—a vice admiral—what he thought of their new ally.

The naval officer replied, "Majesty, Rumania is not a nation, but a profession."

This epigram expresses the state of mind, as well as the real intent, of Bolshevik Russia. The idea of reconstructing a ruined country so that it will be part of a harmonious concert of great powers is incidental to the bigger purpose that animates every soviet activity. The principal profession of Bolshevism is propaganda. It is the one consistent national gesture.

Moscow is a giant laboratory in which the red poison of revolution is compounded and then distributed to every part of the world, the United States included. The sun never sets upon some evidence of communist desire to foment trouble and play havoc with the established institutions of law and order. Just as the war on capital crushes initiative, so does this campaign imperil peace and menace prosperity.

Analyze the Soviet structure and you discover that from the big seven who rule the Communist Party, which is in turn the master of Russia, down to the humblest Bolshevik consul in an obscure port, all agencies are linked to get over the crimson cause. Religion is pilloried, youth influenced, trade distorted, industry paralyzed, exports manipulated, political power consolidated and truth tortured—all to the end that communism be glorified. The Bolsheviks foment a holy war against Britain with the identical lack of conscience that inspires their approval of assassination in Persia. They lend themselves to nationalism in India and Egypt and at the same time stifle it in Georgia and Armenia. Everything is grist to their propaganda mill.

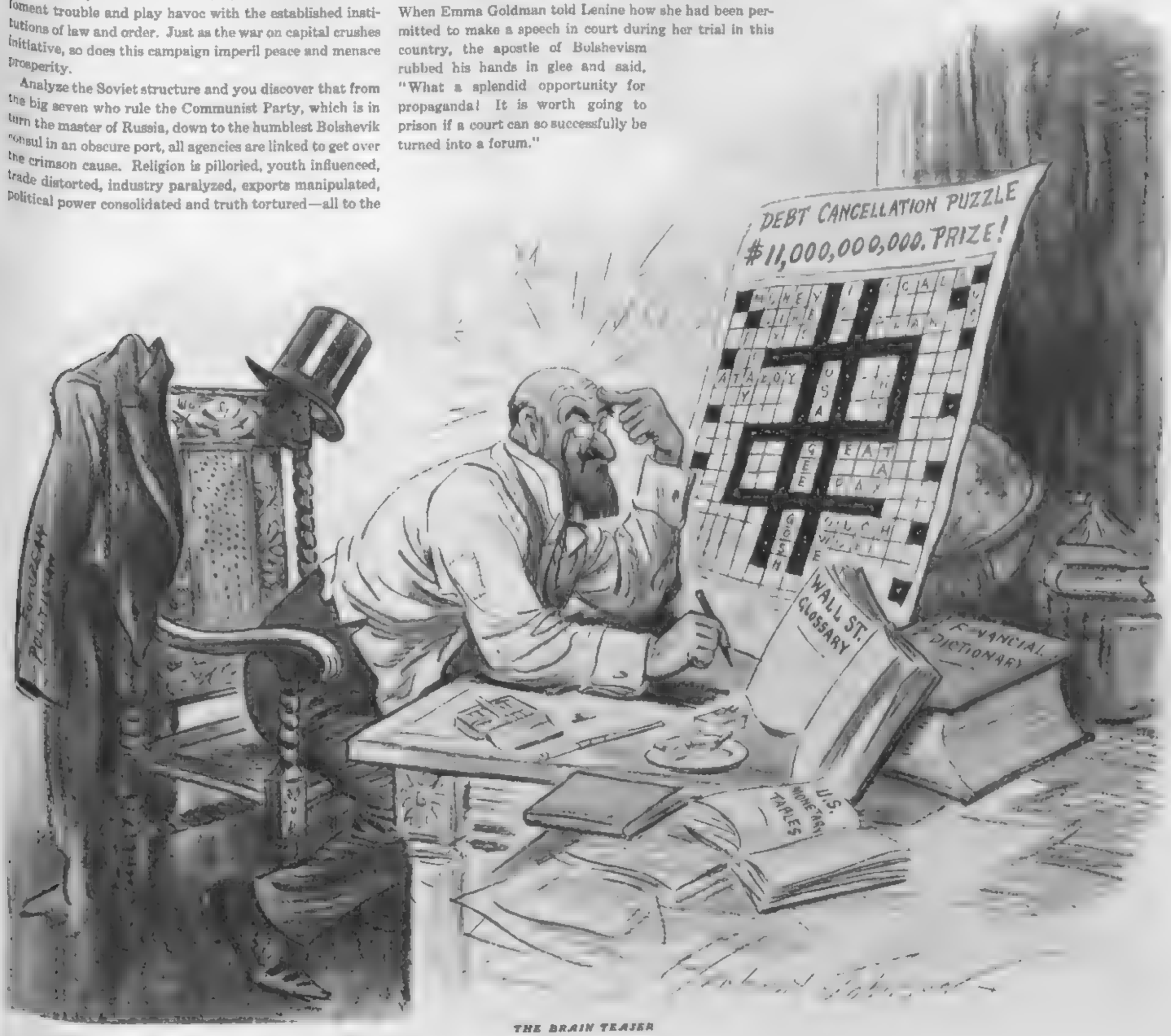
Propaganda in Russia is no new manifestation. The great Empress Catherine was herself the victim of it in an ingenious form. Upon one occasion she made a journey to the southern portion of her empire. At that time the current favorite and lover was Prince Potemkin. In order to give his royal mistress the most favorable impression of her domain he caused portable canvas villages to be erected along her route. As soon as she passed a phony hamlet it was taken down and hurried on during the night to a point ahead.

The Bolsheviks capitalize every conceivable event at home and abroad for their own destructive interests. When Emma Goldman told Lenine how she had been permitted to make a speech in court during her trial in this country, the apostle of Bolshevism rubbed his hands in glee and said, "What a splendid opportunity for propaganda! It is worth going to prison if a court can so successfully be turned into a forum."

The story of Bolshevik propaganda unfolds the most amazing conspiracy of modern times. So ramified is it in scope and so far flung in extent that it is well-nigh impossible to compress the details within the confines of a single article. Out of a long contact with its operations I used to think that German propaganda led all the rest; but the Teutons, even at the high tide of their wartime effort, never approached the Bolos in the fine art of corrupting and coercing public opinion. The Germans specialized in capitalization of international discord, but their penetration in the main was more economic than political.

Bolshevik propaganda, on the other hand, is political, and lacks even the one German virtue of economic solidarity. Its fetish is destruction, regardless of the means employed or the consequences involved. The Bolshevik ideal is a universe aflame.

(Continued on Page 89)



THE BRAIN TEASER

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Medicine Hat

WHILE warm on the hearthrug you sit with the cat,
A blizzard is brewing in Medicine Hat:
In Medicine Hat,
In Medicine Hat,
A blizzard is brewing in Medicine Hat.

This Medicine Hat is a helmet of dread,
An Indian bonnet with feathers of red
Adorning a chief of the Kingfisher clan—
A mystical, magical Medicine Man!
He fills it with awful, mysterious things:
The silvery plumes of the Storm Eagle's wings,
The howl of the wolf in his cavernous lair,
The scream of the panther, the growl of the bear,
A cupful of spray from the boreal seas,
The stings of a billion cantankerous bees
And snow from the crest of the Rockies, ad lib.;
He scrambles the mess with a mastodon's rib,
He beats it to froth in the dark of the moon
And ladles it out with an ivory spoon.

And then you will read in the bulletins that
"A blizzard is coming from Medicine Hat.
From Medicine Hat,
From Medicine Hat,
A blizzard is coming from Medicine Hat!"

—Arthur Guiterman.

Drab Ballads

V

LAST night, at the Sorghum Corners Opera House down here, BING & BANG, (PICCOLO PERVERTS), sang with great success the wonderful sermon in song entitled:

A SHORT SKIRT ON A WOMAN MEANS A HOME UPON THE ROCKS

The village church was crowded on a sultry Sunday morn,
The congregation dully dozed, and say,
You couldn't really blame them, and you needn't sneer in scorn,
The humidity just made them get that way.
The parson in his pulpit started preaching;
He spoke right from the shoulder and the heart;
So eloquently sins and shams impeaching—
And this is what he said, in part:

REFRAIN

"Each short skirt on a woman means a home upon the rocks!
It scan-da-liz-es me!
There's Deacon Quidd neglects his wife to follow them for blocks ——"
And then the deacon rose and said, said he:

DRAWN BY G. FRANCIS ELLIS

"I Just Paid the Doctor Another Ten Dollars on His Bill"
"Oh, Goody! Two More Payments and the Baby's Ours"

"The Good Book says we should not build our homes upon the sands,
Or we'd be dangerously domiciled."
The parson looked perturbed, and said, "We'll pass the plate and sing:
(Close harmony)
OH, FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD!"

—Harry G. Smith.

The fervor of this little lay
Will make a peerless planet pray:
ONLY A POOR CHORUS GIRLIE.

The Memoir Aristocratic

As Done by the English Upper Classes
(Typed by Ellis Parker Butler)

ODDLY enough my first meeting with Queen Victoria—("The Queen," as my dear old friend the Duke of Coffanspit called her—but not, of course, until after the Boer War, for, as Walter, the sixteenth Earl of Ofilsouse, told me, the Duke always wore yellow spats before that fatal affair with Madame Pompadour, who, as everyone knew, was the mother sub-rosa of Napoleon Bonaparte, he and she being twins, a fact few suspected because of her much greater age. I had this direct from little Kate Knipps, the third daughter of that frightful old bore, Edelbertus Knipps, the American ironmonger fellow, she later making that unfortunate alliance with Wally, Viscount Odealot, the beginning of which it was my fortune to see, for I remember we were having five o'clock tea in the tennis court at Weemps, Lord Alfred Tennyson's delightful country house near Weemps-Weemps, the own house of Edbert—"Snooty"—Rimcut, later made Earl of Freydham, who always had ortolans for breakfast, from the King of Serbia's estate, with boiled onions. But that, of course, was not generally known.)

II

AND speaking of my first meeting with Queen Victoria, which did not take place until our third meeting, we both being absent on the first two occasions and only the Queen present on the second, the Queen ("Her Majesty," as the Earl of Soorgaz called her affectionately, his Second Footman being the notorious Harry Hurlingham, formerly employed by the Prince de Blakleg who had the affair with little Rosa Oppelduckheim, so long the favorite of the Czar of Persia, Mustapha Kamal, I having myself seen the letter that dear old Spoofy—as I called the Archbishop of Canterbury—did not write to George Washington, asking whether the Duchess of Ritz actually had the German measles as reported or merely the divorce. However, I think the matter was never settled, my dear friend Sappho—the poet, not Baron Loggerbier's seventh wife—dying before the Earl of Pifflemere could find the hairpins, but perhaps the least said about it the better).

III

AND speaking of my first meeting with Queen Victoria—a cultured lady but one whom I never had the pleasure of meeting—I recall a very laughable incident told me by the Prince de Blakleg, which occurred to him just before his first marriage and a few weeks after he had divorced his third wife, the beautiful Duchess de Camembert, when we were both guests at the Palace of Versailles, which had not then been built, the site being occupied by the hunting lodge of Count Dugbert Pfimps ("Nosey," as we called him) although the hunting lodge was not there at the time, not having been erected until much later, the Duke having lost both legs at the battle of Prague, a sad affair that brought about his downfall although fortunately he escaped without injury. It seemed that the Earl of

(Continued on Page 51)

Mr. and Mrs. Beans

DRAWN BY ROBERT L. DUNN

"Buster, You are Getting to be a Big Dog." "Yes, Sir"

"It is Time You Began to Think of Serious Things." "Yes, Sir"

"I Presume I Could Have Been Improved on as a Parent. Also I May Have Made Many Errors of Judgment. ——"

"Yes, Sir. Jo Mother Says!"

The two most popular hearty soups in America

Do you know how they differ?

Vegetable-Beef

This will be your selection when you have an appetite for tender and nourishing pieces of beef—a lot of it—in your soup, blended with fine vegetables.

Only choice beef is used. This is blended with a puree of vegetables, tomatoes, diced carrots and white potatoes, little peas, onions and blanched pearl barley. Rich beef broth gives its vigor to the whole blend.

Heat Campbell's Vegetable-Beef, too, just as it comes from the can and serve it on toast for breakfast. Make a lunch or supper of this substantial and filling soup. Have it often for dinner.

A masterpiece of fine soup blending! Just taste it!

Vegetable

No wonder this Campbell's Soup is so famous! No wonder it's enjoyed daily by millions of people!

Fifteen different vegetables are in this blend! Beef broth. Cereals. Fresh herbs. Skilful seasoning. Thirty-two ingredients in all!

You will choose Campbell's Vegetable whenever you wish a substantial soup that combines the largest number of different vegetables—diced, sliced or whole.

It will prove "exactly right" for you at many and many a meal.

Both the Vegetable Soup and the Vegetable-Beef Soup taste best when the water is added cold, the soup brought to a boil, allowed to simmer and then served hot.

12 cents a can

Campbells' Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

The Buccaneers of the Bahamas

VI

By KENYON GAMBIER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

JIMMIE and his father went together on the following morning to the Vallanders' home, the one talking cold business with the mother in one room, the other talking hot love with the daughter in another. Jimmie was touched, delighted, that his father was actually going to take a vacation with him, and he received warm sympathy from Roderica in this. She was especially charming to him. The amazing success of her plans infused her with a kind of intoxication and gave her a high fragrant animation. She had become so weary of what had almost degenerated into genteel poverty; the future stretched in front of her as bright as the enthusiastic Jimmie painted the tropic colors of Nassau

As for Mrs. Vallander, she was careworn, anxious, trembling already in fear of possible notoriety. The astute Duane had foreseen this, had decided how to meet it; he counted out twenty notes, each for five hundred dollars. "An advance on account, Mrs. Vallander," he said in a matter-of fact way, glancing casually; "you'll find it handy shifting."

He caught the sudden gleam in her keen deep-set eyes and laughed inside when she asked indifferently if such prompt arrangements were usual. He leaned forward impressively, opening a notebook, and banged down a fist on two blank pages. On one he set down the date, and figures, $10,000. "What I pay goes on that side," he explained; "what comes in, on this. Nothing else, nothing more, unless, of course, you want written agreements." He saw that her shoulders went back an inch as though a burden had slipped off. "No publicity, nothing but that." He pointed to the page. "Mrs. Vallander—Bootlegger," he added with intentional bluntness; "we can't have that in the Sunday papers, can we?"

She glared, for one unguarded instant. "If that is a possibility," she said, "I "

"Nothing in it," he interrupted. "Of course the name of Vallander ——"

A stately little nod accepted graciously his homage to that name. "And that of Duane?" she asked.

"In the dark too," he said. "Law is law, and only fools break it openly."

Mrs. Vallander drew a deep breath of relief. "I have not slept," she admitted. "My girl's future ——"

He nodded; he had sized her up correctly; the name of Duane must also be unsmirched because Roderica was to bear it.

"This liquor," she continued, "was legitimately distilled by my brother in partnership with the United States. They took a heavy tax on it, then practically confiscated it. That is not justice. I feel no hesitation in disposing of it. But it is a very old tradition of my family to live outside the public eye."

"I understand, madam. The proposition is O. K.?"

"Our understanding is complete, Mr. Duane. I have decided not to go to Nassau."

"Secrecy, madam; efficiency; speed. Your signature will be needed two or three times a week; for, of course, we'll only pay duty and take out of bond what we want for bottling. It's some swell winter resort, I hear."

"A Wide Turn to Allow for the Tow," He Said. "Aye, Aye, Sir." She Touched Her Forehead With the Back of Her Fingers

"True. I have heard a great deal about it."

"Well, you see, it's right for you to be there, it's natural. You and Roderica at one hotel, Jimmie and me stowed away somewhere else, meeting when we like, never suspected of business. Why, lady, it can't be done any other way!"

"A power of attorney?" she questioned.

"Would have to be registered. It would be public. But nobody sees customhouse papers."

"You have convinced me, Mr. Duane. When?"

"Can you follow me in two or three weeks?"

"It is settled."

"Fine! Make your own reservations."

Mrs. Vallander picked up her newly got wealth with assumed indifference and slipped it into a drawer; then she summoned the young people. There was a new dignity, a fine vivacity in her manner. She was as a back number reprinted in letters of gold and brought up to date. She had now touched what aristocrats pretend to ignore as statues ignore their pedestals—real money; and fear of publicity had vanished. Duane told himself that he had got her dead to rights. He had wanted this above all things, for Jimmie's happiness was involved. He eyed the boy with pride; he watched the girl with admiration. A fit mate for Jimmie—if she was sincere. Was love first and money second? Well, he must go ahead until he knew; in the meantime he saw a way to keep the engagement secret. This hard-headed blunt old man of business, watching over his son as a mother might, with less intuition but more ability, matched his wits with his usual intrepidity against this modern daughter of luxury—the first of her kind he had ever been in close touch with.

Glad to escape a Northern winter, Mrs. Vallander told them she had decided on Christmas in the Bahamas. These holiday makers eagerly discussed plans. Jimmie, offered his choice, sadly but promptly decided to accompany his father, who had behaved too generously to be allowed to go off alone on the first vacation of his life. Roderica, temperamentally jealous, fought this decision, to the gratification of Jimmie.

The father promptly advised him to stay.

Later Mrs. Vallander said to Roderica, "Why keep him here? He would be with us on the boat and arrive as one of our party. We do not wish any unnecessary intimacy with the father, do we?"

"Sorry, mother; I was wrong. I'll send him off."

That night Jimmie was intensely appreciative of Roderica's unselfishness. She had thought it over; his father had the first claim; she would feel lonely and deserted, but it was only for a couple of weeks; would he promise to write every day and telegraph his safe arrival; and would he give his father a mighty good time and teach the dear man how to idle? Jimmie, moved to depths by such thoughtfulness and by the vivid picture of her desolation, pleaded to be allowed to stay. She was inexorable, and he loved her the more for that.

The elders further discussed what their Nassau relations should be. "If the engagement is announced," Duane said, "it will link you and me up too much, won't it, Mrs. Vallander?"

The lady ground her teeth; linked up—with him! She jumped at the excuse for delay. She wished no inevitable step to be taken until the great enterprise had finally succeeded. Besides, she kept a secret from herself; something might happen which would rescue Roderica from this *mésalliance*.

Hearing this decision Jimmie hotly protested, but to no avail.

"In a place like Nassau," Mrs. Vallander answered, "you will have nearly as much freedom as if you were engaged. You must learn to know each other better. There is plenty of time."

"There is never enough time," he denied; but Roderica was obedient.

"We've gained such a lot," she consoled, when alone with him. "Mother's come around splendidly. Your father likes me—I am sure of it; and everything is smooth sailing. Of course I love you for kicking; but don't do it any more." She fixed her dark expressive eyes on him. "You and I know," she murmured. "What do we care for the rest of the world?"

Jimmie clasped her to him and went away the next day in a transport of love and hope.

Roderica waved a handkerchief from behind a shuttered window in the house and when he had disappeared round the corner she did not need it to wipe away tears which were not there; yet she knew that this was perhaps a final parting. There was just a chance that these two Argonauts would not find Uncle Jason's golden fleece, and if this should prove to be the case—well, how could her mother's price be paid?

Father and son lingered for several days in New York. Telephones rang, telegrams went and came, typists were

(Continued on Page 31)

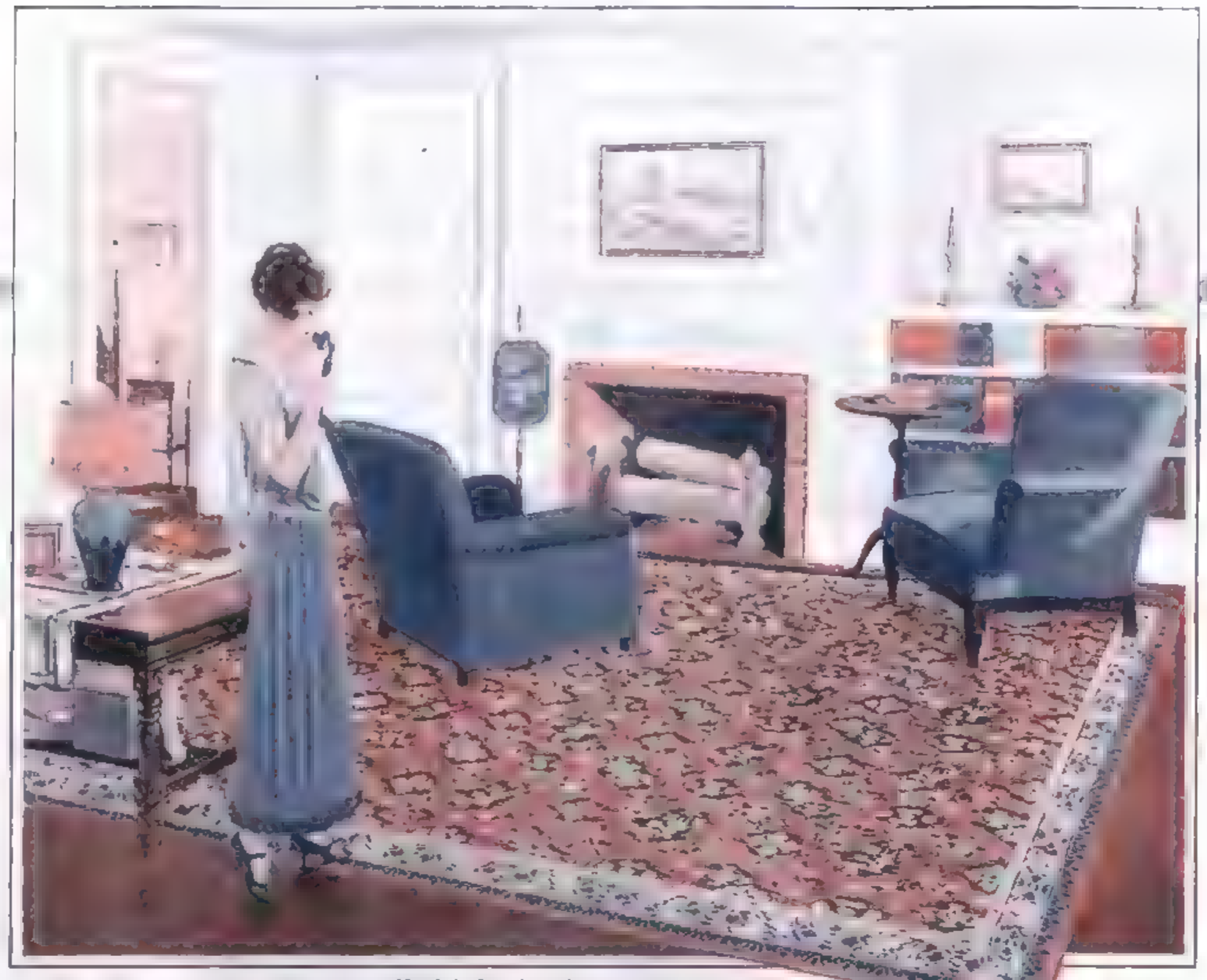
MANY folks are of many minds, but only one opinion when it comes to buying ham—

Premium

Swift & Company

Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

Premium Hams and Bacon



Above is shown Pattern No. 518. The 6 x 9-foot size costs only $9.00

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Important Warning!

There is only one "Congoleum" and it is identified by the Gold Seal pasted on every pattern. "Congoleum" is a registered trade-mark and the exclusive property of Congoleum-Nairn Inc. If you want "Congoleum" ask for it by name and look for the Gold Seal.

"Oh, yes! I've just put down my new Congoleum Rug and it's so pretty!"

She's proud of her home, is this young housekeeper. And who wouldn't be? Could anything make this living-room more cheerful and inviting than the pleasing colors of her *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rug?

Very Easily Cleaned

A feature that appeals especially to modern young women is the time and work Congoleum Rugs save. No sweeping, no beating, as with dust collecting floor-coverings—just a light, easy mopping makes the firm, sanitary water-proof surface as fresh as new. In a twinkling your rug is bright and spotless.

Require No Fastening

These rugs have no seams and never require any kind of fastening, yet they cling tight to the floor without a ruffled edge or corner.

One of the most delightful things about Congoleum Rugs is that you can always find an appropriate pattern for any room. There are richly colored designs for living and dining-room, dainty floral effects for the bedrooms and neat geometric reproductions for kitchen, bathroom, pantry or laundry.

And with all these qualities to recommend them their prices are surprisingly low.

Popular Sizes—Low Prices

6	x 9	ft.	$ 9.00	1½	x 3	ft.	$ .60
7½	x 9	ft.	11.25	3	x 3	ft.	1.40
9	x 9	ft.	13.50	3	x 4½	ft.	1.95
9	x 10½	ft.	15.75	3	x 6	ft.	2.50
9	x 12	ft.	18.00				

Pattern No. 386 (shown below) is made in all sizes. The other patterns shown are made in the five large sizes only.

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia, Kansas City, Cleveland, New York, Minneapolis, New Orleans, Boston, Atlanta, London, Chicago, Dallas, Paris, San Francisco, Pittsburgh, Rue de [illegible]

In Canada—Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal

"Things Every Woman Should Know About Congoleum Rugs," an interesting illustrated folder showing all the patterns, will be sent you free on request.

Pattern No. 552

Pattern No. 386

Pattern No. 546

Pattern No. 323

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
Art-Rugs

(Continued from Page 28.

busy. Jimmie thought this natural and connected with Western business, and did not resent being left out of it. He renewed old acquaintanceships, saw New York, and wrote every day to Roderica. When at last they were steaming down the harbor, headed for the South, Duane, looking at the skyscrapers, brought his fist down on the rail with a satisfied bang. To Jimmie's amused inquiry he said that New York was fine; but his complacence was due to another cause. He had organized his own channels for the distribution of liquor, and his secret lines led direct to the large consumer. He was going to give the clubs pure high-grade stuff; rye with the prewar bead on; unadulterated, one-hundred proof. He felt himself a public benefactor. His New York agent, Mark Blaney, an old business associate from the West, tough, able, came to see him off, and as a farewell gift handed him a bottle of the best to be had in New York. Duane sampled the liquor that night and flung the stuff overboard.

They slipped through fog and cold and drizzle into sunshine and warmth, and after three days came in sight of low-lying New Providence Island. Jimmie was thrilled. He thought of the islets about as wonder places where Roderica and he would wander amid palms and romance, and of the brilliant harbor as a magic sea over which Roderica and he would glide amid the glamour of entrancing colors. His father looked at the coast with a more practical eye and thought of fleets and liquid cargoes; but neither confided in the other.

On landing they were surrounded by a cheerful lot of pickaninnies who impeded progress. Duane, grinning, held up a silver dollar which he chanced to have. "Go to it!" he cried, and flung the coin into the bright green water of the harbor. Seven boys dived, and so the way was clear. They drove to the house which Duane had bought from a fellow passenger in the boat. Hearing on all sides of difficulties about accommodations out of season, he had solved the problem in his characteristic Western way. They found the place a mass of jalousied and latticed porches embowered in stephanotis and night-blooming jasmine. They saw a wonderful view of emerald and bediamonded waters, and so it did not matter that the kitchen was twenty yards away and that there was no hot water. There was none of the stuffiness of the shut-up house; the climate does not encourage that; and the colored caretaker was willing to cook at a price which she knew to be preposterous and Duane thought cheap. They had a lunch of sorts within the hour.

"Meet you here at supper—seven," said his father, and this was the beginning of a practice which surprised and amused Jimmie. "Your pleasures ain't mine," the old man told him at dinner that night. "Your friends ain't mine. This is one little sparkling village, and you are too quiet for me." So they went their separate ways in perfect understanding and good fellowship.

On the second night Jimmie sat on his wide porch and wrote to Roderica. No place could be paradise without her, but when she came, he told her, he would be in the only perfect place on earth. He had bought a little half-decked yawl, he said, that he could just sail without help, and was searching out little silver-sanded palm-fringed beaches where bright waters invited to warm sea caresses and cool breezes lulled to sleep in the shade. He rhapsodized; he had to let it out on her, because his father was taking his rest his way, while he—Jimmie—sailed alone; and there was nobody to talk to.

His father, he explained, had bought a saucy little motorboat with an exhaust which sounded in the still evening like champagne corks popping each second. The old man wanted noise and bustle and quick rushing about, and he wanted silence and the thrill up his spine when the wind tautened the sheet; and so they had met that day in the harbor and waved hands across the water and he had made his father turn out, as sail had the right of way. "I can hear him now, I believe," he wrote. "He's not here and there's a noise off in the harbor that's a cross between a riveter's hammer and the beating of a heart."

Jimmie was right. The father's boat was cutting two white ripples in the moonlit waters as it scudded down the harbor. In the tiny cabin sat five men crowded about a table loaded with poker chips. Ice clinked in glasses and sandwiches were munched as the players cashed in.

"I'm sorry, gentlemen," said Duane, "to have to stop in the shank of the evening, but the commodore's got a date."

"I'm sorry too," broke in the commodore, "but my men are loading a yacht out by Salt Cay."

Commodore Sladen was a man of such extraordinary distinction of appearance as to reduce each person there except Duane to a nonentity. He was tall, of fine physique, with a clear olive skin of Castilian purity, raven-black hair and mustache, and dark hazel eyes like those of a deer. Obviously of Spanish ancestry, he claimed to be an American citizen and spoke as an educated man. He had landed at Nassau seven months before with a big automobile, a large diamond which he carried in his pocket, and ninety dollars. He had exchanged the auto for one hundred cases of Scotch whisky, had chartered a five-ton motorboat, crossed the Gulf Stream in a gale and sold his cargo at a hundred per cent profit off the coast of Florida. Since then he had never looked back, and now he owned the Nova Scotia auxiliary schooner, Hector and Sallie, which had sailed that night for the North, gorged to bursting with liquor.

Off Rawson Square he searched the dock side and swore gently. His launch was not awaiting him.

"Take mine, commodore," cried Duane. "Why not all go out, and then we needn't break up the game? Be my guests, gentlemen." He turned to the colored boy at the engine and waved his hand. They settled down again as the boat sped through the water.

The game was a mere excuse for conversation, as the limit was too low for players whose pockets bulged with easy-got money. All rising jackpots, dollar sweeteners and a ten-dollar limit; only a few hundred or so could be lost in a night; but James Duane was there to listen and learn, not to win or lose. Pending the arrival of the bottling plant and bottles which he had ordered in New York, he was picking up details.

He learned that the boat anchored over at lonely Salt Cay was a power yacht of beautiful lines, with name painted over—a sure sign of beginners at the business, who had not brains enough to be externally correct. They had not entered at the Nassau Customs House, that not being required until after twenty-four hours' stay, and they were foolhardy enough to intend sailing without papers.

"Playing at pirates," the commodore said, "and that's why I am going out myself to take the money. They ought to be nearly loaded by now."

They were not. The commodore's men and the buyers had broached a case and were loafing and drinking on the deck.

"Drink," the commodore said, "is the curse of this business." And his mellow bellow rent the night silence and startled swaying men to shifting liquor.

"Dem guys got thirsty," said the skipper of the yacht. "If youse'll help, maybe I can get off by morning."

Duane sat alone in the little cockpit of his boat and watched the liquor passed to the yacht. In the moonlight the triangular sacks, each containing six bottles, looked like wedges of cheese. One of the colored men began to sing as he stood in line and passed the parcels. Others joined and the yacht captain who was checking in called out his 690-1-2-3-4-5-6 in unison with the tune. The words were, as are those of most of the Bahaman ballads, absurd:

I wouldn't marry a coal-black boy.
Tell me de reason why.
His neck so long and stringified
I scared dat he would die.
Oh me, oh my, dis is what Celia say;

but the melody was engaging and plaintive.

"You Can't Mean It," He Answered. "I Need It, Need It Badly. I Would Pay You Even More for Your Bargain"

The natives were bare to the waist and their skins rippled like silvered gun metal beneath the lights of the yacht. The surf was plashing on the north side of the island, and now and then a high wave dashed up and over in the lacelike threads of a bridal veil. Under the influence of the beauty of the night and the pleasant melancholy voices of the singers, Duane passed through a half hour of comfortable emotional, almost devotional, feeling. Then he dropped asleep.

He awoke in a brilliant dawn to see money bills passed one by one to the commodore on the deck of the yacht.

"Thirty, dat's roit," said the captain.

"Thanks, captain. A good trip to you wherever you're going, and a safe landing."

"Tank youse," the captain politely said, and he called out, "Start her, Tim."

The little launch on its return journey petulantly popped its way toward a dawn so radiant as to attract a passing glance from the sleepy revelers.

"If I could see a mountain," said Duane, casting his eyes over the low-lying islands, "I'd say I was in heaven."

"I can't say I'll feel like an angel till I've had a bath," the commodore answered; but the others only yawned.

At the landing place Duane asked the commodore to breakfast. He omitted the rest at thought of Jimmie, unconsciously careful about whom he asked his son to meet. He arrived at the vine-embowered porches about the same time as his servants, who now numbered five and who all slept out. He found the front door open; Jimmie had gone sailing, his note said. Duane ordered kidneys, bacon and eggs, griddle cakes.

"Where you goin' get dem tings?" asked the astonished cook, rolling her eyes; so after a bath they sat down on the wide porch to grapefruit and broiled mutton fish, and watched with interest the downward swoop of a seaplane from Miami, one hundred and sixty miles away, in Florida.

Duane, perfect mixer, at home anywhere with anybody, so long as they wore no frills, had jumped on the afternoon of his arrival into the midst of the bootleggers. He drank with Larry the Cracker, a bleached Floridian fisherman who now took bottles in his nets; with Jerusalem and Jericho, two bediamonded brothers, who specialized on liquor shipments to Charleston, South Carolina; with Redhead, six feet three, noisy and forcible boss of a New York gang; with the Black Dwarf, ferocious of eye, who could cow his New York crowd with a single glance; with Mr. Bell, of Philadelphia, usually called Libby, from Liberty Bell; with Captain Blackbeard, master of the luckiest schooner out of the port and with some resemblance to the traditional appearance of the mad pirate of a hundred and fifty years before. All these were underlings; more than half of them, Duane thought, either criminals or from the underworld of American cities. He had seen just such crowds in barrooms on the Coast and in Alaskan ports, found the same boastings, the same horseplay, the same tendency to nicknames; once, the same humorous production of a pistol. He caught the hand of its drunken holder and twisted its muzzle upward. It went off and clattered to the floor as its owner danced with the pain of a sprained wrist.

The Black Dwarf came, ominously scowling. "Take him aboard," he ordered, "and lock him up." Two men sprang forward and led the sheepish culprit away; the incident was closed. Duane, avoiding a possible call from the police, stepped out of an open French window and ascended an outside stairway. On the veranda above he found himself looking through an open door at men resettling themselves at the poker table after the interruption of a bullet.

"Let's make it the buck," said the dealer, twirling the flattened lead into the pool.

That was Duane's first sight of the commodore. In five minutes he was in the game, welcomed by the sure attraction of his personality. They talked with astonishing openness of their business between deals, and they laughed when Duane said that he might be a secret agent.

"Every fella in Washington that wants a vacation," said one, "gets made a secret agent. We can spot 'em across the harbor bar."

When they broke up, all sober, and not five hundred dollars lost or gained by any player, Duane had decided that the commodore was probably his man; so he cultivated this dark suave gambler; for such, he was almost sure, had been the commodore's occupation.

He was watching, weighing the man now on his porch as they breakfasted together, and the chance came promptly for a crucial test. The commodore, seeking his cigar case, laid on the table the roll of thousand-dollar bills which he had received for his whisky. Duane reached over and straightened them out.

"Look out for that denomination," he warned. "I spent a day with my bankers in New York and went all through their circulars." He took a folding magnifying glass from his pocket and examined the ear of Alexander Hamilton. "Phony," he cried, flinging the note across. "Look at the s in 'Treasury'; there, below the signature." He ran through the lot. "All counterfeit," he announced.

He saw the olive-hued cheek go a shade lighter, and it seemed to him that the pupils of the eyes contracted to the pin points of a morphine eater. He heard a stream of smooth rolling curses which for ingenuity and effectiveness nearly matched Alaskan experts.

"Done by the scum of New York," the commodore said; "that cuts." He looked out over the harbor. "Not a boat in the harbor could overtake her. The seaplane—but an eagle can't fight a seal. The eagle can't dive and the seal can't fly. No seaplane would come down on those heavy rollers unless it had to, but"—he sprang to his feet—"it could drop a message on my schooner. The Hector and Sallie can't be a hundred and fifty miles away. The Dane"—he paused to reflect—"he goes too far." He turned to Duane. "My captain," he said, "lost a kicker overboard last trip." He flicked a crumb from his sleeve as he added, "The main trouble with this business is the kind of men I must employ."

Liquor smuggling had seemed a kind of gigantic joke to Duane until this moment. "Murder?" he asked.

The commodore shrugged his shoulders and took out his fountain pen. He wrote, then read aloud: "Head south. Pretend breakdown when you see a power boat coming north. Get the three men aboard of you. Tie them up. Take them north. Let the yacht go adrift. I will pick her up. No rough stuff. Send 'em ashore quietly at New York after your cargo is sold. Flap a tablecloth if message understood." He looked up. "Would you care to come, Duane?" he asked as he wrote a duplicate.

"Sure."

They walked in silence down the street. "This is the fella for me," Duane said to himself. "Quick mover. Crooked as a snake fence. Heart petrified when he was born and it never worked."

The commodore went into a toy store and bought all the little bobbing balloons in the place. He walked along, indifferent to amused stares. "Studying air currents," he said to one passer-by of his acquaintance. At a stationer's he bought a letter balance, taking only the weights. At a tobacconist's he got some oilskin pouches. Within fifteen minutes he had hired the seaplane.

As they taxied over the water with a loud roar, Duane, standing in the well in the bow, enveloped in balloons, waved his hand to Jimmie in the yawl as they scudded by.

Rising against the wind the plane was turned and headed as though for Miami. Over Bahama Banks it turned north. When the commodore, watching through glasses, passed Sturrup Light he shot an arm toward the northeast, and the pilot changed direction, subsequently heading south in response to signals, finally drooping low over the sought-for schooner. The commodore leaned over and released a rubber tobacco pouch which held the message and a four-ounce weight. It struck the bowsprit and bounced into the water. His direction had been perfect, but he had allowed too much for the momentum of the plane. With the duplicate he was more successful. The balloons sank slowly and bobbed on the water. The plane circled while the ship's boat picked up the message and let loose the little balloons, which went sailing up into the sky. At last a white cloth fluttered and the plane went back over the same course.

At Nassau, Duane's boat rushed to the anchored airship. They tumbled in. "To the bar," he ordered.

So they started along in search of a derelict. Duane lighted a cigar. An unlucky air current carried the match perversely. A sheet of flame leaped up. The three men on board jumped over headlong as the tank exploded. They swam on the edge of a sea of fire, were picked up speedily, and looked each other over. The colored engineer had an ugly-looking arm.

The dripping commodore cursed him. "It's what you get for letting the deck of your engine room float in gas. Take a hack and go to the hospital."

An hour was lost before they found the commodore's power boat; his engineer, it appeared, had gone off somewhere to sleep after a late night.

"I'll run her," Duane said.

They started afresh in search of a derelict. "The owner will never come back to claim her," the commodore announced; "she'll be my prize of war."

In the meantime Jimmie had tacked up the narrow Nassau harbor channel eagerly eying the shining morning face of the little city on the little island. He knew from a map precisely where he was going, knew from a chart exactly how to get there, was aware that sunken rocks must be avoided and that he ought to have taken the little colored boy who was mate and crew to the late colored owner; but risks were too small to be exciting.

When at last he turned northward with the wind almost abeam, he took a bearing, to his amusement, on the bright pink quarantine station, which looked to be the most inviting of winter resorts and was understood to be the most healthful spot in the islands. Under the lee of Salt Cay he steered southwest in search of the fairy bight of which he had been told, and he saw beyond him long rolling seas now coming unimpeded from the north. He saw a long tooth of rock and he went round it and entered a silver-sand-bordered bay about the size of a saucer. He lowered his sail, dropped his anchor, and sculled in his dory toward the fringing green of gum elemi trees and coconut palms which edged the silver sand. Then he swam and munched sandwiches, dreamed of Roderica, loafed gloriously, chuckled and wondered about his father playing about in the air with balloons, and slept.

While he slept the Hector and Sallie, under orders from the sky, was heading south, the captain, known as Rollo the Dane, watching the horizon through powerful glasses. When he saw a black spot on the rim of his world he stopped his engine, bent a red ensign upside down to a backstay, laid out two pistols on his cabin table, lowered his dinghy from the davits, and instructed his crew in their duties. To Big Mike, the giant from Galway, fell the heaviest task.

The approaching yacht, suspicious of everything, steered wide. Rollo the Dane megaphoned -twenty, forty, fifty cases for the loan of an engineer for an hour; but the yacht kept on. Suddenly it turned. At that period there was still some *esprit de corps* among rum-running vessels, and the yacht engineer refused to leave a brother lawbreaker in distress. His reward, an hour later, as he dived into the engine room of the schooner, was a blackjack at the base of the skull, applied by Big Mike with such experienced nicety that he fell senseless with an uncracked skull.

Rollo the Dane boarded the yacht under the lowering stare of its captain, whose shifty eyes were constantly turned to the south in fear of pursuit.

"It takes him vun hour," said Rollo genially. "You come aboart me and ve drink sociable." He towered, grinning, showing yellowed teeth beneath a flaming remnant of red mustache. "Vat, you von't, you small New York varfrat!" With one slight contemptuous sweep of his great arm he brushed the little man backward from the cockpit into the water.

"I guess he don't svim," he warned the sailor in the dinghy. This sailor promptly shouted, "'Ware sharks!" and played the frightened man up and down in the water by the coat collar before dragging him in.

The black cook on his knees prayed for mercy, but tumbled into the small boat at one step toward him.

"Don't take me norf in winter, chief," he pleaded. "I met dat fros' once—nebber no more."

In a few minutes the Hector and Sallie was pitching northward against the heavy swell that came down that lovely inland sea and the derelict yacht was rolling south, impelled against the wind by the same undulating current in a straight line toward Jimmie Duane.

Lured by the balmy air, the exquisite colors of sea and sky, and the favorable wind, Jimmie was sitting on the windward gunwale of the canted yawl, holding the sheet in one hand and the tiller in the other, making eight knots to the northward. He crooked his knee over the tiller and lifted the binoculars which hung to the strap about his neck. The spot on the horizon was a bobbing boat headed away; but she had not passed him. Puzzled, he finally made out that she was drifting stern to the wind. Engine trouble—he had an object now for his idle sail. He loosened the sheet by a foot and the vessel heeled over with a creak and a bump.

The half deck covered a space about two feet high over the forward part of the yawl and a coil of rope lay half in the sun and half in the shadows of this deck. Something odd about this coil attracted the eyes of the young man, and he bent down and peered into the darkness. Curly hair, a whole head of it, rested on the coil of rope.

"Come out of it, towhead!" he cried sharply. "What are you doing there?"

The head turned over and its owner emerged like an undulating snake from its hole, stood up and transfixed the astonished Jimmie with the sullen stare of an angry girl, a bare-armed, bare-legged, bathing-suited girl; about fifteen, he thought.

She lifted her eyes, scowling, glanced at receding Nassau, then turned her head this way and that and looked out over the waters. He saw the profile now and the curve of the chin, and added five years to her age. Her bare arms, almost umber, told him nothing; her bare legs, not so sunburned, curving to fine-boned ankles, had such rounded maturity as some twenty years may bring. She twisted and looked north; her curly bobbed hair became ruddy in the declining sun. He saw her start as she discovered the yacht not far away. She turned swiftly, bent, and picked up a chunk of iron, a misplaced item of ballast. She straightened; there was dignity in the small backbone, and absurdity in the tense defensive attitude.

"If I move, do I get it?" Jimmie asked, choking back laughter.

He guessed that she was literally scared stiff, that she thought him a bootlegger, that she assumed he was joining the waiting yacht.

"There's trouble there," he said, pointing. "We'll turn then."

She glanced, then, at him; and her look was so intent that he answered her thought in words. "I'm no kidnaper," he said. "You can't leave a broken-down vessel like that, can you?"

(Continued on Page 58)

Standard of the World

V63

CADILLAC

With Pencil, Brush and Chisel

By EMIL FUCHS

Mrs. Marshall Field, Jr., From a Painting by Mr. Fuchs

ONE spring day as I was passing Regent's Park on my way to Hampstead I noticed a sign announcing an impending sale by auction of a property which seemed to me desirable. Standing in its own grounds of about four acres and surrounded by immense trees, was a Gothic house, equally quaint outside and in. The floor was on different levels on account of the many additions that had been made at various times. The dining room was octagonal and looked out upon the park, which delighted me. From it led a rather imposing terrace into the gardens—a rare feature in a town house. The roof was gabled, which alone was a considerable attraction and added to the desirability of the house, and the whole impressed me as an ideal spot for the home of an artist.

For more than half a century the house had belonged to the distinguished Bunsen family, which boasted Von Bunsen, the scientist and inventor, and many other well-known members. Among these was a Prussian ambassador to Great Britain, a friend of Bismarck. One of his descendants is Sir Maurice de Bunsen, who concluded his many years in the diplomatic service as minister to Austria at the beginning of the war. I purchased the lease from his sister, Baroness Deichmann, whose husband was a remarkable man. The head of the old banking house of Horstman & Co., he possessed vast wealth, which permitted him to indulge in his hobby of owning fine horses. His carriage horses were so perfectly matched that he drove them four-in-hand at the club meets famous in Hyde Park.

His was a conspicuous figure; the thin, drawn face with short-cropped beard and his big black goggles made him an easy and tempting subject for caricaturists. The possibilities in this direction were not overlooked by Spy, of Vanity Fair, whose efforts scored an unequivocal success. At their place in Belgravia were lavished on his horses all the comforts and luxuries which he denied to himself. Feeling that a lease for twenty-two years is almost a lease for eternity, I readily built a studio for sculpture in a corner of the garden. But when I look back and realize how the years have flown, I only regret ever having anticipated troubles which never materialized and thus placed a cloud between the sun and myself, when I knew how essential its rays are to my very existence.

Sir George Cooper's Parties

AT ABOUT this time I commenced to work for Sir George and Lady Cooper. I was to paint a portrait of his eldest son as well as of Sir George, whose life story read like another fairy tale. In Chicago lived an old bachelor named George Smith, a banker. After the big fire, 1871, with singular discrimination he acquired land in the parts of town where values later increased. He divided his time between Chicago and London, where he occupied a small room at the Reform Club and, altogether, spent a most frugal life. When he died it was divulged that his estate was of a size transcending even American conceptions of wealth. He had bequeathed it to two of his relatives—a nephew in New York and a niece in England, a Mrs. Cooper, whose husband was a lawyer in Scotland. Both of these heirs understood better how to employ their uncle's money than he had ever known. James Henry Smith, the nephew, bought for himself a palatial mansion on Fifth Avenue and an estate in Tuxedo Park, which in exclusiveness rivals Newport. Then he proceeded to enjoy the life he had long craved.

His sister did likewise in England; her mansion was in Grosvenor Square, her estate in Hampshire, and her husband's extensive shooting grounds in Kingussie. No less an authority than Sir Joseph Duveen was responsible for the vast accumulation of art treasures which filled their houses. James Henry in America was equally fortunate in relying for his house and furnishing on the exquisite taste which made Stanford White such an outstanding figure of his time. The Crœsuslike entertainments of both were commensurate with their establishments.

Sir George's dinner parties were so elaborate that I sometimes thought he wanted to compensate for their lack during his earlier days. At one of these sumptuous functions, which reminded me vividly of the state dinners at court, I sat next to an unassuming, almost ascetic-looking gentleman with big eyeglasses and a demeanor which contrasted sharply with the opulence of his surroundings. I felt drawn toward my neighbor. His simplicity appealed to me. During the meal he sat in deep thought, with little interest in what was transpiring about him. Chance or intention made us regularly neighbors; not so surprising when it is considered that we were both present in a professional capacity only. Course after course appeared and was moved without his having partaken of it. His meal amid this epicurean feasting consisted of a few vegetables, fruits and a small tray of nuts. When I knew him well enough to venture to inquire about the cause of his abstemiousness, he explained that he was a member of the scientific staff of the British Museum and had been sent down to Hampshire to examine some objects that had been taken from the ground there, and which Sir George considered worthy of scientific investigation. He found his work so absorbing in character that the day was always too short and his strength insufficient for its accomplishment. His frail body would often revolt; he would feel tired; he would have to rest and lose much precious time; and so it occurred to him that a meager diet would relieve the body of unnecessary effort and energy which he could use to better purpose.

The logic of this struck me forcibly. I also had more than I could crowd into a day. Although not by any means of delicate physique, I, nevertheless, belonged to that class of humans who are born tired. There never was time enough for all I wanted to do, and consequently I eagerly gave his diet a trial. It was not many months before I became convinced of its soundness, and this conviction has increased with the passing of the years. Material things of life meant less and less to me in inverse ratio to the growth of the spiritual side. Such living promotes well-being and contentment, and is of such fundamental importance that if greater attention were given to it much physical as well as mental and moral suffering would be obviated.

James Henry Smith spent his summers in Europe; when in England he often visited his sister, and it was there that first we met. The work he wished me to do brought him to my studio, and he came there often. Doubtless the poetic quaintness of the place attracted him more than the personality of the artist. Among the friends he brought were the Gould families, with whom my acquaintance dated from that time. With the beginning of the shooting season Mr. Smith went north to his Lodge Dunachton, near Kincraig, and before leaving he invited me to be his guest during my vacation and paint his portrait. He had a succession of visitors belonging to the best-known families of both continents. During my sojourn there, word came from the extreme north of Scotland that another prominent American, Mr. William P. Clyde, invited me there to paint his likeness, should I have the inclination and the time. Painting under such conditions is delightful. After a few hours of working assiduously, one feels entitled to a long walk in the fields filling one's lungs with refreshing air borne from the sea. Nature is such a good companion; how resplendent the endless variety of her colors, how ever changing her light effects and glorious skies!

Subjects for Sculpture

THE ants busily occupied with their life-work; the butterflies; the bees, humming their paeans of praise and rejoicing over the nectar they gather from the flowers; the birds twittering as they play about in the sunlight—all radiate content, supernal happiness. Why can we not bring ourselves to enjoy life as they do? Why should not our existence be one long day of sunshine and our recall its crowning? Surely the scheme of creation in its profound wisdom intended us to partake equally of our allotment of unalloyed bliss!

The average man in the passing throng seems oblivious to beauty.

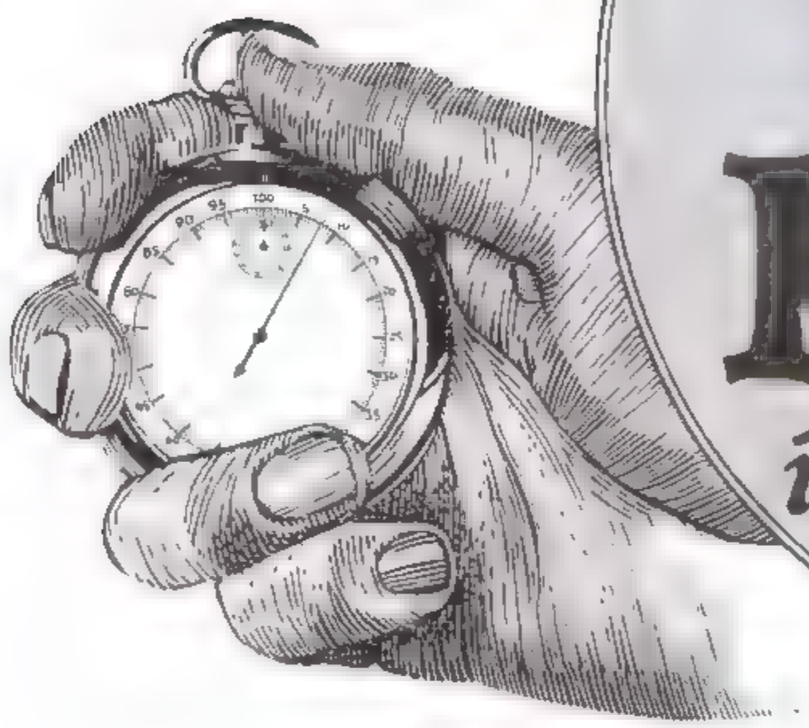
He chases a vague phantom which evades him like the horizon which perpetually recedes as it is approached, because happiness grows within ourselves. It is sown in us in childhood, but when we do not nurture it, it dies of neglect.

I was unable to complete the portrait of Mr. Clyde, and when the fall came and he and Smith were about to return to the States, James Henry invited me to join him as his guest. As I still had that portrait to finish, I accepted with alacrity. I had several of my sculptures and paintings packed and sent over, intending to hold a small exhibition when the picture of Mr. Clyde should be ready, and at the end of October we sailed.

After my return from the States I felt that the time had come when I should get away as much as possible from commissions. Generally our best work is that done by inspiration instead of to order. I was also anxious to know the influence of my ten years of painting on my sculpture and if it would have the effect I hoped for. I had several sketches for pieces of scope. One was for a group of two figures, which presented a problem that I had rarely seen successfully solved: When is a composition suited to the round and when for execution in the flat? It seems to me that when a group or a single figure has more than one view worthy of perpetuation, on account of its flow of line, distribution of masses, or its expression, then the round is the form clearly indicated. When the theme presents one good view, all the varieties of bas-relief are offered, from the highest, bold masses—like the frieze at the Parthenon—to the lowest, the flattest, almost a mere suggestion.

Rodin's Kiss will illustrate my meaning. This is a splendid solution for a composition in the round. Fully to appreciate it, one must go carefully around it and admire the multiplicity of lines which are intertwined in endless variations. His Age of Bronze, The Thinker and the Hand of God, although of single figures only, are no less admirable compositions for the round; but I doubt if his Citizen of Calais or his Three Shadows would not have been better suited to high relief, emphasizing the one view as its excuse for existing.

(Continued on Page 36)



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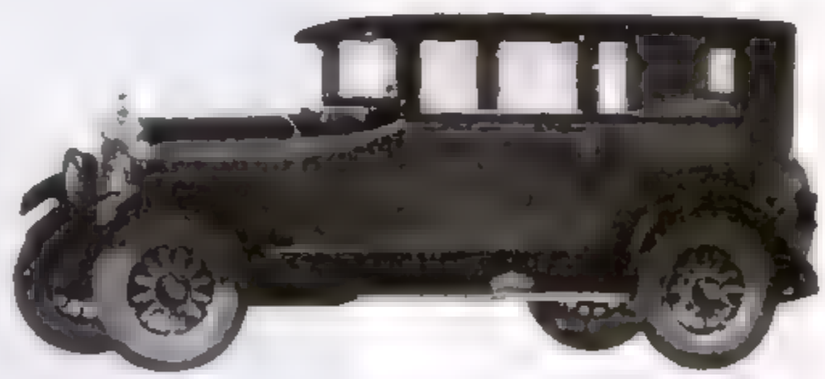

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The New Good MAXWELL

Continued from Page 34

The Laocoon group, and the Dance by Carpeaux, at the Opera in Paris, are other examples of groups in the round, the first perhaps showing the more superb harmony of line and grouping.

In my composition which I called The Group and which I decided to execute in almost life size, this was the problem which interested me most. And as it has always been my habit to work on a variety of subjects at the same time and so preserve the freshness of eye, I chose a few friends for portrait busts, the men mostly for bronze and the women for terra cotta or marble. A girl of about eighteen, who posed professionally and had excellent features, sat for a head for me which I executed in pink marble. This stone, which is really of granite formation, very hard and brittle, came from the quarries which furnished the walls for the Dome of Milan. From time to time a piece sufficiently free from black veins would find its way into the sculptor's studio. Such pieces have a beautiful pink shade almost flesh color, and it is still further enhanced by a certain transparency. In order to work such stone, one must resort to the drill whenever feasible, on account of the extreme brittleness, but the result recompenses one a hundredfold for all the hardships it entails. This head I called Tamara and set it on a base of Parian marble, whose bluish-gray still further augmented the warmth of the pink.

Almost simultaneously I chiseled a Mother and Child. Though the generations succeed each other with monotonous regularity, the beauty of this relation retains its purity throughout the ages. It has ever been the refuge of the artist, the poet, the musician when he seeks a nucleus around which to spin his tissue of lines or rimes or chords To Melchers it offered countless motifs for his paintings, and, old as it is, somehow the interpretation is always new and young.

I was fortunate in that among the callers at my studio at that time was a young French girl who was willing to help me out. The pathos of my Mother Love group made a strong appeal to her and, although the pose was too severe a tax to be held for more than a few minutes, she gave me ample time to make a study of its main points

As to the child in the group, as soon as the word was passed that an artist needed a baby model, my studio was the scene of an actual invasion If the baby in the group seems to rest naturally and easily in its mother's arms, it is chiefly attributable to my imagination and my studies. To behold the group in its entirety as I had conceived it was not possible on account of the arduousness of the pose.

A vital question to an artist is, quite naturally, his models. What studies of nudes could Rembrandt not have made if he had had the use of one such model as we have today in such number! Even without this assistance, however, his etchings are incomparable and we look at them with unmixed delight. The lifting of art to a higher plane tends more and more to place artists in a class by themselves, through whose eyes we are learning to see and understand Nature.

The English girl has generations behind her who went in for some sort of sport and bequeathed her a slender and supple body, though her feet and hands are more generous in size than those of other countries, where golf and tennis came into vogue much later than they did in England.

Artists' Models

THE French model is quite another type. In France the masses are just beginning to show an interest in physical development and exercise. Prior to this it was limited to some few men who restricted their exercise to fencing. Consequently the bodies of French girls are not yet so well proportioned as are those of the English. In speaking of proportion, I refer chiefly to two items—the length of the limbs in comparison to the whole body, and the relation of the head to the figure.

What the French model lacks in perfection of form is fully offset by the quality of her posing. I do not mean that she sits motionlessly or more quietly, but I allude to her grasp of the spirit the artist wants to inject into his work, and for the expression of which the model is half responsible. The French girl, with her inborn love for art, will put herself out to help the artist, and so identify herself with his work and his success if possible

Of course there are exceptions. Occasionally in one individual will be united all those attributes of mind, face and physique which constitute the embodiment of the perfect model. Such a one came into my studio one day. She was a French girl who had been famous as a dancer in Paris Shortly after the war broke out she came over to America with her mother to escape some of those hardships of a war-ridden country which were already affecting her profession.

Owing to her meager knowledge of English she was unsuccessful in securing an engagement, so she joined the ranks of the desperate ones who, unable to earn a living otherwise, knock at the artist's door, certain of sympathy, understanding and help. She was of a rare beauty. Ivory skin, a symmetrical body, even lovelier than suggested by her youth; her golden hair, contrasted with dark brown eyes, her sensitive mouth and finely chiseled nose—all conspired in the consummation of one of Nature's masterpieces.

Strangely enough, beauty of face and figure are seldom combined in one person. An artist who has a good model for the head will often waste time and effort in persuading her to pose for the figure, only to be sadly disappointed at the imperfections disclosed. It would seem to be the operation of that fundamental law of compensation toward an equal distribution of gifts. With the return of that happy day when we shall have learned to look upon the body with the unprejudiced eye of the ancient Greeks, the hidden beauty revealed to us will be startling, and the admiration hitherto denied to its possessors will be meted out to them in fullest measure.

My French model posed with understanding; even her criticism had a value on account of its spontaneity and unpretentiousness, because she had that flair for the best in art peculiar to the French and Italians. And she was prompt and regular in keeping her appointments. A girl with such qualities was an offering from the gods, but I felt that they would not let me have her long. In France she could not have come my way at all, and I knew that it was only a matter of time when the enterprising eye of some manager would espy her. And so it was. The genial Morris Gest, that blending of vision and expediency, discovered her all too soon and made a place for her in his production of the Cocoanut Grove on the Century Theater roof.

So many artists complain of the dearth of good models, but the fault is largely in themselves. There is a proverb "A good name goes far and a bad one farther." If an artist has a reputation for sincerity he may have all the models he needs, and more. They are numerous and come from everywhere. Jealousy seems not to exist. A girl who enjoys her work in a studio will bring her friends, and so, one way and another, one may choose from all types and ages. Sometimes a sylph from the opera ballet or from Ziegfeld's company finds her way into the artist's workshop. Not all are attracted by the monetary compensation, some have a genuine liking for the artistic side of life. They may have a figure which they feel is here today and gone tomorrow and are willing to have it perpetuated through the medium of art.

Quite recently I worked with a young dancer from the Follies who delighted in the most difficult poses and in her eager enthusiasm insisted on curtailing the periods of rest. To such a girl the fee is a secondary consideration.

America supplies the best and most useful models; here one finds that delightful admixture of beauty, proportion and intelligence. This can only be attributed to the climate, which is responsible for many differences in the various countries.

A Corner of Mr. Fuchs' New York Studio

The Call From the Beyond

APPARENTLY the climate of the United States is a beneficial one. In the Latin countries the tendency is still toward bodies too long for harmonious proportion, but in this respect each generation shows a marked improvement in the American girl. This is also true of the head formation—the long narrow head giving place to the broad skull with more spacious brain chamber.

For years I had cherished an idea which I hoped some day I would be able to put into form. I only awaited the advent of a suitable model. My conception was of a young girl standing with arms outstretched and eyes closed, listening to a distant voice, The Call From the Beyond.

It was at the beginning of the war, when I was working hard in my studio in the attempt to dispel my unhappiness, that a frail little woman entered, accompanied by a girl of about fourteen with blue eyes, red cheeks and a wealth of dark hair flowing over her shoulders. She was a widow with three daughters, who had brought her youngest child in the hope of obtaining some posing for her. While painting a study of the girl's sadly beautiful features, I became convinced that here was the longed-for model.

One day I mentioned this to the mother. I explained my idea and then hesitatingly showed her my sketches. After consulting with the other daughters, to my intense joy, the little girl came in and took the pose without even a word. It was so momentous to me that I could hardly await each coming day to resume where I had left off the day before. Like an apparition she would arrive, take her pose, her face enveloped in unspeakable sadness, her thoughts far away and rarely uttering a word.

While still at work on my model in clay, a lady with her young daughter visited my studio. She seemed to take a lively interest in the various objects, but for the girl there existed only the statue on which I was working, and in which she was completely absorbed. She asked question upon question about it, the title and its meaning

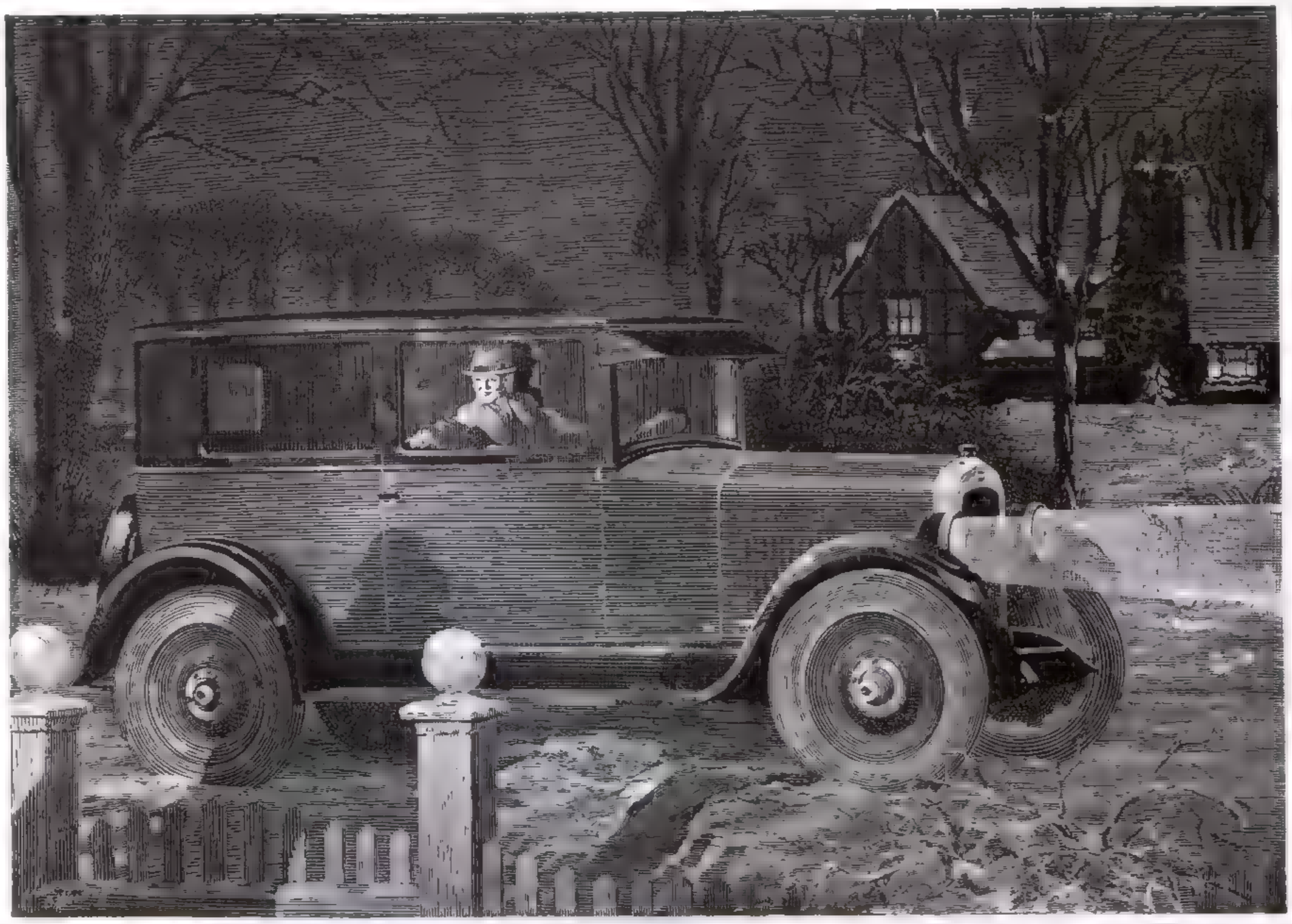
Next morning I found a note under my door, with these verses:

Listen, through the woodland valleys
Comes a whisper to my ear,
Like some fairy voices calling
From a wondrous higher sphere,
Calling softly, ever softly.
Let me follow, O my heart,
To hear the tale of mystic beauty
Of which this world is but a part.
Let me follow and respond
To the call from the beyond

My little model has died long since

A few years ago when the Architectural League held its spring exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art,

(Continued on Page 38)



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Watch This Column

"Smoldering Fires," a Universal Jewel, starring PAULINE FREDERICK and LAURA LA PLANTE, is described by the Los Angeles Times as "One of the best features of the year, and a really great photoplay." It is now being shown in the leading theatres, and I recommend it to you without qualification. It is a superbly dramatic display of human emotion and contains a problem which is beautifully worked out.

It is the story of a woman of 40 who conceives a heart-interest in a young assistant manager working in the establishment which she owns. He overhears employees poking fun at her because of her obvious infatuation for him, and a great fight follows. He conceives it to be his duty to propose marriage, and the day is set. A young and beautiful sister appears on the scene and the hero falls in love with her. You can imagine the complications which ensue.

PAULINE FREDERICK plays the middle-aged woman and MALCOLM McGREGOR the assistant manager. MISS FREDERICK acts with fine effect, which is not surprising, because she has ever been the true artist. LAURA LA PLANTE is the young sister and TULLY MARSHALL has an excellent part which he plays with his usual artistic touch. The story is by Sada Cowan and Howard Higgin, and Clarence Brown is the director.

Be on watch for ***"The Phantom of the Opera,"*** Gaston Laroux's celebrated mystery story enacted around the Paris Opera House, with LON CHANEY in the leading rôle. I predict an overwhelming success for this magnificent production, as it is just the kind of play the whole human family enjoys.

Write today for your copy of UNIVERSAL'S illustrated booklet. It is gratis.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 36)

I ventured to send my Call From the Beyond. It was assigned a complimentary position and commended by those who distinguish between sentiment and sentimentality. Also, the membership committee of the league extended to me an invitation to join, a compliment which I fully appreciated, because one has learned to wait for those honors rather than to seek them.

It may take a lifetime or two, but their value seems the greater for their not having been solicited.

In May, 1914, I became restless and decided that it would be an excellent plan to take a hurried trip through Europe, stopping only at the principal centers of art to bathe my eyes in beauty. I would take in Berlin, Munich, Vienna, Venice, Milan, Genoa and Paris, which should be sufficient to enlighten me about the progress of art and free me from those prejudices which we so easily form in our own favor if we work too long without criticism.

At Berlin my old master, Schaper, was still alive, and welcomed me warmly. Since I had met him in Pittsburgh, where he had been sent by the Kaiser as his representative at the opening of the first international exhibition at the Carnegie Institute, our relations had changed from master and pupil to that of brethren.

Old Friends

I found Schaper depressed, and I pitied him. He was like many other sculptors who regard their profession from a commercial viewpoint, and he had continued to build monuments to Emperors William and Frederick, which, in his prime, were erected all over the country and were now, one by one, sinking into oblivion. Also, his primary objective, the vast fortune he had set aside for his family, after the war dwindled to almost nothing with the depreciation of the currency.

One of his gifted pupils, a classmate of mine, looked much farther ahead and soon aligned himself with the modernists. All of Germany was already imbued with a sense of its greatness. In school the Germans were taught that they were the leaders of the world. They also wanted to prove that they were the leaders in art. The good old art was not good enough. France was starting all sorts of isms. It must be outdone. Everything had to be superlative. In fact, the word "superman" originated in Germany. And this young man, with his opinions and his genuine talent, forged ahead. At a comparatively early age he had surpassed his master in honors, commissions and popularity. When I went to see him, after years of separation, he was polite, but with that air of superiority which is better concealed even when justified.

After exchanging a few opinions about art in general, he exclaimed, "How can you talk about art? Last spring I went to London to see the National Gallery with my own eyes, but it made me so sick that I left it hurriedly, and I never want to see it again."

Well, that precisely expressed my feeling about him, too, and that's just what I did. I left for Munich the next day. But these views of his extended to music, the stage, and even architecture. Only a few weeks ago an architect from Berlin sent me some designs for furniture, and asked if I could not give him the names of some colleges which he would regularly supply with new ideas. He was also willing to consider accepting a chair in modern architecture at one of the leading universities if I could secure a contract for a period of years. That it might prove interesting for those who engage such services to see what he had to offer did not occur to him. I sent him the last catalogue of the Architectural League, with a few lines saying that he evidently thinks because this country is young, that it still sleeps like a baby, so I thought it might interest him to see for himself just how wide awake they are here. I haven't heard from him since.

About thirty years ago a movement started in Germany, the main objective of which was the elimination of detail as much as possible. This big reaction was inevitable after the baroque with its overdecorativeness, followed by that era, especially noticeable in Germany, when there was difficulty in procuring enough sculptors to produce all the patriotic monuments which were springing up like mushrooms. Most of them were so bad that the mediocre ones shone by comparison. The older sculptors were still under the influence of Thorvaldsen and Canova, who, after all, did no more than to imitate the classics. These puppets are as discouraging to look at as are those monuments in the Genoa and Milan cemeteries, where the figures have been clothed in modern fabrics and laces, carefully copied in marble. All of which proves what a great and difficult art sculpture is and how poorly prepared the students are who enter its career.

I believe I should have difficulty in naming half a dozen sculptors since the Renaissance who knew how to make a portrait. Those few who did make good busts stand out so prominently that they are numbered among the best of all time—Carpeaux, Houdon, Reinhold, Begas and Rodin. As for Rodin, I long for the time when a sound and sane appreciation of his work will understand how to differentiate between his sublime and his ridiculous achievements. The group of admirers of his early, magnificent work—which has secured him a permanent position among the great ones—who conceived the idea of assigning to him one entire pavilion at the 1900 French Universal Exhibition, did him a poor service, because in trying to fill it they stuffed it with the good, bad and indifferent.

When as students we went to Rome, we arrived with those preconceived notions obtained in schools, which at first proved only a constraint to the admiration of what was really good, though in many instances we had our personal doubts and misgivings. We stayed on and talked these questions over among ourselves, which led to the discovery that our unbiased opinions were by no means so isolated as we had feared. This was our first rude shock as to the infallibility of those who, for what reason I cannot conceive, decree the fashion in art, as Worth, Poiret or Callot Sœurs of the Rue de la Paix are the arbiters of style in women's clothing

"Mollie," the Little Model Who Posed for "The Call From the Beyond," From a Sketch in Oil in the Possession of Mr. Charles M. Schwab

Sculptors

In the present tendency in sculpture in America I notice a leaning of a group of gifted young sculptors toward Byzantinism, if I may so call it. I believe it as great a waste of their energies, their time and their talents as it was for Thorvaldsen and Canova with their imitations of classicism. In both, in my humble opinion, there is nothing on the part of the leader beyond a desire to be different, and an obliging servility on the part of the followers. It cannot lead to anything good or useful because the fundamental conditions which created the huge monuments, like the Sphinx, no longer exist. The artists of those times produced them under the prevailing influence, religious or æsthetic or both The result was stupendous because it was a homogeneous product and a monument to the times. To create such works after the lapse of several thousand years is like warming over a meal; no matter how well it may be cooked, I should prefer plain bread and butter, and it would be more wholesome too.

Since my early days at the academy in Berlin I have known how futile are æsthetic discussions on art. We had so many of them during class and after. Some of them waxed so hot that a large sign was put up at the academy, which read: "By high order: No discussion of art, religion or Richard Wagner." Also in Rome at the Trattoria delle Colonette, the pensionnaires of the German Government assembled each night to settle the important questions in art under the influence of Chianti. They ended in nothing more than a few scraps, into one of which I was drawn against my will, and it was my first intimation that it would be better to keep my views to myself.

Hans von Marées, the artist, who was really nothing more than an æsthetician,

(Continued on Page 40)

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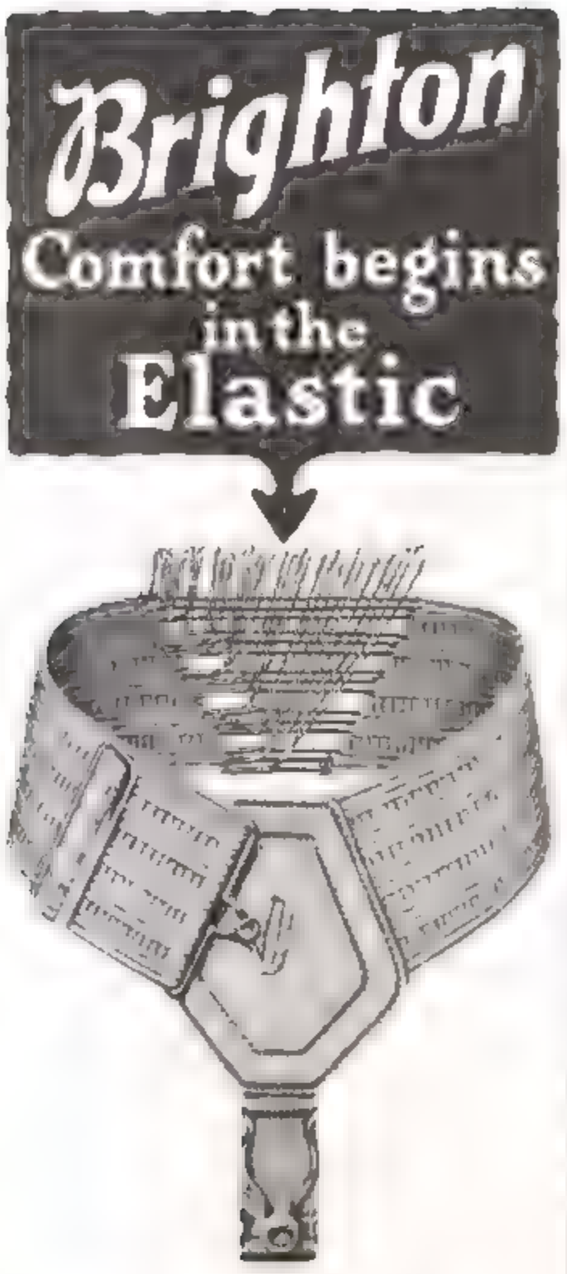

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(Continued from Page 38

held his daily exchange of views on art in the *trattoria*. They formed the foundation of a school which produced a Hildebrandt, Lenbach, Böcklin and others, since which no one has had much success with such discussions. But it must be admitted that these were the greatest artists Germany could boast of thirty or forty years ago.

In America, where I have been able to follow the art movement during the past twenty years, I have noted great changes. The first year after I arrived, Chartran, the portrait painter, was my neighbor in the studio building. His success had been phenomenal, due to his speed, his achievement at a likeness, but also on account of happy affiliations with those who could make a market for his work. His star had then set, or was in the descendant, and one day he came in for a neighborly chat.

He sat down and, after watching me for some time while I labored painstakingly over a detail, he said regretfully, "I wish I had kept at such methods and had not done as I did. Never crowd too much work into your day, for the quality is bound to suffer." His advice was sincere, but I did not need the warning.

Our Arts and Crafts

The public attitude has changed considerably toward visiting artists from abroad, my reference being chiefly to painters. A while ago the simple term "foreigner" was magic to many; and if an artist could secure a commission to paint one notable lady or gentleman, this would bring him in enough orders to keep him busy an entire season. Before the sitters discovered that they had been duped, the artist had disappeared. Although such cases are rare now and becoming more so all the time, I was much amused to be in close proximity to the happenings of the following incident:

One morning the papers announced, on the front page, the arrival of an artist who had come over here to paint a few of our most beautiful girls. This was a novelty. He was besieged with applications from willing sitters, as well as for interviews. My curiosity in his work was aroused.

One evening I attended a reception, where I was presented to the foreigner, who was just holding forth on his views to an admiring circle. I welcomed the opportunity to learn. Later, when he heard that I was an artist, he invited himself to see my studio. We arranged a little luncheon for the following Sunday, to which we invited another painter whose work interested him. That Sunday morning in the rotogravure of one of the papers appeared the reproductions of three of his beauty series. They were dreadful. And it was very painful during the meal to juggle the conversation so that neither art nor newspaper nor anything else was referred to which might have touched on the delicate subject. My relief when it was over was pronounced. Immediately after this he left for the West on an "important err-and," and he also left a splendid studio behind.

Twenty years is a long time to a country so vigorous and enlightened, so accustomed to forge ahead as America is. Many artists of distinction have appeared on its horizon. The one-sided partiality for foreign art has given place to a preference for native artists. It is right that this should be. Prejudice formerly obscured the vision to the merits of their own younger generation, just growing up. But this is no longer so.

For half a century American artists lived abroad, where they received more ready recognition; but one after another, like the prodigal son, they returned to their native soil—to the country of unlimited possibilities. From now on I believe they will take the lead in other branches, as they already have as illustrators. A few of these, like Maxfield Parrish, Charles Dana Gibson and Joseph Leyendecker, are in a class by themselves and have developed styles striking in their originality.

America was the first to use art to beautify its posters, which are in themselves an education. While riding in a crowded subway train the eye longingly seeks the relaxation denied to the body, and finds it in the advertisements, in which the fine arts and commercialism are drawn together. The combination should prove to be helpful to both. England was quick to grasp its importance and followed right in line. Recently a campaign was inaugurated there for the improvement of their posters in railways, to which the leading artists lent their assistance. What was started during the war as a matter of patriotism is now continued for a cause no less important to posterity—the awakening of æsthetic feelings in the masses. This is not so vastly different from the olden times, when art was enlisted to enhance the beauties of the Gospel and its teachings, and I hope I may not be guilty of profanation for so closely linking the two.

New York has advanced another step in promoting intimate collaboration between the arts and crafts, which, because of its excellency, will doubtless be followed all over this country as well as abroad. It is the founding of the Architectural League, an institution whose members are architects principally, but which includes also sculptors, painters and men prominent in the allied crafts. Their exhibitions compete with those of the National Academy and are perhaps more generally patronized. The variety of their exhibits permits of a rich display of form and color. Large architectural drawings and models are set off by precious tissues, the finest that home industry can produce. Skillfully wrought iron objects and statues in bronze are cleverly interspersed with exquisite glass, stained and molded into delicate shapes. Furniture fashioned in such perfection as to defy the criticism of the artist eye is arranged against a background of modern tapestries in harmonious colors and of infinite variety. There are also drawings, murals and cartoons from the hand of the best artists in the land.

There is an entire room reserved for the Prix de Rome students, who use every endeavor to make a feature of it. Recently the league extended its usefulness by inviting architects from other countries to join in making the exhibitions a more complete survey of the activities and progress in architecture during the year. Last year there was a splendid consignment from England, containing the work of some of the foremost men in the profession. Next year, according to an advance notice just sent out, there will be an architectural and allied arts exhibition at the Grand Central Palace, international in character.

The Worship of Beauty

These are important steps toward giving this country the coveted lead in art.

Today America is fertile soil for the delicate plant, art, to grow into a tree of importance. It may even become the renaissance of the twentieth century. Here is wealth, and quantities of it, which, although in itself it has nothing to do with art, can and does create the opportunities for the study and practice of it, such essential factors in its growth. Here are also many appreciative people, increasing in number each day, who return from the Old World where they have noted what an important part art plays in culture and civilization. Religion invokes its assistance in reaching that tenderness within us which prepares us to listen to our better selves, to that voice we all hear faintly, but which is too frequently drowned in the clamor of everyday life.

Here are the museums. Their rapid growth, due to the generosity of many high-minded collectors, makes me feel that the day is not far distant when they will be the shrine of art worshipers of the world. Visit the Metropolitan Museum on Sunday afternoons and be convinced that art and beauty will be the æsthetic gospel of the future, and the museum its place of worship. Its teachings can never be made a subject of controversy, because the facts are before our eyes, intelligible to the meanest understanding. But we must watch the high priests in whose charge we place the temple.

To many people music is nearer, more comprehensible. The constant increase in the number of classical concerts and in the size of the audiences testifies to the fact that they are more and more becoming an institution, ready to take hold of one's mind and exert that influence which makes us better beings. And music is that form of art which reaches the heart through the ear instead of through the eye.

In the past fifty years or so there were many deflections from the big straight road. The Old World, in its desire to revive interest in art, indulged in many forms which, under as many isms, found small groups of adherents chiefly because to many of them contradiction is a necessity. These deviations from the great movement are nothing more than little outlets, which will never alter the steady course of the majestic stream.

In 1915, just before returning to America, I visited an art gallery in New Bond Street, in London, which had been hitherto crowded because it showed the modern and the newest in art. To my surprise the rooms were nearly empty. Near the entrance I recognized a couple who had been noted for their interest in and support of the latest movements. I was curious to hear their comments, and was astonished when the lady said to her husband, after having looked at a few of the exhibits, "Let's go away; I can't stand it any longer."

Today we hear far too much about technic, surface and brushwork. It gives rise to the impression that these are the final aims in art. A cleverly brushed canvas stands an infinitely greater chance of being hung in an exhibition than one which expresses a thought, an emotion.

In music the reaction has come. Not so very long ago a pianist with nothing beyond a brilliant technic still had a fair chance of success. Today the reproducing piano, with its faultless and even rendering of a composition, has taught us to appreciate the artist who can offer us something besides mere pyrotechnics.

Americans' Gifts to America

Because a man is a good landscapist does not make him a good judge of figure subjects, and to be compelled to submit such canvases to a jury the majority of the members of which are landscape painters would seem to be unfair. Just as sculpture is passed upon by juries of sculptors, so should paintings be judged by two distinct types of juries.

The brilliance and ease of Sargent's brush have produced a host of imitators; I could name a dozen well-known artists who have suppressed their own individualities to cater to fashion and the fleeting humor of public taste. And while they might have succeeded superficially, closer inspection reveals that that genius is lacking which, combined with untiring industry, is shown by every stroke of the master hand. They would have served art better had they been true to themselves.

The institution abroad of the master-studio seems to me to be worthy of consideration. Most of the academies there invite the renowned artists to accept a few pupils who wish to round out their education under such guidance. The tuition is free; the academy provides studios and material and a variety of teachers, all of first rank. To teach under such conditions is an honor that few would decline.

But all these matters are insignificant in relation to the main issue. It is like pushing a train in motion to make it go still faster. And this country does move.

Looking back over the years, I experience the thrill of ascending a hill on a bright spring day and being caressed by the gentle zephyrs. In the distance we observe the sun rising from behind the mountains, slowly enveloping the country in its rays. Its warmth pervades us. We should like to embrace the universe. Hope and happiness, those essential factors so often dimmed in our everyday life, return with renewed force and vigor, and we feel better because we have again worshiped at Nature's shrine—Nature, the great friend, the great consoler.

By and by the American will draw away from the material side of life. Having acquired all his worldly needs, he will drift toward the spiritual environments. He feels the impulse of bettering himself, and instinctively he does this by contributing to the betterment of the world. Hence men like Rockefeller, Morgan, Frick, Huntington, Altman, Albright and others are milestones in America's existence. High-mindedness and generosity on such a scale have never before been known. There have been and there are rich people on the other side—rich indeed, but what they do for others is infinitesimal in comparison with what is done by Americans for America. The cause of the contrast is obvious and simple. Europe is old and lacks the superabundant confidence of youth, that impulse which is its mainspring and causes it to act without much premeditation. How otherwise would it have been possible that some philanthropists went so far in their generosity that they themselves suffer today? I wish I might glance into this world a hundred years hence and revel in the realization of a dream which I see as an apotheosis of our present life—"in vision beatific"!

Editor's Note—This is the sixth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Fuchs.

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KARNAK RUGS

Beauty — where pride demands it

THE JUDGMENT FROM PARIS

(Continued from Page 15)

"It's all trim now, miss," he said. "No clutter about. Regular shop. My missus used to paint. Plates and the like."

Lucy grinned. "Plates? I never dared try."

Andrew said that practice made perfect. Downstairs in the kitchen he wiped his brow. "Youse girls wants to keep out of that studio. I never seen such pictures. Bare men and women all about."

Each morning Lucy painted, absorbed, intense, happy. She was twenty, and untried; too young for apprehensions. She had plenty of paint, and all the canvas in the world.

Miss Springer was puzzled. Art was a mad mistress; her lovers came to unspeakable ends unless they were geniuses, which she hoped Lucy was not. However, the child could come to no harm these summer weeks, painting on the third floor of a respectable Brookline house. Whether she painted badly, or only madly, in the delirious modern way, Miss Springer could not tell.

"I'm no artist," she kept saying to herself. But certainly Lucy's études and figures and planes were unnerving. The servants must never see Caucasian Struggle or Angry Nubian. They would talk.

"Diversion is the thing," Mrs. Blarcom said when she called; "diversion." Lucy had motored to town to buy yellow ocher. "I'll have her to luncheon. Hubert and Ursy are back. Will you come?"

Miss Springer said she would. "Don't have a big party. Let her make a few friends slowly."

"Come Thursday then. The children will love her."

Lucy had never lived in an organized social world. Iris' friends had filled her with uncertainty. With the Montignys she had known students and teachers; her life had been carefully circumscribed. At Moret she had heard all sorts of talk, lunched, dined, picnicked with a changing crowd of artists, but had known few young people like herself.

At the Blarcoms', therefore, she was struck dumb by the presence of her equals. Aunt Rose was there, far down the long mahogany table, on the right of Mrs. Blarcom's married daughter. On Mrs. Blarcom's right sat Lucy, and next her a young man, indescribably superior and sure—the Blarcom boy. He was debonair but kind; he didn't bother her while Mrs. Blarcom, puffing and tireless, boomed into her ear. The noise was terrific. There were sixteen people of all ages; the girls pretty but shrill; the young men mannered but young; and the food marvelous. Lucy kept trying to eat, trying to talk, trying to break through to Mrs. Blarcom amid the war of voices.

A young man with bone glasses and stiff hair sat opposite, upon whom Ursula, at his left, was trying to make an impression. His eyes roved to Lucy over a hedge of snapdragons on the table; but hers were enmeshed by Mrs. Blarcom's, gleaming with the ruthless kindness of curiosity. Mrs. Blarcom wanted to know this child of Bohemia.

"Yes, I do paint," Lucy admitted meekly.

Mrs. Blarcom believed in self-expression. "Work away, my dear, work away," she shouted. "My Ursula last year took up weaving. I cannot tell you what it did for her. Ursula gives herself to life too generously." Ursula, this moment, was making her young man nervous. "She is prone to overdo. Work with the hands is a great tonic. Do you do portraits?" she shouted.

"Oh, no," sighed Lucy; "hardly yet."

"Well, you are young. Be happy with us, Lucy. If you become a great artist——"

Lucy shook her head emphatically. "I never shall."

"Why not?"

"I know. But I may be a good second-rater. I don't know yet." She made these short declarations breathlessly, against time. "If I'm rotten I shall stop—short."

She took some more creamed lobster. Mrs. Blarcom's motto was "Persevere." Lucy, deciding some bright morning that she was rotten, offended her conception of effort.

"Oh, my dear," she warned her, "you must not be precipitate."

"I shall find out," insisted Lucy. "Why express oneself if one has nothing to express?"

"One must function," said Mrs. Blarcom. "There are other channels."

"One can always marry," said Lucy soberly.

Mrs. Blarcom was diverted for the moment by the young man on her left, who had knocked a goblet on the floor.

"You reduce man to a rescue mission, then," said a weary voice in Lucy's ear. It was the Blarcom boy.

Lucy looked around, her little face poking up into his. "You were listening."

"Why not? Let me know when you knock off painting."

"Why?" she asked.

"Why not?" He shrugged. "You must marry soon."

"Oh," Lucy laughed, a shrill giggle. "You simplify my life."

"Why not?" he said, bending toward her. "You are like all women, fussing over your life work, and when it evaporates you marry and breed. You'll go the way of all flesh."

"How old are you?" asked Lucy.

"None of your business. How old are you?"

"Twenty. You must be twenty-five. At twenty-five men begin to despise females. They are itching to be husbands."

"The itch of matrimony! What a phrase! Nevertheless, you lie."

Mr. Blarcom loved to talk with Elizabethan gusto. He was just out of law school, but had secreted in his desk a novel about cynical people of twenty-seven, who had come through to a philosophy of despair. Beauty alone remained to Hubert Blarcom.

Lucy's eyes lit. "Why should I lie?"

"No woman talks to a man without lying."

Lucy was quickened; he was a foolish young man, like any other—a copy of the year's edition—but he was nice to her. As for Hubert, he liked her still face, her outrageously innocent lips. He was susceptible, despite his air of having suffered all. They made a go of it together.

Miss Springer, set down next to Jim Pope, had done her best to cheer the boy through the noisy meal. The girl on his other side found him hopeless; he ate a great deal, and looked cagily around at Miss Springer from beneath his lowering eyebrows. Was he going back to Harvard next fall, she asked?

"No, thank God!" He was through with that. It was Paris or die.

A needle of excitement pricked Miss Springer. Another artist! How perfectly extraordinary!

Looking down the table she saw Hubert Blarcom gazing at Lucy.

Miss Springer held Hubert selfish and too modern. However, if Hubert put the stamp of his approval on Lucy the pack would pursue her.

Jim Pope had met Lucy before luncheon.

"Awfully young, isn't she?" he said.

"Twenty."

"Gosh, I'm twenty-two." He relapsed into silence.

He was a big boy, thickset, square shouldered, with a magnificent head. His forehead protruded over his grayish eyes, and his unruly hair streaked down in an untidy bang. He didn't look like any other boy at the table; he didn't fit into any boy category; he was difficult and unruly. Yet Miss Springer liked him better than Hubert, as she liked his mother better than she did Mrs. Blarcom.

"You must come and see us, Jim," she said as they rose.

"I'm going up into New Hampshire next week. I'll come before I sail."

Miss Springer was disappointed when she saw him say good-by to Mrs. Blarcom and vanish with a quick bow to Lucy.

Late that afternoon Miss Springer asked Lucy what she thought of Jim Pope, but Lucy didn't remember him.

"He's an artist—he wants to be anyway. He might interest you."

"Really?" Lucy raised her brows. "But then, he wouldn't like me. Men never like women who do what they want to do."

The maid summoned her to the telephone. It was Mr. Blarcom asking for Miss Lucy Springer. Lucy went, and came back eagerly.

"He wants to take me over to play mahjongg. It isn't a party."

Miss Springer said she could go. She would be foolish not to.

"Be sure," said her aunt, "to be home by 11:30."

"Why, certainly," said Lucy.

And to Mr. Blarcom's amazement, Lucy was. He had never known such a girl.

During the next few weeks Mr. Blarcom forsook the Duffield girl completely to drape his legs over the railing of Miss Springer's piazza. His roadster was a fixture each afternoon—Lucy painted all morning—beneath the porte-cochère when Andrew came around at four to take Miss Springer calling. That woman, who knew Hubert's romantic history, was at a loss to discover Lucy's charm for him. She had none of the tricks of obvious belledom. Her face was arresting, yet her tongue was not so witty as it was wise; and she was a grave little thing.

The long July days slipped by, each one, as it went irrevocably, more brilliant than the last; Miss Springer saw the last of her roses, and moaned as the sweet peas parched under the midsummer sun. Day by day she saw Lucy merge into the American scene; it was no shock now to hear her high Irishlike giggle on the porch, to see her white-clad figure strolling in the garden with Hubert Blarcom. She was a good listener, walking beside him, her hands clasped in front of her.

"Doesn't he exhaust you?" Miss Springer asked one afternoon after Hubert had gone. In September he would go into a law office.

"No," said Lucy. "He lectures well. He knows pictures too. If I showed my things to anyone I would show them to him. But I shan't."

"He is only twenty-six," said her aunt.

Lucy grinned. "To himself he is a hundred. When he goes to work he will improve."

Miss Springer snipped off her crochet thread. "He is here constantly, Lucy. If I did not know his past I should worry."

"Worry? Why?"

"You don't want him to fall in love with you?"

Lucy contemplated her. "Why not? It is a risk one runs. But he won't. I do not want to fall in love." She was decisive.

"Never?"

The girl shrugged. "Never."

Miss Springer sensed that Lucy was thinking of Iris—the cheap priestess of flirtation.

"Oh, come, Lucy," she said. "That's all rot, and you know it."

Lucy shook her head.

"Artist or no artist, Lucy," the spinster continued, "you'll fall in love some day. You're like your father. He was a great lover—always smashing his heart."

Lucy looked interested. "Really? I'm different."

"Oh, come," said Miss Springer again; "one doesn't freeze over until one's fifty. I know."

Lucy giggled. "Aunt Rose, you're a dear," she said.

It was settled, within the next week, that Lucy should go with the Blarcoms for a fortnight to their camp in the Maine woods. Miss Springer was invited, too, but she recoiled.

"My bones are too old to make a Girl Scout," she said. "Take Lucy, and I'll go down to Alice Pope. When Lucy gets through with you she can come down there."

"Poor Alice," sighed Mrs. Blarcom. "That boy gives her trouble."

"He's all right," said Miss Springer defensively. "He wants something for himself which the Ameses and the Popes consider outlandish."

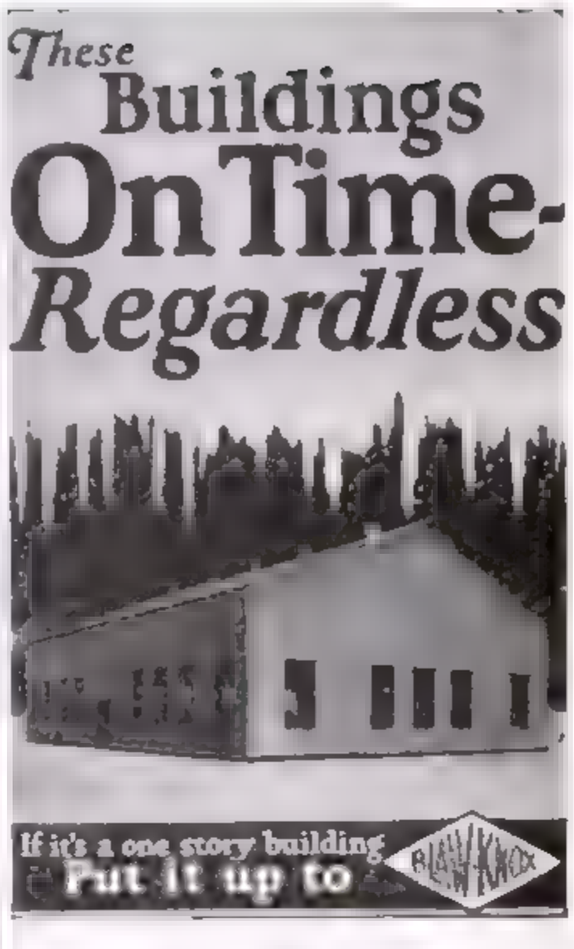
Mrs. Blarcom sniffed. "He never went to his classes at college, and he's supposed to be brilliant."

"Perhaps one proves the other," said Miss Springer. "Don't let Lucy drown. This is her first all-American house party."

Mrs. Blarcom was rhapsodic about Lucy's return to her country, the great woods and the singing rivers.

"Nonsense, Grace," said Miss Springer. "She's seen plenty of forests. Don't let her overdo."

Years ago Miss Springer had been to the Blarcom camp, and "Never again" was her motto. A spinster, she shrank from the noisy turmoil of family life, and she hated Grace Blarcom's sentimentality about her brood. The camp itself was luxurious; but Mrs. Blarcom injected into the whole venture the note of a return to Nature. Miss Springer remembered the early morning



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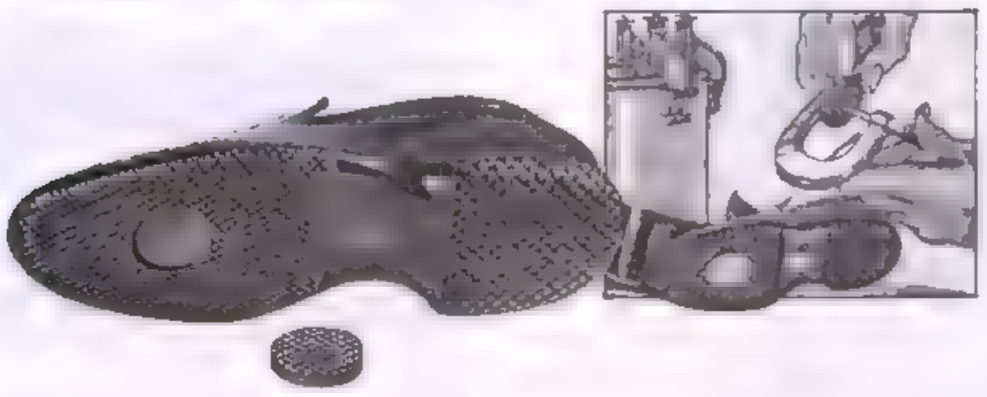

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ALL STYLES AND SIZES FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

plunges, the breakfasts at 7:30, the breathless hikes, and shuddered. Lucy was young; she had endurance.

They motored up, the family in the big car. Ursula went with the Simmons boys and Mary Abbott, her friend, in the Simmons boys' car, and Lucy shot off with Hubert.

Hubert proved his manhood by speeding, and Lucy, all set to study color values, shut her dazzled eyes against the passing rush of beauty. Hubert, in the driver's seat, became monosyllabic and masterful.

"Cold?" he shouted, or "Warm?" or "Splendid" or "Right"—his gray eyes forsaking the road to look into hers.

Hubert was growing romantic; but Lucy felt safely aloof from him. She gave herself to the pageant of sky and cloud and meadow, through which Hubert's car tore at forty miles an hour.

It was seven when they pulled up at Trailsend, where Mrs. Blarcom, who with baffling efficiency had arrived an hour earlier, stood gazing at the sunset.

"You'll love it, Lucy," she said, while Hubert took the car around. "Look at that delicious mauve. When I first saw you I pictured you against those birches. There is a dryad in you, Lucy."

Lucy, who never knew what to say to her, dumbly followed Mrs. Blarcom into the living room, where, Mrs. Blarcom said, for years they had had such happy times. It was a long comfortable room, filled with trophies, divans, wicker chairs and cretonne. Mrs. Blarcom showed her the photographs of everyone at all ages. She showed her the views from the sun porch, the dining-room window, the balcony, and from Lucy's own room. Each view was different, each was superb.

With the door shut on Mrs. Blarcom, Lucy sank down on her bed. The woman was boring, Hubert was disquieting, but Lucy was happy. She could see the lake, all blues and violets in the setting sun. Along the shores the birches ranged themselves like white-frocked girls against a curtain of green. The world was silent; and Lucy was content. She was alone in the world except for Aunt Rose; she had a studio, and she was about to don a new dinner frock. What did Mrs. Blarcom matter, or Hubert's waxing romanticism?

Dinner that night was a riotous affair. Ursula and the Abbott girl and the Simmons boys were hysterical with excitement. Ursula's idea of a party was a room filled with people trying to be heard. Hubert, in gray flannels, sat across the table, eating heavily and looking moodily at Lucy. Hubert was sickened by the juvenile fracas; he thought of the cool lake, the violet sky melting into black, the lap of the tiny waves.

As they went into the living room he grabbed Lucy's arm. "Let's beat it for the boathouse. There's only one canoe that's any good."

Lucy snapped away her arm, but she nodded. The lake was the place on a night like this.

There was a terrific uproar on the wharf when Ursula and her friends discovered the absence of the best canoe.

"That's why they beat it—the dirty crabs!" said Ursula, garbed for the big woods in a Spanish shawl.

"He's sunk—old Hub," said one of the Simmonses.

"He'll only be young once. Let's leave him the lake," said the Abbott girl. They went indoors to dance.

Hubert was glad to have the lake. In the falling darkness he paddled to its center. Lucy, still and motionless, faced him in the bow. She sat wrapped in a dark coat, and as the night came on, everything but her white face sank into the darkness.

"It's lovely, Hubert," she murmured. "I never saw country like this."

"There's no moon until ten," he said.

"I like it black," said Lucy. "One feels lost."

"Lost? You don't like that, do you?" Hubert stopped paddling. He could talk knowingly about the stage, and the Puritan complex, and what not, but for woman he had but one formula—the ego invasion. "Get them to talk about themselves," he said, "and they are yours." Having tried this weapon successfully on debutantes and flappers, he turned it to vanquish Lucy.

"Lost? We all are. You are, Hubert, fumbling about, wondering whether to be a lawyer or a writer."

Hubert had a sickening sense of inferiority before her discernment.

"Don't you wonder about yourself, Lucy?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she groaned. "But I've time to decide. I shall paint on for three years, and then give it up—or go on."

"You'll marry."

"No."

"Yes, you will."

"No," bluntly.

Hubert had a man's contempt for a woman's effort in any field he himself might invade. "Some man is going to knock the brush out of your hand. Besides ——" he hesitated.

"Besides what?"

"Oh, nothing." Anyone could see she wasn't a genius. He never would want to kiss a genius, and he wanted awfully to kiss her. "Oh, never mind what."

"Oh, I know what you want to say, Hubert," she said scornfully. "You think I'm foolish. But what you think doesn't matter. I must find out for myself."

"Oh, rot."

"Why?"

"It's abnormal," said Hubert. "For a girl."

Lucy's mocking giggle pierced the night "You old-fashioned thing," she said. "Look, there's the moon coming. Let me paddle."

She turned around, and they shot into the path of moonlight. They barely spoke until they were on the shadowy wharf.

"Lucy," said Hubert, bending over her, "let me kiss you."

"Never," said Lucy. "At least not for several years."

He took her arm, crossly, and walked her home. "Lucy," he said, "you've certainly given me something to strive for."

Mrs. Blarcom, in her bed, heard Lucy's giggle. She must speak to the young people about being a little more quiet at night.

This episode with Lucy opened a series of romantic advances, which Lucy received with irritating calm. She was willing to go everywhere with Hubert, to swim with him, to climb Mount Tookewoogie, to dance in his arms all evening, but she did not want to consider him as a man.

"Hubert," she would say, "please let me alone." Or, "Can't we be friends?" Or, "Hubert, if I make you too unhappy I'll go home." Then for a couple of hours Hubert would be perfectly Platonic. He would help her over rocks, teach her the crawl, and hear her views on the Dadas. But inescapably Lucy found herself alone with Hubert in some unbearably beautiful place, and would sense Hubert bearing around to preoccupation with herself.

She was finding it a strain. For the first time she observed a man falling in love with her. She was not like other girls, because she didn't like it. Mrs. Blarcom evidently wanted her to marry Hubert; she sent them on walks, consigned them to the moonlight.

On the afternoon of the fifth day they started to climb Indian Hill, a local peak. Mrs. Blarcom was sending them a picnic supper by motor, which they were to pick up later when they came down from their climb. Hubert and Lucy left last, the others skylarking ahead. Lucy wanted to stay home; the heat of the afternoon made her listless, but Mrs. Blarcom was invincible. Her young people must be continually doing something uncomfortable.

Lucy and Hubert, who was sulky, followed a country road for a mile before they came to the path which led through the woods to the trail. It was a relief to turn from the dusty road into the woods. Lucy forgot Hubert for the dusky shadows beneath the great pine trees, the rustlings of the young growth, the soughings of the boughs above her.

As they began to climb, the path forked. One led up; the other followed the slope of the hill to the left, where the tree tops were thinner, and there was a glimpse of a clearing.

Lucy stopped. "I want to go that way."

"That's not the path," said Hubert with finality.

"I know. But I want the view."

"But you'll get plenty of view up above."

Lucy was weary of being managed. Hubert was weary of being a cat's-paw. "You'll delay the whole party," he said crossly.

Lucy shrugged. "Well, I'm going." She started off, and he followed after her, arguing. She turned and stamped her foot. "Don't go with me. Can't you see I wish to be alone?" She glared at him.

"Well, go," said Hubert. "And stay as long as you like."

(Continued on Page 46)

A MAN IS KNOWN BY THE CAR HE KEEPS

In the old days men were rated by the homes in which they lived

and few but their friends saw them.

Today, men are rated by the cars they drive

and everybody sees them—

for the car is mobile and the home is not.

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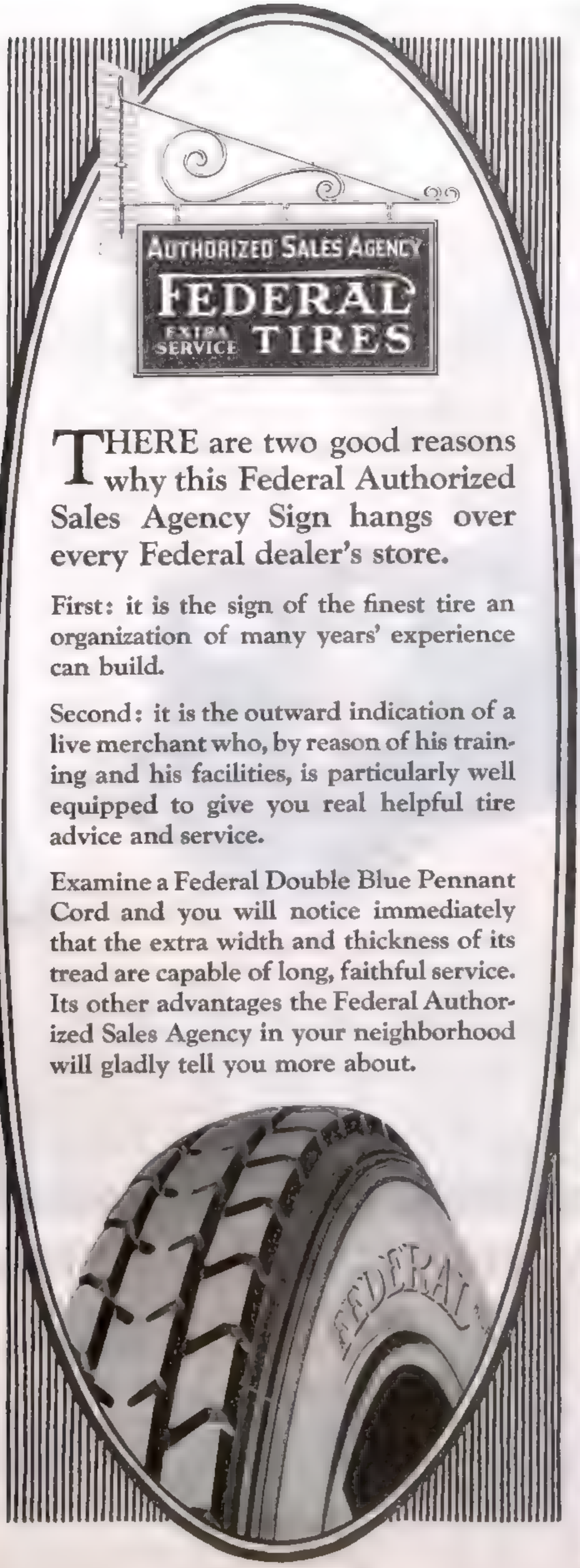
ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE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FEDERAL

(Continued from Page 44)

He was furious. He hoped she'd get lost. Yet hardly was she out of sight before he sat down on a tree trunk to wait for her.

Lucy trembled with anger. Why couldn't she do as she liked? Then because Hubert was really unimportant to her, he faded from her mind.

The clearing where the woods ended and the high meadows began was farther than she thought; it was twenty minutes before she came out into a field, untidy with lumber cuttings. She climbed a fence and walked along a close-cropped, stony pasture. Behind her were the woods, below her dropped pastures and rolling meadows, to the left lay the lake, and over to the right open country. Patched with colors, the world shimmered in the hot sun. Its expanse was a delight after the tree-confined lake, its silence a balm after the insistencies of the Blarcoms. Lucy threw herself on the grass and lay looking at the countryside.

Perhaps she had been there five minutes when her scattered thoughts were banished by a sharp sensation. Something had moved within her vision above and beyond her to the right. She sat up and looked about her. Not fifty feet away stood a young man, sun browned and shaggy haired, looking at her. He carried an easel and a canvas bag.

"Is this your field?" he asked.

"No," said Lucy.

He didn't speak, but started to set up his easel, across which he spread a square of canvas. Solemnly and vigorously he began to paint. He was big, and he had the fierce concentration of youth. Lucy, watching him, was jealous. Now she hated the Blarcoms and their shallow intensities; she wished she had a piece of canvas and her paint. She had an inexplicable desire to let this boy know that he was not the only artist in the world.

"Do you mind if I come to look?" she called out boldly.

Half turning, he glowered at her. He thought her one of those girl campers. But she was white skinned and gentle looking, and peculiarly familiar.

"You can look," he said curtly, "if you don't talk."

She smiled and went over to him. "Don't be a bear. I paint myself."

The young man grunted. He knew all about girl painters with their Lakes at Evening and Birches in April. "Look all you want," he said.

As he worked—and he daubed with the careless ease of a happy craftsman—Lucy stood behind him, a little awestruck. On the canvas, he was making, with bold deftness, the type of picture she had learned to despise in Paris. This boy had much to learn, but he had his own instinctive feeling for ordered beauty. Beside his colors and his contours, the strange shapes and forms she had been dabbling with in Aunt Rose's sewing room seemed unhealthy and unimportant. This confident sureness made her uncertain.

"You're pretty good, aren't you?" she said. "Why don't you go abroad?"

"I'm going in September," he snapped. But he looked at her. Her voice, her black hair, were familiar. "Say, what's your name?"

She told him. "I'm staying at the Blarcoms' down at the lake."

He whistled. "So that's it. I knew I knew you. I've met you."

She was excited. But he was dumbly obstinate. "No, I'm not going to tell you who I am. If I do that Mrs. Blarcom will be after me. Don't you tell her that you saw me. Didn't you live in Paris once?"

For twenty minutes, perhaps, he painted and talked, and she talked and watched. He was contemptuous of a great many of her axioms, he was ignorant of many of her assumptions. But he was a good talker, and he liked an audience. As he forgot that she was a girl his talk improved. Lucy was small and gentle, but coolly persistent. Yet she liked him. He had the forceful conceit of genius.

"You're too young to be so sure," she said to him.

Jim Pope, for it was he, looked at her with interest. "You're awfully darn sure of yourself, aren't you?"

"I've got to go," said Lucy.

"Say, why don't you come back here tomorrow and let me paint your face?" he said. "You've got wonderful skin."

Lucy flushed and rose. "I'm not a model," she said. "Besides, I can't get away. Hubert's waiting for me now somewhere in the woods."

"That cake-eater! Let him wait," he said. But she was off.

He walked with her across the field and gave her a hand across the fence. As she turned behind the pile of lumber she looked back, but he was nowhere in sight. She was disappointed. However, Boston was a small place, where almost everyone was related. She was pretty sure to meet him again.

About a mile along the path, halfway up the mountainside, she found Hubert asleep. She prodded him with her foot, and as he awoke he kicked her back. She laughed at him.

"You think life very amusing, don't you?" he said coldly.

All the evening he treated her distantly, coolly, with hauteur. But Ursula had quarreled with the younger Simmons boy, who consoled himself with Lucy. He was an awfully silly boy, so that Lucy did not have a dull evening.

The next day, before luncheon, Lucy wandered out on the wharf. She had been swimming, and her body glowed pleasurably; she wore a fresh frock. Hubert, seeing her from his bedroom window, ached to bridge the gap between them. All morning he had been miserable.

He followed her. She was nowhere in sight, but as he turned round the corner of the boathouse he saw her standing on the edge, silhouetted against the brilliant lake.

"Lucy," he called.

She turned and smiled benignly. "Hello, there," she said. She was in a mood to sign a peace treaty. "I'm frightfully hungry."

Hubert had heard more unromantic overtures, but the mere sight of her there alone, hid from the house, with only himself between her and dry land, was too much for him.

He seized her in his arms. "Lucy, I'm mad about you!" he cried.

Her only reaction was muscular. With a desperate shove she pushed away, and he became angry. She was perilously near the edge of the wharf, and as he lunged for her again she dodged, pushed him, and Hubert, tripping over one of her buckskin shoes, tumbled, slipped, and plunged down into the water eight feet below.

Lucy shrieked. She forgot that Hubert could swim; she knew only that she had begun a possible manslaughter case.

"Hubert!" she shrieked. "Oh, Hubert!"

But Hubert, drenched and wretched, his fresh flannels clinging to him, was climbing upon the float, humiliated and mad.

"You might have killed me," he shouted.

He was through with Lucy. She was a hard egg.

"Oh, Hubert," she said. "It was your own fault."

"Will you shut up?" he said, wringing out his trouser ends.

She followed him up to the house, where his mother, with unholy luck, met him as he was slipping along the veranda. And it seemed to Lucy that Mrs. Blarcom suspected her of designs upon her darling son.

"Change quickly, Hubert, dear," Mrs. Blarcom cried. "Ursula, your father's flask. And a cup of hot soup, Hilda."

All the servants were soon rushing around to save Hubert's life. Lucy grew uncomfortable.

"I must get away," she thought. "It isn't as if I encouraged the fool."

It was a little after three, therefore, when she sneaked out to the path that led to Indian Hill. Mrs. Blarcom had grown chilly to her. Sooner or later the scion of the house would insinuate that she had tried to murder him; exit was her only road to peace. She could not ask the servants, nor could she trust the Simmons boys, who were Ursula's minions. There was only her artist. He could not refuse to send a telegram for her.

He was painting away in the field when she climbed the fence. She was near him before he saw her.

"Three cheers," he said. "Sit right down."

"Yes, but not for that. Will you send a telegram for me, from the village?"

She told him the whole story. He roared when he heard about Hubert's watery grave. "You must be awfully strong."

"No, he slipped," she explained. "Anyway, I want to go home. This is the telegram, and here's a dollar. If there's any change give it to the poor."

He grinned again. "Sit down, and let me paint your nose."

But Lucy shook her head. "Oh, no," she said. "I've got to go back. They'll miss me."

Continued on Page 48

DODGE BROTHERS
SPECIAL
BUSINESS COUPE

A family vehicle in the best sense of the word.

Economical to own, easy to drive, comfortable to ride in and smartly equipped with many attractive special features.

$1095 f. o. b. Detroit—Five Balloon Tires

DODGE BROTHERS DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
WALKERVILLE ONTARIO

For Men

Who seek a change in diet

—PUFFED GRAINS, crisp and toasty, *with the richness of nutmeats!*

VARIETY—that's the secret of pleasing a vagrant appetite. Change from the usual breakfast, to a food so different, so delicious that no one can resist it.

Tomorrow—serve Quaker Puffed Rice; the daintiest, the most alluring of all cereal foods. Flavory grains steam exploded to eight times their normal size, gay as the morning, delicious beyond compare.

You serve with cream or milk, or in bowls of half and half. Then too with fresh or cooked fruit.

You give it to the children as a breakfast adventure, a supper delight; as a between-meal tidbit to take the place of sweets. There are scores of ways, each way a new delight. Today, order Quaker Puffed Rice of your grocer.

Puffed Wheat, Too

Quaker Puffed Wheat is another cereal delight—grains of wheat exploded like the rice. Most mothers get a package each of the wheat and the rice. And thus supply variety.

(Continued from Page 46)

He took her to the fence, helped her over, and this time, as she disappeared around the lumber she looked back, and he was standing there. He waved, and she, blushing, waved back. She was pretty sure now she would see him again.

The artist, who was a good boy, got down to the village to send the telegram before the office closed for the day. As he spread it out to read it to the operator he stood gaping at it. The telegram read:

"Miss Rose Springer, Care of Mrs. Preston Pope, The Gateways, Manchester, Mass. Heaven's sake send wire needing me acutely at once. Horrible predicament. Must leave. Love. Lucy."

So that's where she was going. He paid for the telegram and went out of the office, impressed, as young people are, by the strange antics of chance.

Lucy, summoned by a masterful wire from her Aunt Rose, escaped from the Blarcoms the next morning on the noon train. Hubert had refused to get out of bed, and she knew he was waiting for her to leave the camp. His mother wore a worried face, and said to Lucy that Hubert suffered because he was highly strung.

Lucy simulated concern.

"Hubert's really strong," she said. "I can't imagine why he should feel so badly."

Ursula and her friends put her on the train. "Well," she thought, "it's all over." Mrs. Blarcom would insinuate to Aunt Rose that Lucy, after all Mrs. Blarcom's kindness, had shown no feeling when Hubert almost drowned. She would never be asked to the Blarcoms' again. They regarded her as dangerous.

What should she do with herself? There remained the boy artist. He, too, was an instrument of pain. She remembered his picture—its incoherent strength on the first day, its dawning beauty on the second. He would be an artist, saner and more competent than she. Formerly she had rushed to the canvas with the unhesitant ardor of the neophyte; now indecision had entered into her, and she questioned her genius.

Feeling perfectly miserable, she bought a box of chocolate peppermints and considered the futility of her life.

The train meandered down through Maine, lingered at Portland, crawled across New Hampshire, and it was past nine o'clock when she got off at Salem, where Mrs. Pope's chauffeur met her.

At Gateways, Aunt Rose was waiting for her, and there was a supper on a little table in the library. But Lucy found herself suddenly crying and talking in her aunt's arms, and nothing she ever did made her aunt so happy.

For two or three days Aunt Rose watched Lucy furtively. The girl was depressed. After all, the Hubert Blarcom incident was comic, and a commonplace in any pretty girl's life. Even Lucy admitted that. Something else worried her. She moved about the house and the gardens, pleased with the color and the luxury about her; she was attentive to Alice Pope, who was immensely taken with her and gave her some seed-pearl bangles and earrings. But she was listless. Miss Rose longed to send her to another house party, to give her a ball.

"Lucy," she said one morning as they sat in the garden, "why don't you start painting?" What a fool she had been not to suggest it before!

But Lucy frowned. "Oh, no, I don't want to paint. I'll never be any good."

Aunt Rose protested, coaxed, flattered. But Lucy shook her head obstinately.

"No, please don't urge me," she said flatly.

Miss Springer was crocheting number nine in a set of twelve doilies for a newly married cousin. She bent over an infinitesimal stitch, wondering what the tangle was in Lucy's life.

"I wish," she hazarded, "that Jim Pope would come home. You need some young people."

"Oh, no," said Lucy. "I'm perfectly happy here with you. I am, really. I like Mrs. Pope."

"Yes, but you need someone your own age. And Jim should be home. He's sailing in three weeks. He should come home to see his mother."

"Sailing? Where's he going?"

"To Paris to paint. Don't you remember he met you at Mrs. Blarcom's luncheon. He's up in Maine, wandering around with his paints. That's why I came here. Alice was lonely."

Lucy stared at her, dazzled by the possibility she suddenly perceived. She shook her hat off to gain time, and held it over her hands, lest they should give her away.

"Is he in Maine now?" she said.

"He was last week. But heaven knows where he is now. He wrote his mother before you came home that he had to go to Halifax. Such a place to go."

Lucy agreed mentally. "Do you like him, Aunt Rose?"

"Yes. He's the way his mother was meant to be, but she never had the nerve. She married a man she didn't love when she lost the one she wanted. She needn't have lost him."

"Oh," said Lucy, "how sad!"

She walked across the grass to a clump of phlox to hide her excitement. It was dull here alone; beyond the garden lay a tennis court, hot and brilliant in the sun; a path wove through the trees to the cool blue water. Here were playing fields; here was she without a fellow player. She turned back to her aunt, quickened with expectancy. There was a sporting chance he might come.

Four days later Mrs. Pope and Miss Springer were on the terrace having tea and eating cakes when a taxi crashed up the driveway and made the usual horrid noise. Mrs. Pope hated taxis; they tore up her driveway.

She heard the doors bang open and shut, and the noise of feet. Then a voice. She jumped up.

"It's Jim!" Her face registered mystification. Never before had she known him to change his mind. He came through the screen door and enfolded his mother in a hug.

To Miss Springer there was something heartbreaking about Alice's joy. Why should a grown woman be at the mercy of this half-formed cub?

Miss Springer plied him with cake and tea, while his mother plied him with questions. Where had he been, what had he painted, why had he changed his mind? He ate largely and answered vaguely. He was sick of the big outdoors and had come home to get a bath.

"My niece is here," said Miss Springer. "You remember her?"

He nodded. "You bet. Where is she now?" He looked around, as if she might be hiding in a flower box.

"At a tea. She'll be back soon."

"You must amuse her, Jim," said his mother. "You'll have lots in common. She's an artist too."

Jim ate cake stolidly. He didn't care about her art. "She's an orphan, isn't she?" he asked Miss Springer.

She was. He went on eating cake. Thank heaven, she had only this aunt, who liked him.

"Well, I'll run along and dress," he said. "Perhaps I'll have a swim."

His mother said his room was ready.

As he crossed the hall Lucy drove up in the limousine. As she stepped out he ran down the steps, a little cleaner than when she last saw him, wearing a coat, but surly and determined as ever. Her heart leaped within her.

"We seem to choose the same fields," he said.

She put her hand in his for an instant, and walked beside him up the steps.

"You look sweet," he said. "Where'd you get that dress?"

She smiled at him delightedly; he stopped and surveyed her, as a man might survey a new flower risen in his garden.

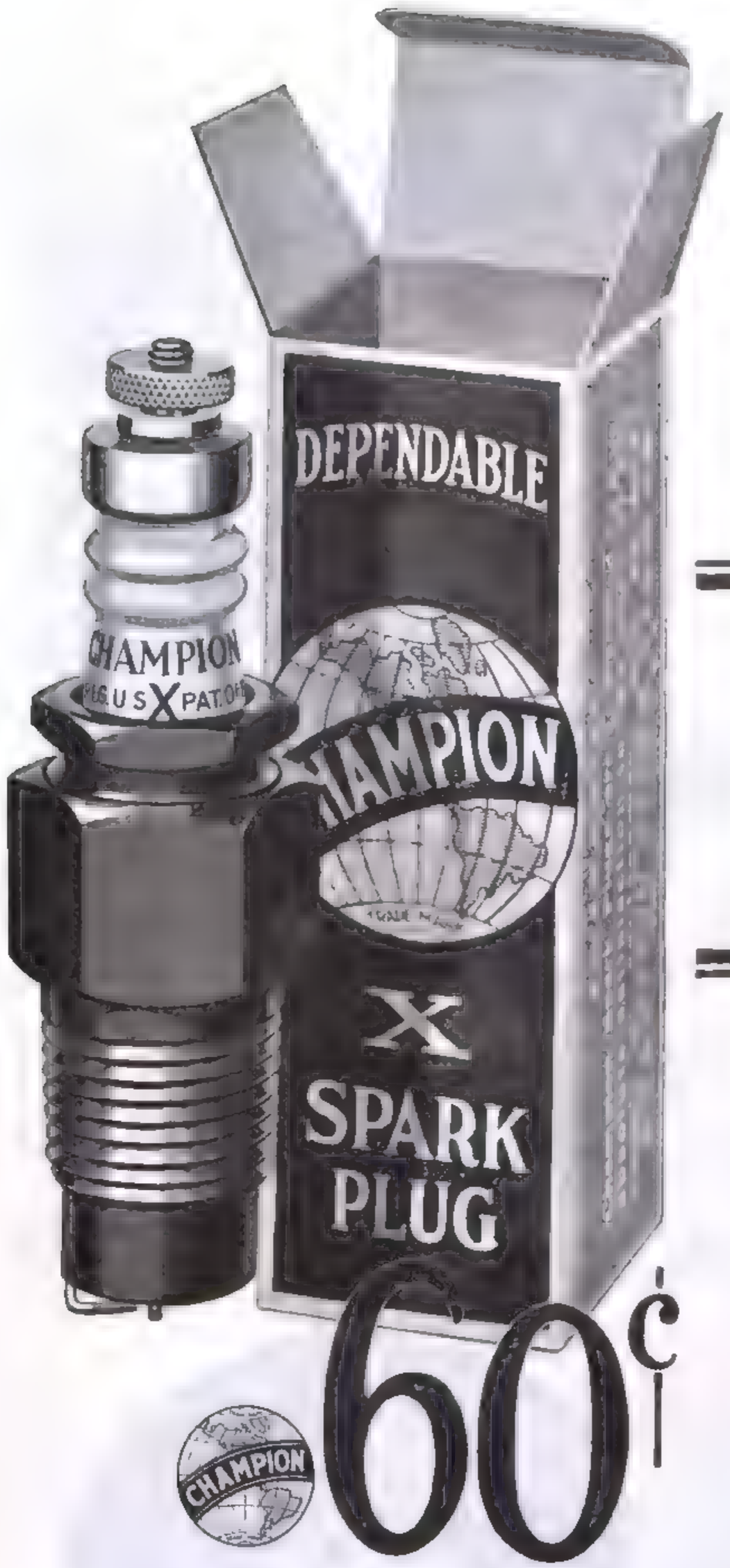
"Let's go for a swim," he said abruptly.

"I'd love it," said Lucy.

Miss Springer, in the library with Mrs. Pope, saw them crossing the garden together in their swimming suits.

"Look, Alice," she said. "Look, they're off."

Alice looked. As they disappeared into the grove she saw her son take Lucy's hand. Inexplicably—for it would be an excellent match—she burst into tears. And for the second time in her life Miss Springer closed the doors and windows.



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For more than 13 years Champion spark plugs have been standard equipment on Ford Cars and Trucks. Over and over again, owners all over the world buy Champion X for Ford Cars, and Trucks, and Fordson Tractors, as a matter of course.

The reason why the Ford factory and Ford owners prefer Champion spark plugs is that Champion is better.

No engineers test more carefully or to a higher standard than Ford engineers. In no business are the requirements laid upon sources of supply more rigid.

Champion X has the same double-ribbed sillimanite core, special electrodes and two-piece construction that have made Champion spark plugs the regular equipment of Lincoln, Packard, Pierce-Arrow, Peerless, Rolls-Royce and other fine cars.

Nothing does quite so much to bring the efficient Ford engine back to its original satisfactory performance as a new set of Champion X spark plugs at least once a year. They increase power and pick-up, easy starting and economy, and quickly pay for themselves.

New World's Record

Champions are given great credit by Bennett Hill in aiding him to establish a new world's record of 126.9 miles per hour at Culver City, California, on December 14.

Champion X for Fords is 60 cents. Blue Box for all other cars, 75 cents. (Canadian prices 80 and 90 cents.) More than 95,000 dealers sell Champions. You will know the genuine by the double-ribbed sillimanite core.

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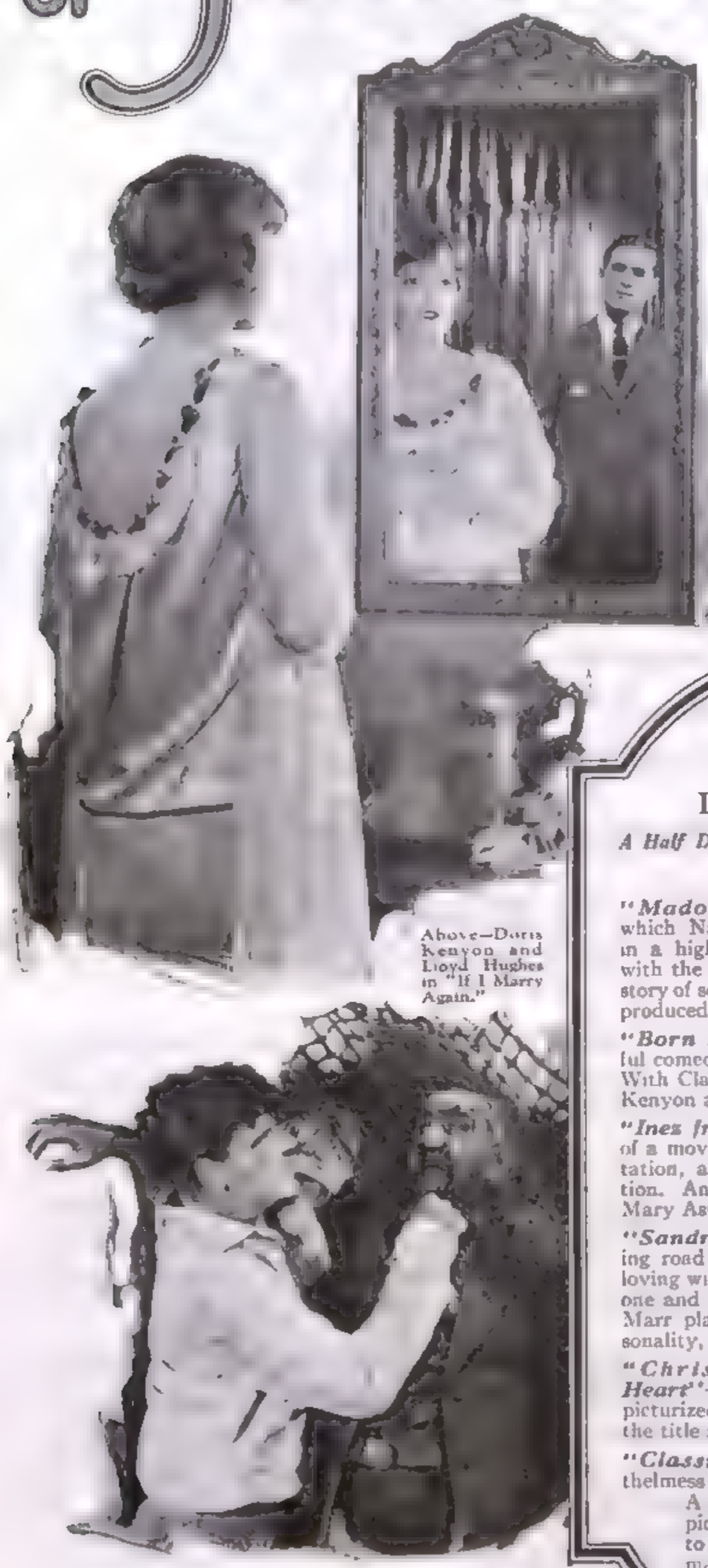
News of First National Pictures



Above—Doris Kenyon and Lloyd Hughes in "If I Marry Again."

"If I Marry Again"

YOU'LL like this picture, I think, if you're interested—and who isn't?—in that mysterious but delightful complexity—a woman's heart, and the way it is best made happy. The scene moves from smart San Francisco society to a rain-drenched fever stricken tropical isle, where a girl's soul is tested and a man learns the secret of winning and holding love

Five screen favorites are in the cast—Doris Kenyon, Anna Q. Nilsson, Lloyd Hughes, Myrtle Stedman, Hobart Bosworth and Frank Mayo. John Francis Dillon directed.

What's What In Entertainment

A Half Dozen Pictures to Suit Every Taste

"Madonna of the Streets"—In which Nazimova returns to the screen in a highly emotional role, co-starring with the inimitable Milton Sills. It is a story of society and London's Limehouse, produced by Edwin Carewe.

"Born Rich"—One of those delightful comedy dramas of the ultra-wealthy. With Claire Windsor, Bert Lytell, Doris Kenyon and Cullen Landis.

"Ines from Hollywood"—The story of a movie actress with a vampire reputation, and a love-in-a-cottage inclination. Anna Q. Nilsson, Lewis Stone and Mary Astor head the cast.

"Sandra"—Sandra followed the winding road of adventure; Rusty was the loving wife and helpmate—but they were one and the same woman. Barbara La Marr plays this character of dual personality, and Bert Lytell is co-starred.

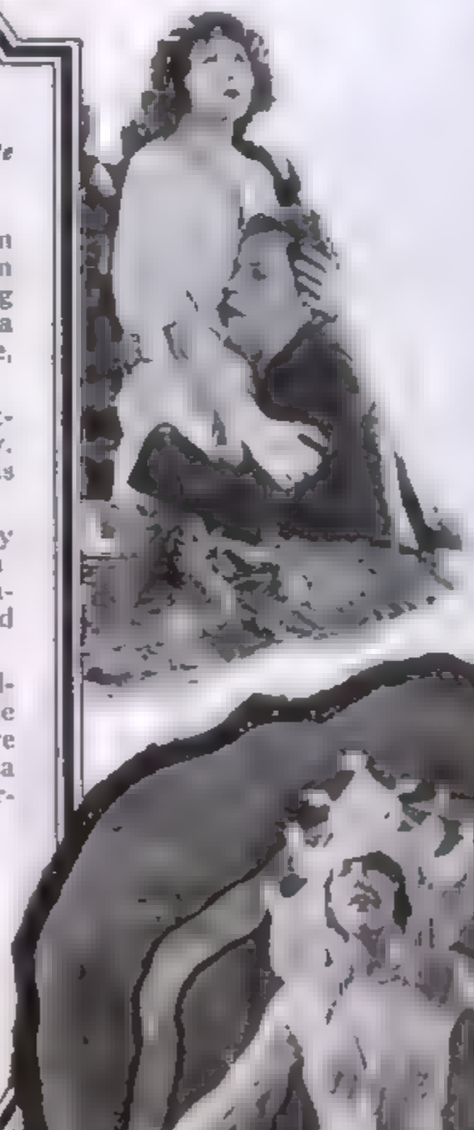
"Christine of the Hungry Heart"—Kathleen Norris's novel picturized with Florence Vidor in the title role.

"Classmates"—Richard Barthelmess in a West Point story. A charming love story in a picturesque setting, moving to a powerful dramatic climax.

"Frivolous Sal"

J. K. McDONALD is one of those movie producers who can make a picture to please the whole family—from grandma down There's romance in "Frivolous Sal," and thrills that come near to being the greatest ever filmed. Young Ben Alexander adds tremendously to the human appeal of the picture.

On the left are Mae Busch and Eugene O'Brien who play two of the leading roles. Mildred Harris, Mitchell Lewis and Tom Santschi are other principals. And—we almost forgot—some of America's most beautiful mountain scenery is the background of the drama.



"As Man Desires"

MILTON SILLS has fought his way to the top in the movie world. The above is a scene from "As Man Desires," and anyone who saw Sills in "The Sea Hawk" can imagine with what intense realism it is enacted.

The action of "As Man Desires" is laid in a South Sea isle where a wandering ship captain with a past to forget meets a vivacious little native girl with dreams of the future. Viola Dana has this role, and others in the cast are Ruth Clifford and Rosemary Theby. The story is from Gene Wright's novel, "Pandora La Croix," and Irving Cummings directed.

"A Thief in Paradise"

SITTING in solemn judgment, a group of theatremen recently declared that George Fitzmaurice's "A Thief in Paradise," produced by Samuel Goldwyn, is the perfect type of screen entertainment for America. And these men stake fortunes and reputation on their ability to guess what you and I like to see in the movies.

"A Thief in Paradise" is really a picture one does not soon forget. It is dramatic, well acted, lavishly produced. Doris Kenyon, Ronald Colman and Aileen Pringle—the pearl bedecked charmer on the right—head the cast. Frances Marion adapted the story from Leonard Merrick's "The Worldlings."

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

Hoboken, who was extremely fond of stewed prunes, which he had sent to him by the crate by special courier every morning from the estate of the Hetman of Mesopotamia, Ghengiz Khan (the Second, not the First) who had married Emma, Duchess of Killemkwik, after the death of her husband (that silly Georges Wrottenwayze, whose shop in the Rue Camphenol was owned by Rachel, the actress who made such a stir when she played in Peter Pan, her husband being the third Duke of Dischewottor).

Dischewottor, by the way, was almost ridiculously particular about his trousers, always insisting that they have two legs, one on each side, extending upward and downward, with buttons here and there on the upper portions of the trousers, but otherwise—except in that affair of the fried potatoes and Lady Rahmanners—not a bad fellow.

IV

AND speaking of my first meeting with the Queen (her name was Victoria but she was so friendly with me she always let me call her "Your Royal Highness") I have always regretted that she died before I was born, for we had many good times together.

I recall one incident that may not be without interest to those who remember the scandal created by the loss of the Kohinoor. On that afternoon I was wearing a hat, an article of apparel which the dear Prince (Wales) seldom appeared on the streets without, one of his best friends being Lord Braynluss, the same who afterward married little Jane Spiggott, Lady Muffinbutter's daughter ("Old Hoss Muffinbutter") who was then confined to her palace with a severe attack of corns, which, by the way, was also the affliction of the Duke of Toulouse ("Flim Flam") whose daughter, the beautiful Lady Wiffus, made the sixth in four, playing against the Duchess of Nomunny. I was not there at the time.

V

BUT speaking of my first meeting with Queen Victoria ("the wiff," as dear Prince Albert never called her) I well remember what she said to me just after shaking hands with Gladdy (Mr. Gladstone, inventor of the valise) at Windsor Castle. I was then in South Africa ("Affy," as the Duke of Kummel-Leven prettily nicknamed it) stopping at Orstable-on-Alley, Lord Fathed's beautiful estate in Djebt, he having just married the late Baroness Epsumsalz, at whose dinners my dear friend, the Earl of Jacquekasserie, was never present. I mean, of course, Lady Wurst-Manners (of the club-footed Wurst-Manners, of Cussalot, not the one with the glass eye, for that was Lord Ellupus' fault). At any rate it seems that there were two Irishmen, one named Pat and one named Mike, but the latter was not, if I remember rightly, the celebrated Michael O'Mike, of Ossory, for he was the one who eloped with little Sue Fralomony, who had been Count Emout's mistress. However, the Emperor—I refer, of course, to His Imperial Highness—denied it at the time, but I was not present and can only say what I was told. Personally I have never had any reason to doubt it.

In Florida

IN FLORIDA the winter days
With crimson bougainvillea blaze;
The periwinkles in the grass
Peer shyly at us as we pass
Along the lovely seaward ways,
In Florida.

In Florida the palms are great!
The royal, coconut and date,
And others much too n. lo m.
In fact, I don't know half of them!
But itching palms predominate,
In Florida.

In Florida if you betimes
Grow tired of oranges and limes
Upon the sunny silver beach,
It's possible to pick a peach
Surpassed by none of other climes,
In Florida.

In Florida there is a key
For almost ev'ry mystery;
But why folks stay at home to freeze
And plow through drifts that reach the knees
Remains a mystery to me,
In Florida.

Each morning, over eggs and toast,
We read of blizzards up the coast,
That Boston has a foot of snow,
And old N. Y. is six below.
Ah, that's what we enjoy the most,
In Florida.
—Edward W. Barnard.

Then and Now

"HO, FOOL!" commanded King Ulric,
"Make merry for us a while!
We are dull i' the pate from the cares of state,
We feel the need of a smile.
So spring us a sheaf of nifties
From those that thou hast in store,
And a broad penny shall be thy fee
Each time that thou mak'st us roar."

So the fool he rattled his bladder
And jiggled his tinkling cap
While jest upon jest at his lord's behest
He cracked for the Royal Sap.
When his afternoon's work was over
King Ulric booted him thence
And threw him a purse with a kingly curse
Containing six copper pence.

II

To and fro on the Avenue
The glittering autos glide.
Roadsters, berlines and plump limousines
Stand purring there side by side.
"Who's the fat man," asks a pedestrian,
"In that wonderful Wimp sedan?"

"That's Bill Lamar the humorist's car,"
Says his friend. "Ain't it some swell can?
That's Podgers, the nut comedian,
In that swell twelve-cylinder Zoop.
Montgomery Pott's bought two swell yachts
With the jack from his farce, The Stups."
. . . . . .
Yes, the jester's status has altered
(Three cheers!) in a number of ways,
And I'm darned if I can imagine why
They were known as the GOOD old days!
—Baron Ireland.

"Name the Man!"

WHO does this willful, woeful work,
These tireless tasks tremendous,
Grammatic labors that make Hercules's less stupendous?
Whose brain keeps stirring all this fuss,
Loosing all verbal muzzles
From Pegasus? Who is the cuss
That writes the cross-word puzzles?

Who's mastered all the Unabridged
In such a frumious fashion?
Whose brow, with Wisdom's furrows ridged,
Supplies our puzzling passion?
Who gives us words beginning "Co"—
Twelve letters—ending "Uzzles"?
For pity, oh, tell, if you know,
Who writes the cross-word puzzles!

O'er plain and lea, from sea to sea
Swift rolls this torrent verbal.
Men, maids, young, old, eke tots at knee,
Amazing accents burble.
None escape. None! But everyone
At spring Pierian guzzles.
Who, 'neath the sun, this deed has done?
Who writes the cross-word puzzles?

Envoy

Webster, let me invent a word!
This craze the world "befuzzles."
Tell, if you've heard, who is this bird
That writes the cross-word puzzles?
—George Allan England.

The Fork of the Road

Old Fashioned Baked Beans

Um-m! That hot molasses flavor

Soak 1 quart of beans over night, then cook slowly in fresh water until skins burst. Drain, put beans in bean pot with ¼ pound salt pork and add 3 tablespoons of Brer Rabbit Molasses and 1 tablespoon of salt mixed with 1 cup of boiling water, and more boiling water to cover and bake slowly 6 or 8 hours.

Brer Rabbit is real, old-time, sugar cane molasses, with the tantalizing flavor you remember. Pure and rich in the mineral salts doctors say we need. Beans baked with Brer Rabbit taste the way they used to Saturday night at the old homestead.

FREE RECIPE BOOK: Send to Dept. P-8, Penick & Ford, Ltd., New Orleans, La., for the Brer Rabbit book of delicious molasses recipes.

Two grades: Gold Label and Green Label

Brer Rabbit Molasses

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BY THIS MARK you will identify Post Health Products. It is displayed prominently on every package of Post Toasties (Double-Thick Corn Flakes), Grape-Nuts, Postum Cereal, Instant Postum and Post's Bran Flakes. It is a sign of quality, a symbol of health, the crest of a great family. Follow this mark. ..... It points the way to Wellville.

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, INC., BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

HONEYSUCKLE COTTAGE

(Continued from Page 9)

seemed somehow strangely familiar. It now suddenly came to him why it was that he disliked her so much. "Do you know," he said, "you might be one of my aunt's heroines yourself? You're just the sort of girl she used to love to write about." Her face lit up.

"Oh, do you really think so?" She hesitated. "Do you know what I have been feeling ever since I came here? I've been feeling that you are exactly like one of Miss Pinckney's heroes."

"No, I say, really!" said James, revolted.

"Oh, but you are! When you jumped through that window it gave me quite a start. You were so exactly like Claude Masterson in Heather o' the Hills."

"I have not read Heather o' the Hills," said James with a shudder.

"He was very strong and quiet, with deep, dark, sad eyes."

James did not explain that his eyes were sad because her society gave him a pain in the neck. He merely laughed scornfully.

"So now, I suppose," he said, "a car will come and knock you down and I shall carry you gently into the house and lay you —— Look out!" he cried.

It was too late. She was lying in a little huddled heap at his feet. Round the corner a large automobile had come bowling, keeping with an almost affected precision to the wrong side of the road. It was now receding into the distance, the occupant of the tonneau, a stout red-faced gentleman in a fur coat, leaning out over the back. He had bared his head—not, one fears, as a pretty gesture of respect and regret, but because he was using his hat to hide the number plate.

The dog Toto was unfortunately uninjured.

James carried the girl gently into the house and laid her on the sofa in the morning room. He rang the bell and the apple-cheeked housekeeper appeared.

"Send for the doctor," said James. "There has been an accident."

The housekeeper bent over the girl.

"Eh, dearie, dearie!" she said. "Bless her sweet pretty face!"

The gardener, he who technically owned William, was routed out from among the young lettuces and told to fetch Doctor Brady. He separated his bicycle from William, who was making a light meal off the left pedal, and departed on his mission. Doctor Brady arrived and in due course he made his report.

"No bones broken, but a number of nasty bruises. And, of course, the shock. She will have to stay here for some time, Rodman. Can't be moved."

"Stay here! But she can't! It isn't proper."

"Your housekeeper will act as a chaperon."

The doctor sighed. He was a stolid-looking man of middle age with side whiskers.

"A beautiful girl, that, Rodman," he said

"I suppose so," said James.

"A sweet, beautiful girl. An elfin child."

"A what?" cried James, starting.

This imagery was very foreign to Doctor Brady as he knew him. On the only previous occasion on which they had had any extended conversation, the doctor had talked exclusively about the effect of too much protein on the gastric juices.

"An elfin child; a tender, fairy creature. When I was looking at her just now, Rodman, I nearly broke down. Her little hand lay on the coverlet like some white lily floating on the surface of a still pool, and her dear, trusting eyes gazed up at me."

He pottered off down the garden, still babbling, and James stood staring after him blankly. And slowly, like some cloud athwart a summer sky, there crept over James' heart the chill shadow of a nameless fear.

It was about a week later that Mr. Andrew McKinnon, the senior partner in the well-known firm of literary agents, McKinnon & Gooch, sat in his office in Chancery Lane, frowning thoughtfully over a telegram. He rang the bell.

"Ask Mr. Gooch to step in here." He resumed his study of the telegram. "Oh, Gooch," he said when his partner appeared, "I've just had a curious wire from young Rodman. He seems to want to see me very urgently."

Mr. Gooch read the telegram.

"Written under the influence of some strong mental excitement," he agreed. "I wonder why he doesn't come to the office if he wants to see you so badly."

"He's working very hard, finishing that novel for Prodder & Wiggs. Can't leave it, I suppose. Well, it's a nice day. If you will look after things here I think I'll motor down and let him give me lunch."

As Mr. McKinnon's car reached the crossroads a mile from Honeysuckle Cottage, he was aware of a gesticulating figure by the hedge. He stopped the car.

"'Morning, Rodman."

"Thank God, you've come!" said James. It seemed to Mr. McKinnon that the young man looked paler and thinner. "Would you mind walking the rest of the way? There's something I want to speak to you about."

Mr. McKinnon alighted; and James, as he glanced at him, felt cheered and encouraged by the very sight of the man. The literary agent was a grim, hard-bitten person, to whom, when he called at their offices to arrange terms, editors kept their faces turned so that they might at least retain their back collar studs. There was no sentiment in Andrew McKinnon. Editresses of society papers practiced their blandishments on him in vain, and many a publisher had waked screaming in the night, dreaming that he was signing a McKinnon contract.

"Well, Rodman," he said, "Prodder & Wiggs have agreed to our terms. I was writing to tell you so when your wire arrived. I had a lot of trouble with them, but it's fixed at 20 per cent, rising to 25, and two hundred pounds advance royalties on day of publication."

"Good!" said James absently. "Good! McKinnon, do you remember my aunt, Leila May Pinckney?"

"Remember her? Why, I was her agent all her life."

"Of course. Then you know the sort of tripe she wrote."

"No author," said Mr. McKinnon reprovingly, "who pulls down a steady twenty thousand pounds a year writes tripe."

"Well, anyway, you know her stuff."

"Who better?"

"When she died she left me five thousand pounds and her house, Honeysuckle Cottage. I'm living there now. McKinnon, do you believe in haunted houses?"

"No."

"Yet I tell you solemnly that Honeysuckle Cottage is haunted!"

"By your aunt?" said Mr. McKinnon, surprised.

"By her influence. There's a malignant spell over the place; a sort of miasma of sentimentalism. Everybody who enters it succumbs."

"Tut-tut! You mustn't have these fancies."

"They aren't fancies."

"You aren't seriously meaning to tell me ——"

"Well, how do you account for this? That book you were speaking about, which Prodder & Wiggs are to publish—The Secret Nine. Every time I sit down to write it a girl keeps trying to sneak in."

"Into the room?"

"Into the story."

"You don't want a love interest in your sort of book," said Mr. McKinnon, shaking his head. "It delays the action."

"I know it does. And every day I have to keep shooing this infernal female out. An awful girl, McKinnon. A soppy, soupy, treacly, drooping girl with a roguish smile. This morning she tried to butt in on the scene where Lester Gage is trapped in the den of the mysterious leper."

"No!"

"She did, I assure you. I had to rewrite three pages before I could get her out of it. And that's not the worst. Do you know, McKinnon, that at this moment I am actually living the plot of a typical Leila May Pinckney novel in just the setting she always used! And I can see the happy ending coming nearer every day! A week ago a girl was knocked down by a car at my door and I've had to put her up, and every day I realize more clearly that sooner or later I shall ask her to marry me."

"Don't do it," said Mr. McKinnon, a stout bachelor. "You're too young to marry."

"So was Methuselah," said James, a stouter. "But all the same I know I'm going to do it. It's the influence of this awful house weighing upon me. I feel like an eggshell in a maelstrom. I am being sucked on by a force too strong for me to resist. This morning I found myself kissing her dog!"

"No!"

"I did! And I loathe the little beast. Yesterday I got up at dawn and plucked a nosegay of flowers for her, wet with the dew."

"Rodman!"

"It's a fact. I laid them at her door and went downstairs kicking myself all the way. And there in the hall was the apple-cheeked housekeeper regarding me archly. If she didn't murmur 'Bless their sweet young hearts!' my ears deceived me."

"Why don't you pack up and leave?"

"If I do I lose the five thousand pounds."

"Ah!" said Mr. McKinnon.

"I can understand what has happened. It's the same with all haunted houses. My aunt's subliminal ether vibrations have woven themselves into the texture of the place, creating an atmosphere which forces the ego of all who come in contact with it to attune themselves to it. It's either that or something to do with the fourth dimension."

Mr. McKinnon laughed scornfully.

"Tut-tut!" he said again. "This is pure imagination. What has happened is that you've been working too hard. You'll see this precious atmosphere of yours will have no effect on me."

"That's exactly why I asked you to come down. I hoped you might break the spell."

"I will that," said Mr. McKinnon jovially.

The fact that the literary agent spoke little at lunch caused James no apprehension. Mr. McKinnon was ever a silent trencherman. From time to time James caught him stealing a glance at the girl, who was well enough to come down to meals now, limping pathetically; but he could read nothing in his face. And yet the mere look of his face was a consolation. It was so solid, so matter of fact, so exactly like an unemotional coconut.

"You've done me good," said James with a sigh of relief as he escorted the agent down the garden to his car after lunch. "I felt all along that I could rely on your rugged common sense. The whole atmosphere of the place seems different now."

Mr. McKinnon did not speak for a moment. He seemed to be plunged in thought.

"Rodman," he said, as he got into his car, "I've been thinking over that suggestion of yours of putting a love interest into The Secret Nine. I think you're wise. The story needs it. After all, what is there greater in the world than love? Love—love—aye, it's the sweetest word in the language. Put in a heroine and let her marry Lester Gage."

"If," said James grimly, "she does succeed in worming her way in she'll jolly well marry the mysterious leper. But look here, I don't understand ——"

"It was seeing that girl that changed me," proceeded Mr. McKinnon. And as James stared at him aghast, tears suddenly filled his hard-boiled eyes. He openly snuffled. "Aye, seeing her sitting there under the roses, with all that smell of honeysuckle and all. And the birdies singing so sweet in the garden and the sun lighting up her bonny face. The puir wee lass!" he muttered, dabbing at his eyes. "The puir bonny wee lass! Rodman," he said, his voice quivering, "I've decided that we're being hard on Prodder & Wiggs. Wiggs has had sickness in his home lately. We mustn't be hard on a man who's had sickness in his home, hey, laddie? No, no! I'm going to take back that contract and alter it to a flat 12 per cent and no advance royalties."

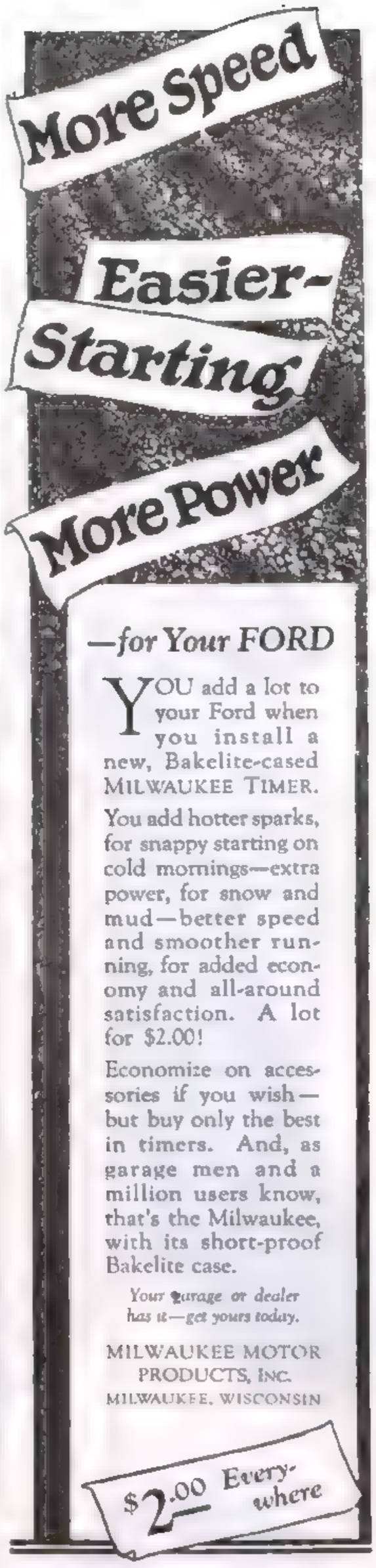
"What?"

"But you shan't lose by it, Rodman. No, no, you shan't lose by it, my manny. I am going to waive my commission. The puir bonny wee lass!"

The car rolled off down the road. Mr. McKinnon, seated in the back, was blowing his nose violently.

"This is the end!" said James.

I want you to appreciate James' position. You who read this are probably a happy married man, constitutionally unable to realize the intensity of the instinct for self-preservation which animates Nature's bachelors in time of peril. James, you feel, was making a lot of fuss about nothing.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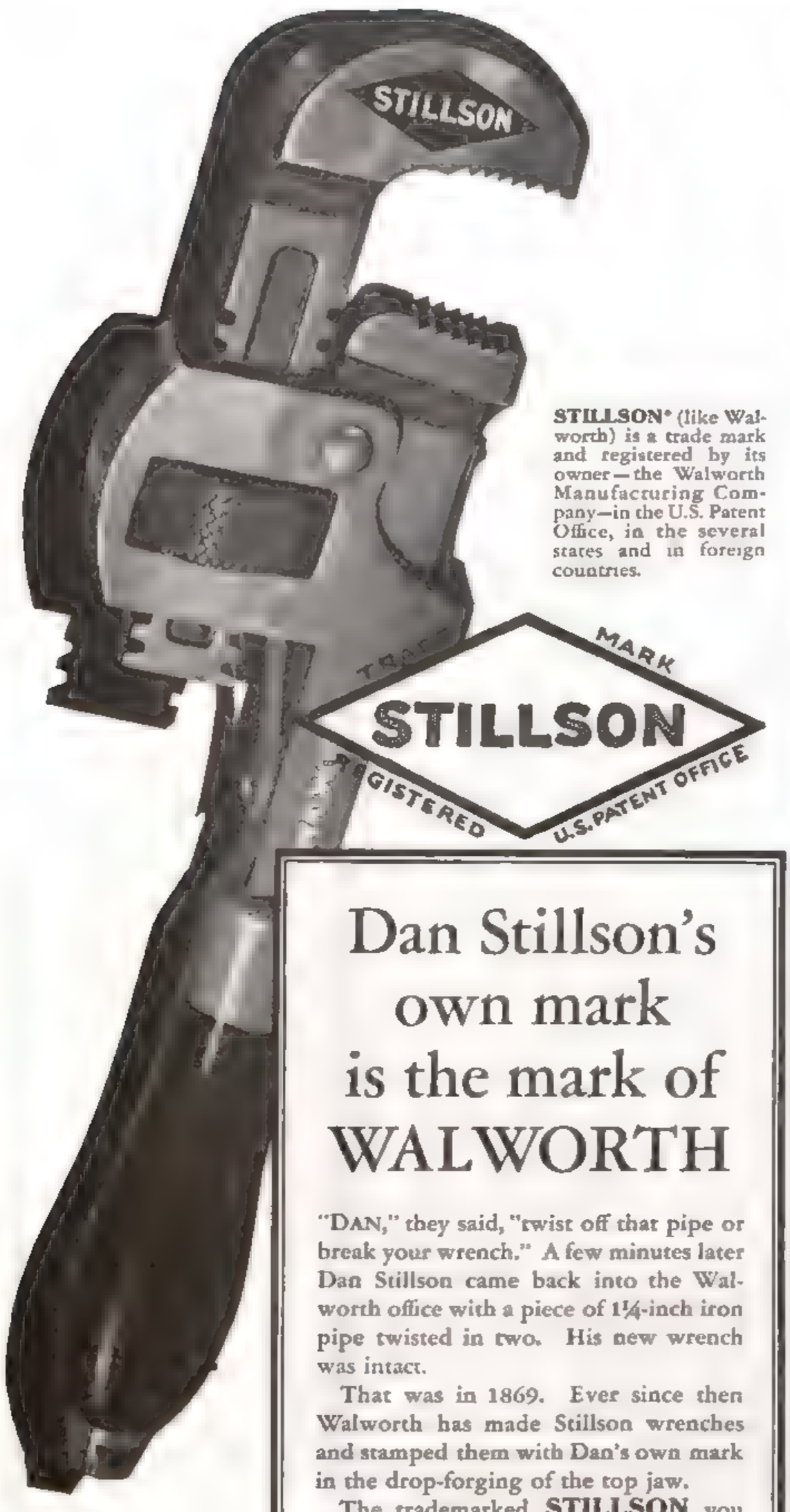

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But James was so constructed as to be unable to look at the matter in this way. He had a congenital horror of matrimony. Though a young man, he had allowed himself to develop a great many habits which were as the breath of life to him; and these habits, he knew instinctively, a wife would shoot to pieces within a week of the end of the honeymoon.

James liked to breakfast in bed; and, having breakfasted, to smoke in bed and knock the ashes out on the carpet. What wife would tolerate this practice?

James liked to pass his days in a tennis shirt, gray flannel trousers and slippers. What wife ever rests until she has inclosed her husband in a stiff collar, tight boots and a morning suit and taken him with her to *thés musicales?*

These and a thousand other thoughts of the same kind flashed through the unfortunate young man's mind as the days went by, and every day that passed seemed to draw him nearer to the brink of the chasm. Fate appeared to be taking a malicious pleasure in making things as difficult for him as possible. Now that the girl was well enough to leave her bed, she spent her time sitting in a chair on the sun-sprinkled porch, and James had to read to her—and poetry, at that; and not the jolly, wholesome sort of poetry the boys are turning out nowadays, either—good, honest stuff about sin and gas works and decaying corpses—but the old-fashioned kind with rimes in it, dealing almost exclusively with love. The weather, moreover, continued superb. The honeysuckle cast its sweet scent on the gentle breeze; the roses over the porch stirred and nodded; the flowers in the garden were lovelier than ever; the birds sang their little throats sore. And every evening there was a magnificent sunset. It was almost as if Nature were doing it on purpose.

At last James intercepted Doctor Brady as he was leaving after one of his visits and put the thing to him squarely:

"When is that girl going?"

The doctor patted him on the arm.

"Not yet, Rodman," he said in a low, understanding voice. "No need to worry yourself about that. Mustn't be moved for days and days and days—I might almost say weeks and weeks and weeks."

"Weeks and weeks!" cried James.

"And weeks," said Doctor Brady. He prodded James roguishly in the abdomen. "Good luck to you, my boy, good luck to you," he said.

It was some small consolation to James that the mushy physician immediately afterward tripped over William on his way down the path and broke his stethoscope. When a man is up against it like James every little helps.

He was walking dismally back to the house after this conversation when he was met by the apple-cheeked housekeeper.

"The little lady would like to speak to you, sir," said the apple-cheeked exhibit, rubbing her hands.

"Would she?" said James hollowly.

"So sweet and pretty she looks, sir—oh, sir, you wouldn't believe! Like a blessed angel sitting there with her dear eyes all a-shining."

"Don't do it!" cried James with extraordinary vehemence. "Don't do it!"

He found the girl propped up on the cushions and thought once again how singularly he disliked her. And yet, even as he thought this, some force against which he had to fight madly was whispering to him, "Go to her and take that little hand! Breathe into that little ear the burning words that will make that little face turn away crimsoned with blushes!" He wiped a bead of perspiration from his forehead and sat down.

"Mrs. Stick-in-the-Mud—what's her name?—says you want to see me."

The girl nodded.

"I've had a letter from Uncle Henry. I wrote to him as soon as I was better and told him what had happened, and he is coming here tomorrow morning."

"Uncle Henry?"

"That's what I call him, but he's really no relation. He is my guardian. He and daddy were officers in the same regiment, and when daddy was killed, fighting on the Afghan frontier, he died in Uncle Henry's arms and with his last breath begged him to take care of me."

James started. A sudden wild hope had waked in his heart. Years ago, he remembered, he had read a book of his aunt's entitled Rupert's Legacy, and in that book ——

"I'm engaged to marry him," said the girl quietly.

"Wow!" shouted James.

"What?" asked the girl, startled.

"Touch of cramp," said James. He was thrilling all over. That wild hope had been realized.

"It was daddy's dying wish that we should marry," said the girl

"And dashed sensible of him, too; dashed sensible," said James warmly

"And yet," she went on, a little wistfully, "I sometimes wonder ——"

"Don't!" said James. "Don't! You must respect daddy's dying wish. There's nothing like daddy's dying wish; you can't beat it. So he's coming here tomorrow, is he? Capital, capital! To lunch, I suppose? Excellent! I'll run down and tell Mrs. Who-Is-It to lay in another chop."

It was with a gay and uplifted heart that James strolled the garden and smoked his pipe next morning. A great cloud seemed to have rolled itself away from him. Everything was for the best in the best of all possible worlds. He had finished The Secret Nine and shipped it off to Mr. McKinnon, and now as he strolled there was shaping itself in his mind a corking plot about a man with only half a face who lived in a secret den and terrorized London with a series of shocking murders. And what made them so shocking was the fact that each of the victims, when discovered, was found to have only half a face too. The rest had been chipped off, presumably by some blunt instrument.

The thing was coming out magnificently, when suddenly his attention was diverted by a piercing scream. Out of the bushes fringing the river that ran beside the garden burst the apple-cheeked housekeeper.

"Oh, sir! Oh, sir! Oh, sir!"

"What is it?" demanded James irritably.

"Oh, sir! Oh, sir! Oh, sir!"

"Yes, and then what?"

"The little dog, sir! He's in the river!"

"Well, whistle him to come out."

"Oh, sir, do come quick! He'll be drowned!"

James followed her through the bushes, taking off his coat as he went. He was saying to himself, "I will not rescue this dog. I do not like the dog. It is high time he had a bath, and in any case it would be much simpler to stand on the bank and fish for him with a rake. Only an ass out of a Leila May Pinckney book would dive into a beastly river to save ——"

At this point he dived. Toto, alarmed by the splash, swam rapidly for the bank, but James was too quick for him. Grasping him firmly by the neck, he scrambled ashore and ran for the house, followed by the housekeeper.

The girl was seated on the porch. Over her there bent the tall soldierly figure of a man with keen eyes and graying hair. The housekeeper raced up.

"Oh, miss! Toto! In the river! He saved him! He plunged in and saved him!"

The girl drew a quick breath.

"Gallant, damme! By Jove! By gad! Yes, gallant, by George!" exclaimed the soldierly man.

The girl seemed to wake from a reverie.

"Uncle Henry, this is Mr. Rodman. Mr. Rodman, my guardian, Colonel Carteret."

"Proud to meet you, sir," said the colonel, his honest blue eyes glowing as he fingered his short crisp mustache. "As fine a thing as I ever heard of, damme!"

"Yes, you are brave—brave," the girl whispered.

"I am wet—wet," said James, and went upstairs to change his clothes.

The girl did not appear at lunch, and Colonel Carteret appeared silent and preoccupied.

The meal concluded, James produced cigarettes, and for a while the silence remained unbroken. Then Colonel Carteret bent forward, his clean-cut face grave.

"Rodman," he said, "I should like to speak to you."

"Yes?" said James, thinking it was about time.

"Rodman," said Colonel Carteret, "or, rather, George—I may call you George?" he added, with a sort of wistful diffidence that had a singular charm.

"Certainly, if you wish it," replied James civilly. "Though my name is James."

"James, eh? Well, well, it amounts to the same thing, eh what, damme, by gad?"

(Continued on Page 56)

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(Continued from Page 54)

said the colonel with a momentary return of his bluff soldierly manner. "Well, then, James, I have something that I wish to say to you. Did Miss Maynard—did Rose happen to tell you anything about myself in—er—in connection with herself?"

"She mentioned that you and she were engaged to be married."

The colonel's tightly drawn lips quivered.

"No longer," he said.

"What?"

"No, John, my boy."

"James."

"No, James, my boy, no longer. While you were upstairs changing your clothes she told me—breaking down, poor child, as she spoke—that she wished our engagement to be at an end."

James half rose from the table, his cheeks blanched.

"You don't mean that!" he gasped.

Colonel Carteret nodded. He was staring out of the window, his fine eyes set in a look of pain.

"But this is nonsense!" cried James "This is absurd! She—she mustn't be allowed to chop and change like this. I mean to say, it—it isn't fair ——"

"Don't think of me, my boy."

"I'm not—I mean, did she give any reason?"

"Her eyes did."

"Her eyes did?"

"Her eyes, when she looked at you on the porch, as you stood there—young, heroic—having just saved the life of the dog she loves. It is you who have won that tender heart, my boy."

"Now listen," protested James, "you aren't going to sit there and tell me that a girl falls in love with a man just because he saves her dog from drowning?"

"Why, surely," said Colonel Carteret, surprised. "What better reason could she have?" He sighed. "It is the old, old story, my boy. Youth to youth. I am an old man. I should have known—I should have foreseen—yes, youth to youth."

"You aren't a bit old."

"Yes, yes."

"No, no."

"Yes, yes."

"Don't keep on saying yes, yes!" cried James, clutching at his hair. "Besides, she wants a steady old buffer—a steady, sensible man of medium age—to look after her."

Colonel Carteret shook his head with a gentle smile.

"This is mere quixotry, my boy. It is splendid of you to take this attitude; but no, no."

"Yes, yes."

"No, no." He gripped James' hand for an instant, then rose and walked to the door. "That is all I wished to say, Tom."

"James."

"James. I just thought that you ought to know how matters stood. Go to her, my boy, go to her, and don't let any thought of an old man's broken dream keep you from pouring out what is in your heart. I am an old soldier, lad, an old soldier. I have learned to take the rough with the smooth. But I think—I think I will leave you now. I—I should—should like to be alone for a while. If you need me you will find me in the raspberry bushes."

He had scarcely gone when James also left the room. He took his hat and stick and walked blindly out of the garden, he knew not whither. His brain was numbed. Then, as his powers of reasoning returned, he told himself that he should have foreseen this ghastly thing. If there was one type of character over which Leila May Pinckney had been wont to spread herself, it was the pathetic guardian who loves his ward but relinquishes her to the younger man. No wonder the girl had broken off the engagement. Any elderly guardian who allowed himself to come within a mile of Honeysuckle Cottage was simply asking for it. And then, as he turned to walk back, a sort of dul. defiance gripped James. Why, he asked, should he be put upon in this manner? If the girl liked to throw over this man, why should he be the goat?

He saw his way clearly now. He just wouldn't do it, that was all. And if they didn't like it they could lump it.

Full of a new fortitude, he strode in at the gate. A tall, soldierly figure emerged from the raspberry bushes and came to meet him.

"Well?" said Colonel Carteret.

"Well?" said James defiantly.

"Am I to congratulate you?"

James caught his keen blue eye and hesitated. It was not going to be so simple as he had supposed.

"Well—er ——" he said.

Into the keen blue eyes there came a look that James had not seen there before. It was the stern, hard look which probably—had caused men to bestow upon this old soldier the name of Cold-Steel Carteret.

"You have not asked Rose to marry you?"

"Er—no; not yet."

The keen blue eyes grew keener and bluer.

"Rodman," said Colonel Carteret in a strange, quiet voice, "I have known that little girl since she was a tiny child. For years she has been all in all to me. Her father died in my arms and with his last breath bade me see that no harm came to his darling. I have nursed her through mumps, measles—aye, and chicken pox—and I live but for her happiness." He paused, with a significance that made James' toes curl. "Rodman," he said, "do you know what I would do to any man who trifled with that little girl's affections?" He reached in his hip pocket and an ugly-looking revolver glittered in the sunlight. "I would shoot him like a dog."

"Like a dog?" faltered James.

"Like a dog," said Colonel Carteret. He took James' arm and turned him toward the house. "She is on the porch. Go to her. And if ——" He broke off. "But tut!" he said in a kindlier tone. "I am doing you an injustice, my boy. I know it."

"Oh, you are," said James fervently.

"Your heart is in the right place."

"Oh, absolutely," said James.

"Then go to her, my boy. Later on you may have something to tell me. If so you will find me in the strawberry beds."

It was very cool and fragrant on the porch. Overhead, little breezes played and laughed among the roses. Somewhere in the distance sheep bells tinkled, and in the shrubbery a thrush was singing its even-song.

Seated in her chair behind a wicker table laden with tea things, Rose Maynard watched James as he shambled up the path.

"Tea's ready," she called gayly. "Where is Uncle Henry?" A look of pity and distress flitted for a moment over her flower-like face. "Oh, I—I forgot," she whispered.

"He is in the strawberry beds," said James in a low voice.

She nodded unhappily.

"Of course, of course. Oh, why is life like this?" James heard her whisper.

He sat down. He looked at the girl. She was leaning back with closed eyes, and he thought he had never seen such a little squirt in his life. The idea of passing his remaining days in her society revolted him. He was stoutly opposed to the idea of marrying anyone; but if, as happens to the best of us, he ever was compelled to perform the wedding glide, he had always hoped it would be with some lady golf champion who would help him with his putting, and thus, by bringing his handicap down a notch or two, enable him to save something from the wreck, so to speak. But to link his lot with a girl who read his aunt's books and liked them; a girl who could tolerate the presence of the dog Toto; a girl who clasped her hands in pretty, childish joy when she saw a nasturtium in bloom—it was too much. Nevertheless, he took her hand and began to speak.

"Miss Maynard—Rose ——"

She opened her eyes and cast them down. A flush had come into her cheeks. The dog Toto at her side sat up and begged for cake, disregarded.

"Let me tell you a story. Once upon a time there was a lonely man who lived in a cottage all by himself ——"

He stopped. Was it James Rodman who was talking this bilge?

"Yes?" whispered the girl.

"—— but one day there came to him out of nowhere a little fairy princess. She ——"

He stopped again, but this time not because of the sheer shame of listening to his own voice. What caused him to interrupt his tale was the fact that at this moment the tea table suddenly began to rise slowly in the air, tilting as it did so a considerable quantity of hot tea onto the knees of his trousers.

"Ouch!" cried James, leaping.

The table continued to rise, and then fell sideways, revealing the homely countenance of William, who, concealed by the cloth, had been taking a nap beneath it. He moved slowly forward, his eyes on Toto. For many a long day William had been desirous of putting to the test, once and for all, the problem of whether Toto was edible or not. Sometimes he thought yes, at other times no. Now seemed an admirable opportunity for a definite decision. He advanced on the object of his experiment, making a low whistling noise through his nostrils, not unlike a boiling kettle. And Toto, after one long look of incredulous horror, tucked his shapely tail between his legs and, turning, raced for safety. He had laid a course in a bee line for the open garden gate, and William, shaking a dish of marmalade off his head a little petulantly, galloped ponderously after him. Rose Maynard staggered to her feet.

"Oh, save him!" she cried.

Without a word James added himself to the procession. His interest in Toto was but tepid. What he wanted was to get near enough to William to discuss with him that matter of the tea on his trousers. He reached the road and found that the order of the runners had not changed. For so small a dog, Toto was moving magnificently. A cloud of dust rose as he skidded round the corner. William followed. James followed William.

And so they passed Farmer Birkett's barn, Farmer Giles' cow shed, the place where Farmer Willetts' pigsty used to be before the big fire, and the Bunch of Grapes public house, Jno. Biggs propr, licensed to sell tobacco, wines and spirits. And it was as they were turning down the lane that leads past Farmer Robinson's chicken run that Toto, thinking swiftly, bolted abruptly into a small drain pipe.

"William!" roared James, coming up at a canter. He stopped to pluck a branch from the hedge and swooped darkly on.

William had been crouching before the pipe, making a noise like a bassoon into its interior; but now he rose and came beamingly to James. His eyes were aglow with chumminess and affection; and placing his forefeet on James' chest, he licked him three times on the face in rapid succession. And as he did so, something seemed to snap in James. The scales seemed to fall from James' eyes. For the first time he saw William as he really was, the authentic type of dog that saves his master from a frightful peril. A wave of emotion swept over him.

"William!" he muttered. "William!"

William was making an early supper off a half brick he had found in the road. James stooped and patted him fondly.

"William," he whispered, "you knew when the time had come to change the conversation, didn't you, old boy!" He straightened himself. "Come, William," he said. "Another four miles and we reach East Wobsley Junction. Make it snappy and we shall just catch the up express, first stop London."

William looked up into his face and it seemed to James that he gave a brief nod of comprehension and approval. James turned. Through the trees to the east he could see the red roof of Honeysuckle Cottage, lurking like some evil dragon in ambush.

Then, together, man and dog passed silently into the sunset.

That is the story James Rodman told to me as the rain beat and rattled against the windowpane. As to whether it is true, that, of course, is an open question. I, personally, am of opinion that it is. There is no doubt that James did go to live at Honeysuckle Cottage three or four years ago and, while there, he underwent some experience which has left an ineradicable mark upon him. His eyes today have that unmistakable look which comes only to confirmed bachelors whose feet have been led to the very brink of the pit and who have gazed at close range into the naked face of matrimony.

And if further proof is needed, there is William. He is now James' inseparable companion. Would any man be habitually seen in public with a dog like William unless he had some solid cause to be grateful to him? I think not. Myself, when I observe William coming along the street, I cross the road and look into a shop window till he has passed. I am not a snob, but I dare not risk my social prestige by being seen talking to him.

Nor is the precaution an unnecessary one. There is a shameless absence of all appreciation of class distinctions about William which recalls the worst excesses of the French Revolution. I have seen him with my own eyes chevy a Pomeranian belonging to a duchess from near the Achilles Statue to within a few yards of Queen's Gate.

And yet James walks daily with him in Piccadilly. It is surely significant.

We took all Kinds of Irons apart and built one with a Heating Unit that Over-Heating will not Harm

An All-Over Unit to Heat the Iron Quickly—to Keep an Even Heat, and an All-Over Heat

A guaranteed Iron—tapered to get into corners—a double-nickeled sole-plate, bright and smooth as a mirror

THE heart of any electric iron is the heating unit inside. Sometimes a woman forgets to turn it off while she answers the telephone or entertains a caller. If it be an ordinary iron, the heating element is most likely damaged when she returns. And a new one costs $2 or $2.50 installed.

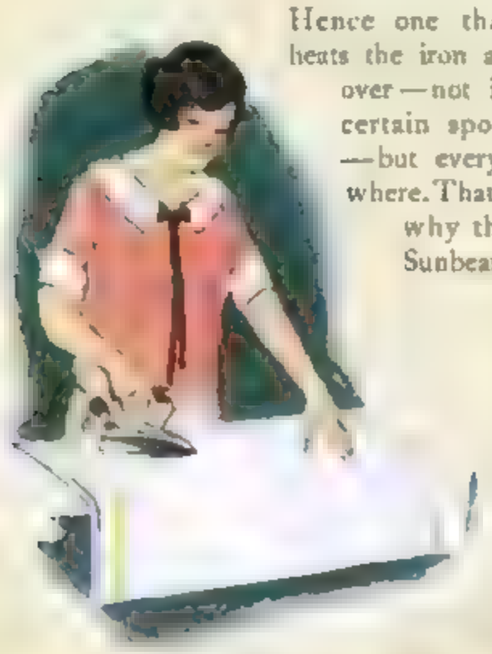
The records of one of the largest Public Service companies show that 70% of the repairs on irons are in the heating element.

We've Put an End to This

In the new Sunbeam Iron we've put an end to this trouble. We've built a heating unit that hours of over-heating can't harm. Long over-heating would likely discolor this or any iron, but it will not impair the Sunbeam's heating capacity.

Not since the first electric irons has there ever been an improvement so important. For 15 years we've been working toward this end.

A unit that conforms to the shape of the iron—wide at the heel and tapering at the nose. A unit that extends over practically the whole ironing surface.



Hence one that heats the iron all over—not in certain spots—but everywhere. That's why the Sunbeam heats up quickly and holds its heat. There is more heating area.

So even the cooling tendency of very damp tablecloths and starched things has less effect on the Sunbeam than on any other we know.

Here's an example of many a woman's experience: Mrs. G. Busse, 10805 Ewing Ave., Chicago, says: "My sister irons all day. I get through at noon; and my washings are larger than hers. She says, 'I don't see how you do it.' I tell her my Sunbeam iron does it."

We Regulate the Heat

We regulate the Sunbeam's heating capacity to produce an even heat and plenty of it, yet not the rush of violent heat that scorches clothes.

There's not a machine that can make this All-Over unit, so we build it by hand though it costs us double.

But isn't that better than taking all day to iron a half-day's ironing? And cheaper than buying new units at $2 and $2.50?

Go and look at the Sunbeam and feel its ironing balance. Then turn up other irons beside it to see how much smoother and brighter this is. So smooth it reflects your face like a mirror, for we double-nickel and double-polish the sole-plate. That speeds your work and it rests your ironing arm.

Then look at the graceful taper that gets into gathers and corners. An iron designed, not according to men's ideas, but to women's needs.

Sold on Approval—Guaranteed

The woman who does the ironing at your house—perhaps yourself—will spend a month this year at your ironing board. So while the year is young buy the new Sunbeam on 30 days' approval. It will start right in to cut short the ironing day. And you'll never need another iron—not even a new heating unit. It's a better iron than the best iron previously made, and is guaranteed to give more years of service.

So don't accept an old-time electric iron if you find a dealer who hasn't the Sunbeam. Hand him the coupon and he'll get it for you—or mail to us including dealer's name. Detach the coupon now so you won't overlook it—for you can't get these vital improvements except in this creation.

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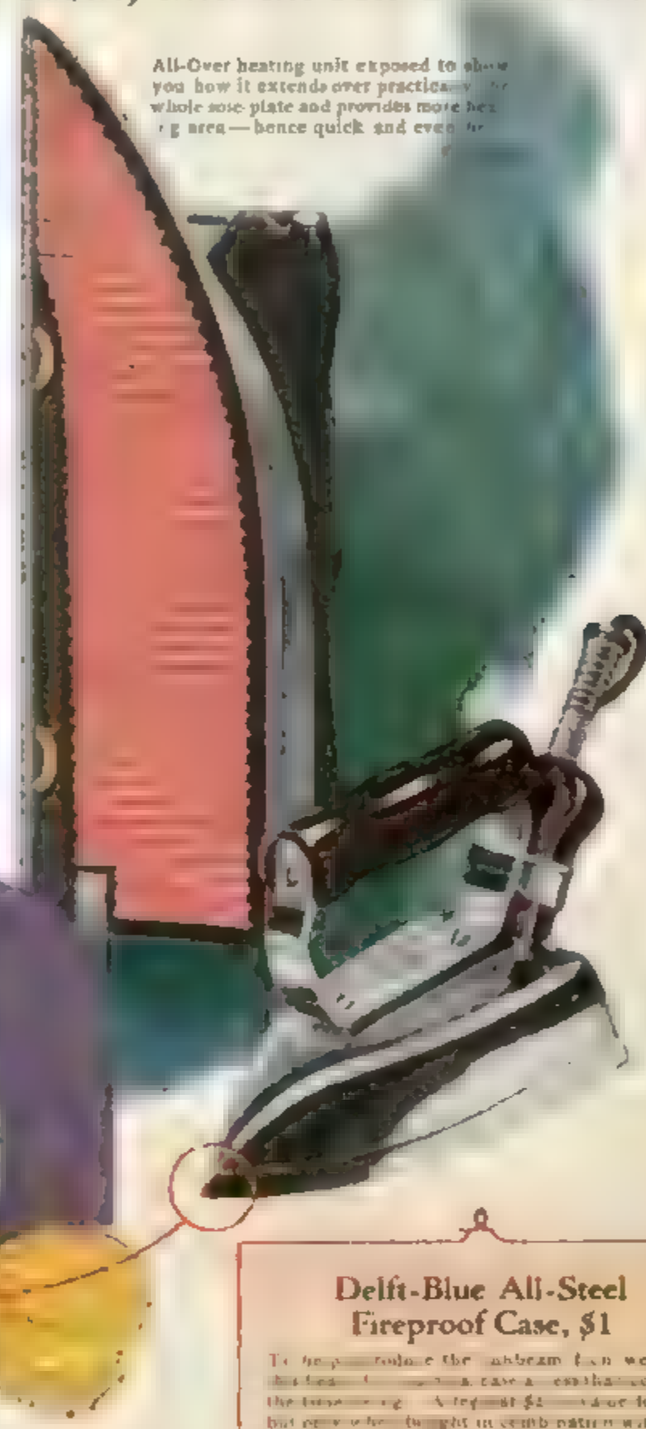
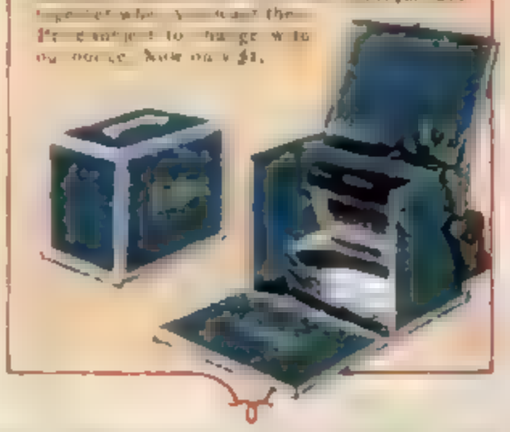

All-Over heating unit exposed to show you how it extends over practically the whole sole-plate and provides more heating area—hence quick and even heat

Sunbeam's tapered nose goes right into gathers and corners.

Delft-Blue All-Steel Fireproof Case, $1

To [illegible] the Sunbeam Iron wonder [illegible] a case [illegible] the cost for the [illegible] At regular $2 value for $1, but only when bought in combination with the [illegible]

For [illegible] stop at any Iron while it is hot [illegible] Keeps iron, cord [illegible] Asbestos pads and iron rest [illegible] Always ready, always [illegible] Just the [illegible] to match with any [illegible] Now only $1.



Large linens that must be ironed very damp with a good hot iron do not cool off the Sunbeam as they do the ordinary iron.

Sunbeam $7.50
THE GUARANTEED IRON

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I should like to try the Sunbeam Iron, and will pay $7.50 on delivery provided my money will be promptly and cheerfully refunded if I give notice within 30 days and return the iron.

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Address _____

NOTICE If you also want the All Steel Fireproof Case in Delft Blue Enamel at $1 extra make a cross (x) in this square ☐

THE BUCCANEERS OF THE BAHAMAS

(Continued from Page 32)

"I beg your pardon," she said in a voice almost steady. She flung the piece of iron down.

"Ahoy, ahoy, ahoy!" he yelled in a mighty voice.

When no answer came the girl and he exchanged a quick glance. There is something mysterious, sinister, about a silent drifting vessel.

"Hold it, just so."

The girl sprang to his side and caught the tiller as he went forward and lowered the sail. As he did so he noted that the wind had fallen with the suddenness which he had yet to learn was characteristic of these inland seas. He looked at the vague outline of the low-lying shore and foresaw a night at sea with this strange intruder in a bathing suit. "Will you stay or go?" he asked as he dragged the dinghy alongside.

"Where can I help best?"

He smiled approval of this answer.

"Stay," he said. "Keep her off."

He jumped aboard the motorboat, made the yawl fast to the solid brass bitts in the stern, then peered down into the small engine room and called out. He descended the steep companionway and made his way aft between piles of stacked-up liquor-laden bottles. He returned and shifted levers. The engine hummed softly; his main problem was solved; the girl could be delivered at Nassau that evening. He went to the tiny cockpit in the stern, pulled the yawl close, stretched out a long arm.

"Come aboard," he said. "Can you make it?"

She leaped like an agile kitten, between swells, ignoring his hand. He started the engine, then rushed above to the wheel. The girl was already there.

"A wide turn to allow for the tow," he said.

"Aye, aye, sir." She touched her forehead with the back of her fingers.

He grinned, went below and took off his coat. When he brought it to her she would not put it on.

"It stays warm all day here," she told him. "I don't need it." She had a twisty little smile which pleased Jimmie, and the outside corners of her eyelids turned up a trifle and hinted at continuous joy o' life. She looked at him with sudden gravity. "It is time ——" she began very seriously.

"It is not," he broke in. "Jimmie Duane is starving." He ran below, and in a few minutes the girl sniffed and chuckled from sheer pleasure, for she smelt coffee and then bacon. Soon a little table was set beside her on the deck and two ravenous young people went to it with a ferocity moderately tempered by good manners.

"I am Rosamond Fair," she said between mouthfuls, "and I'm frightfully shocked at myself and awfully ashamed. Yes; thank you; and butter too. And I went to sleep ——"

"And swam in your sleep, I suppose?"

They laughed, at everything, at nothing; they were so gay of heart that even the bacon was fairy food in this soft caressing breeze, beneath this blue unclouded sky. Now and again the girl touched the wheel and brought the boat in line with the lighthouse. Headed for home, sure to get there by nightfall, secure in the continued courtesy of this jolly young man, she was in bubbling spirits, partly from reaction after moments of intense apprehension. She told him that her party had been picnicking on the other side of the little bight, that everybody had been napping after lunch, and that she had swum out to what she supposed was the boat which had come after them.

There she had gone to sleep.

"Did your party see you swim out?"

She shook her head.

"Would they be less anxious?" she asked. "Poor Aunt Josepha!"

She tried to be very sympathetic with a troubled aunt, but the hour was too joyous to be clouded. She built a romance about this fairy yacht which had come floating out of nowhere to get her back to Nassau. As she looked up from time to time to Jimmie, he was interested to see that her eyes were deep blue, light blue or just clear gray, as they reflected ocean, sky or the mahogany woodwork.

"This fairy yacht," he said, "will very likely be mine. The court will allow such hefty salvage that the owner, whoever he is, wherever he is, will probably give me the yacht for the cargo." He expounded learnedly the law of salvage to a keenly interested listener. "Possession is everything," he said. "I won't allow any human being to set foot on this deck until the vessel is at anchor in the harbor. The weirdest things happen in salvage law."

He told her how a steamer of his father's had nearly been driven ashore in Puget Sound and how he had stood by with an ax and chopped a hawser in two. "Two men from a tug jumped aboard and made fast," he said, "and if I hadn't cut it they could have claimed thousands. But we saved that money and saved the steamer."

"But if you had saved my yacht," said Miss Fair, "I should be very grateful."

"A yacht is different," said Jimmie, gazing through his binoculars; "this is a bootlegging vessel, and fair game. It's ocean law, and there's always war between owner and salvor."

On the coast of the North Pacific men risk life freely to save, and then fight fiercely for salvage; Jimmie had imbibed wild traditions as he had sailed before the boisterous winds north of Mendocino. You are disgraced out there if you do not spend yourself recklessly to rescue; you are almost equally disgraced if you are cajoled or forced or compromised out of your utmost reward. It is not the money; it is the game. It was a point of honor with Jimmie to take this vessel in and to exact the last dollar the court might award.

"Can you take her in alone?" asked the girl at the wheel.

"I'll have a try," he answered. "Head her east a little more. There's our little bay."

"But—but—have you ever crossed the bar? Do you know the channel? Aren't you a stranger? I think I haven't seen you before."

"Channel's buoyed, isn't it?" he asked. "I must take a chance." He lowered his binoculars. "I see your party," he told her. "Has anybody glasses? Good! I daren't go much nearer, for the rocks. This yacht draws nine feet. You go right up in the bow and wave this coat. They'll recognize you and come and take you off."

She ran forward and stood bending like a figurehead. Jimmie had a vague recollection; he tracked it at last, and laughed at the absurdity of it; the Nike, the Winged Victory of Samothrace; he had seen pictures of this headless glory of the Louvre. The sweep of the girl's back; yes, that was it; just one line; it recalled to him that resplendent conquering figure. He was astonished. This kid.

"Hard a-starboard!" The command rang in a sharp imperative, and mechanically he obeyed, shaving a black hidden rock. The girl scampered to the wheel and he dived below and shut off the engine.

She saw herself confronted by a duty. She looked down at her bare legs and thought of a crowded wharf watching a girl in a bathing suit steering a liquor-laden bootlegging vessel to an anchorage. She did not hesitate; she owed too much to this courteous young man.

She kept the yacht, which had almost lost seaway, headed toward the west. She saw a casually noted motor launch approaching, divined an intention to board as its speed lessened, and she leaned over the companionway.

"Full speed ahead!" she cried. "Quick, quick!"

"Aye, aye—full ahead," came back with a chuckle from this obedient engineer.

The hull began to tremble in response to the lifted lever. The towed yawl and dinghy checked speed and a boat hook from the launch caught the rail.

"Back her," said the holder of this boat hook to his engineer.

Rosamond recognized him as that mysterious magnificent commodore whom everybody turned the head to see. Fortunately he stood in the stern, so that his launch was being dragged along backward and could not be overturned.

"Ease up!" he yelled. "That boat is mine. Are you crazy?"

The girl grabbed a deck chair, leaned over the railing and knocked the boat hook away just as Jimmie came running from below. The chair dropped into the water in three pieces.

"Heigh, young fella," called the commodore. "That boat belongs to me."

"The court will tell us that," Jimmie cried with a laugh as the vessel quickly speeded up. He saw the legs of the engineer beneath the awning, but could not guess that they belonged to his father, who had recognized him through glasses and had hidden away to see what the boy would do.

VII

THE sun, a dull red official seal, uniting horizon and sea, was jerked beneath the waves as though by an impatient hand. A flush of rose madder spread over everything, infusing romance even into the tiny sail of a distant smack and into the figure of a lady frantically waving. Reckless Rosamond Fair ignored this remote signaling aunt, teetered rhythmically up and down on her bare toes, balancing as the yacht pitched, casually turned the wheel to right or left, and indifferently cast a weather eye at the near-by buoy. Conscious of the intent watchfulness of Jimmie Duane, she was pulling off a tremendous bluff. Her heart was pounding. Her knees were trembling.

"I know the shore bearings," she cried with a gay indifference. "You don't. I can't run the engine and you can."

"Fine! Take her in. Please do. I'll stand by below. I say, you're some skipper." He glanced at the buoy and then at the commodore's boat already alongside the dinghy trailing behind his yawl. He turned on his heel and disappeared without a word of comment or advice.

"Oh!" murmured Rosamond, opening wide eyes at her success. Her experience of the bar had been limited to the tiller of a smack with a boatman on the seat alongside, and now her job was to half-circle a mark with two boats in tow and to do this with sufficient headway to prevent the pirate commodore from getting on board.

"Ease her. Stop her."

She swirled the wheel hard up with the mad speed of a squirrel in its treadmill. She shaved the buoy and saw the commodore's boat hook fast to the yawl.

"Full speed ahead!" she cried. She snapped her teeth shut, then her eyes. Would the towline part? Would the yacht be swung on the reef? Would its stern be jerked off?

All these things just did not happen, but as the rope tautened she was tumbled flat to the deck. She jumped up. She caught the malignant glance of the commodore as his boat hook was jerked from his hand and himself nearly flung into the water. She chuckled. "Slow!" she called. Then she saw her trailing convoy overtaking her in what seemed great jumps. To escape being run down she knew only to order full speed again. That spin up the harbor is historic in Nassau. She grazed anchored spongers, threatened general wreckage to the flotilla of fishing boats, all but impaled her craft on the bowsprit of a yacht, and finally came swinging around in a clear space with what appeared from the wharf to be calculated daring but was really ignorance.

"Stop her. Drop the anchor," she yelled.

She heard its plop, but she did not turn. She was looking backward at the forest of masts, some now bearing riding lights, and she panted with excitement at the mad risk she had run. A colored launch owner, alongside, proffering his services remarked with admiration, "You don't come up de harbor 'cording to my 'ligion, but you does surely come up."

"I'll put on the lights," Jimmie called, forgetting her natural wish for twilight.

The deck sprang to brilliancy. The startled girl in a bathing suit found herself as on a stage with an audience on the wharf. She jumped to the shelter of the launch.

"To the bar," she said. "There's a smack to tow in."

She called out a good night, and, surprised, Jimmie ran to the deck to see her disappearing into the darkness. Thus did she neatly escape an awkward long hour's wait for clothes and spared herself a witness of a meeting with an incensed aunt. She burst into laughter as she perceived the excellent results of her impulsive tumble into the launch.

"Jimmie Duane." She repeated the name under her breath, balancing its syllables, testing it, tasting it; and she decided that she liked it. Her interest in him was keen, eager. He was the first young man she had ever seen in quick decisive action of which she was part. His knowledge of the law of the sea, his gay defiance of this important powerful commodore, thrilled her with a sense of his power, his strength; and he had trusted her, yielded to her without protest, in instant belief that she would make good. And she had made good; she breathed hard on that thought. Aunt Josepha thought her a child, treated her as a child; but he, he knew better than that. He had given her her first chance: her first chance to prove that she could rise to a need. She studied herself with a naïve wonder. She went over the afternoon step by step. She had never hesitated; she could not understand why. She had fooled him at every step; he had thought her experienced, sure of herself. She asked herself if she had not had the right to believe in herself.

She knew the necessary things, the harbor course, the shore bearings; and she had succeeded. Had not his need, or something in him, made her sure of herself? She felt intensely grateful to him.

It was quite dark now and the reflection of a deck fire in a sandbox on a sloop made a lovely pink curtain of a slack hanging sail. The girl's senses were so quickened that she gave a little gasp of pleasure. She chuckled at the bleat of a goat on the deck of this little vessel just arrived from Eleuthera. The goat was silhouetted against the sail, and he seemed to step on huddled colored passengers as he came gravely and looked over the rail. A baby wailed. A man began to sing the senseless words fitted to the latest new tune, Ballymena, Ballymena in de Harbor. A chorus took up the song; the girl in the launch joined; she was keenly sympathetic with these people, with all people, with all things. Her clear voice was heard; a young colored man peered over at her.

"Ballymena, Ballymena, Ballymena in de harbor," he sang, in a plaintive voice; "de lady in de bathing suit, past de Ballymena scoot, past de Ballymena scoot."

Her boatman laughed. "Dey makes up all de words dey is to that tune, miss," he informed her.

She turned her cheek this side and that to feel the light caressing touch of the breeze. She thrilled to the friendly beams from the lighthouse lamp, to the two red eyes in line on shore that marked the course for entering vessels, to the light across the bar that lifted slowly to the starlit sky and then seemed to plunge into depths. She had a sudden vision of her aunt in that pitching smack and the probable effect; she checked a smile and felt sorry.

"I think that's our boat, Cory," she said to the grizzled colored boatman. She had asked him his name and been informed that it was Coriolanus Rolle—"most time Cory."

He stopped the engine. "We is waiting here," he told her. "Sposing we meet dem on de bar; dere ain't no manners on dat bar for a boat what is broadside. De bar am berry quiet now, but when a storm meet it it am de most uproarious meeting dat is."

"I know," the girl said; "when the red flag is up at the lighthouse, and the white surf shoots sidewise across it, you say the rage is on."

"Yaas, miss, when de rage am on, don't nobody argue with it, nor cross it—we just waits."

"A good rule for lots of things," laughed philosophic Rosamond Fair, humming one blithe tune after another in the half hour which went by before the smack had crossed. As the two boats approached she stood up and hailed.

"All right now, auntie," she called cheerfully. "We'll tow you in."

"How thoughtful!" came dryly back.

"The rage is on," murmured Rosamond as she made fast to the smack.

In the meantime Jimmie Duane had been surprised and pleased that his father boarded the yacht.

"What have you got here, Jimmie?" asked the latter.

"A boat, dad. Nice lines, hey?"

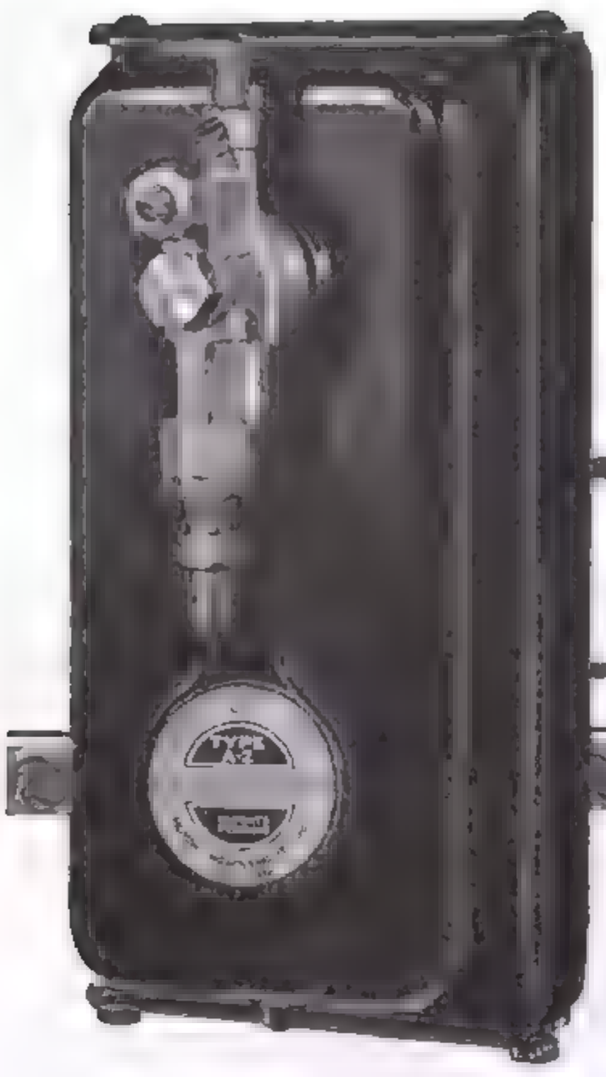
He chuckled as his father disappeared from the deck. He could guess from sound of footsteps at a rapid search; he grinned.

"Fine!" His father came up and slapped him on the back, eying him. "I thought I saw ——"

"My skipper. Off duty now."

"I thought that from her uniform." Duane roared laughter. "Always new ideas, Jimmie. That's you. Originality is

(Continued on Page 80)



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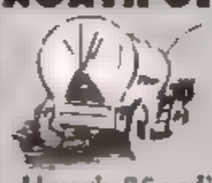

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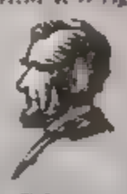

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GROSSET and DUNLAP
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(Continued from Page 58)

your front name. Fine yacht, uniformed skipper ——"

"Have some dinner, dad? I can't go ashore tonight."

"Great idea. Cook for three. I'm hungry."

Jimmie fished a steak from the ice chest and set his father to peeling potatoes. The latter broke into laughter from time to time, apparently without reason. He finally burst out, "I was with that fine old hidalgo."

"In the launch outside the bar?"

His father nodded.

They eyed each other. Jimmie scowled, then grinned. "It's one on me," he admitted, crestfallen.

"It is not," the elder man vociferated. "It's on the commodore." He brought his fist down with a bang that sent a raw potato from the fork across the tiny galley. "By the eternal snows of Demavend, Jimmie, I'm proud of you. And your curly-topped figurehead, Jimmie! There's a kid with a nerve!"

"How did you come to be out there with the Castilian?" Jimmie asked quietly as he turned the steak.

He heard the whole story in silence. When it had ended he said blandly, "Piracy is forcible depredation on the high seas."

"A bunch of crooks shoving counterfeits," his father retorted with great good humor.

"Piracy," Jimmie repeated. He went into the cabin and wiped dishes clean as he set the table. He was honestly shocked. He came to the galley door. "We may be a little rough in our methods on the Coast, dad, but we draw the line somewhere. And if we pick up a derelict we keep to the law, don't we? We take her into court, and all's fair and aboveboard."

"A pirate! Me?" Duane cried. "A hanging matter, and no defense that I'm in it for fun." He was uproarious in his mirth. "I say, Jimmie, you won't be hard on the commodore, will you?"

"Whatever you say, dad. It's your joke."

"No, no, son; it's yours. Will you give the Dago duke some dinner? Let's have him. Let's see his face when I introduce you. He doesn't know you're my son."

"Of course, dad—any friend of yours."

"Where's your deck switch?" Jimmie pointed, and the old gentleman turned it off and on three times. "He's waiting on the wharf for this signal. I persuaded him to let me come and see if I could make a deal with you."

Dinner was on the table by the time the distinguished visitor arrived.

"Meet my son, Mr. Jimmie Duane, Sladen."

Not a muscle moved beneath that olive skin, but the velvet eyes glanced suspiciously from one to the other. "I'm proud to meet such a fine sea lawyer," he said, gravely extending his hand.

Jimmie laughed, but the father frowned at this atrocious epithet.

"He calls us pirates," the latter said, "so honors are easy. The joke's on you, commodore. Take it as it was meant, and no ill feelings. Great steak, Jimmie; I'm thirsty." He searched among lockers. "I thought so."

He produced a bottle of champagne. With the dexterous hand of experience he struck off with a big carving knife the glass ring of the neck. It flew, carrying the cork, and the liquid creamed out into the glasses.

"To the mystery girl, Jimmie. Some skipper, I'll say."

"To the young lady," said the courteous commodore, noting Jimmie's frown. Jimmie bowed gravely, and three hungry men ate in silence.

"Didn't you recognize him?" the puzzled commodore asked at last.

"Sure." A genial grin, then; "I just had to see what he would do."

Sladen raised his glass and said suavely, "To the chip of the old block. Duane, I congratulate you on such a son."

"No heeltaps to that toast!" the proud father cried.

To Sladen's mind the jest was incomprehensible. His method of finding out how he stood was to claim everything.

"I'll send her over to Palm Beach just as she is," he announced in a matter-of-course tone, eying Jimmie. "I know just how to land the stuff there. Would you accept a thousand or two for your trouble in bringing her in?"

"I'm handing her over in the morning to the customs," Jimmie curtly announced. "My salvage claim against ship and cargo is twenty-five thousand dollars."

"This business is on honor," the commodore protested. "You know as well as I do that I can't go to the judge with the story of a kidnaped crew. That's the curse of this business. We're outlaws. We have to stand on honor."

"On honor!" Jimmie repeated the words with a sly emphasis.

Sladen's eyes were pin points. "This whisky," he said softly, "belongs to a pirate—so you say. This boat belongs to a counterfeiter. If you claim the whole outfit no one dares to appear in court to fight you. Do you know what I call that?"

"Call what?" Duane asked, conscious that he had carried his little joke too far.

"Taking advantage of such conditions" Sladen leaned forward. "It's blackmail"

"Stop right there," Duane interrupted. "Jimmie, you've made good, all right. Let her go now. The commodore is my friend, and him and me went looking for what belongs to him. You were ahead of us by an hour. That's all there is in it. Come ashore with me now, and that settles everything." He arose, assuming immediate compliance, but Jimmie sat still, shaking his head.

"There's not a document on this yacht," he said slowly. "Her name's painted over. Her owner, you say, came from the East side of New York and passed counterfeit money. Is he the owner? I say she was stolen somewhere up north. I found her, and I am going to hold her till the right man proves his title." Father and son measured each other in this first serious conflict of wills. "The law of the sea, father."

"Put it there, son." Duane held out his hand. "I never thought of that. I guess you're right. And the whisky was stolen, too, and you've found the owner. So that's that. Appoint me watchman, Jimmie. Commodore, snug little cabin, heigh? Can't you pick up a steward or two? I want a talk with you. And could you send a man to my house for my things?"

The commodore yelled out for his launch, and offered Jimmie a passage ashore. His impressive courtesy hid a vindictive antagonism little suspected by its object. A girl had only just not jerked him into the water at the bar; he had been the victim of an incomprehensible jest; he had been deprived of the boat which he had considered to be his lawful spoil; in short, he had been worsted all around. He took Jimmie ashore, and together they drove to the Duane house almost in silence. Jimmie packed a suitcase for his father and handed it over. They parted with a grave dignity which masked intense mutual dislike. The commodore was malignant; the stately gentleman had been made ridiculous.

Jimmie regretted for the first time his father's taste and choice of associates. In the spacious West it had seemed different. Men of force and character out there clung to pioneer traditions, and lived their jovial lives with the respect of the community. Honored for ability and energy, they played as hard as they worked, and if their pleasures were coarser and more noisy than appealed to the present generation, people only smiled and shrugged their shoulders. Jimmie thought of half a dozen of his father's cronies; men whose word was accepted as the minted dollar; loyal, lawful in their actions within reason, according to their lights; lawless in their pleasures within reason; hard-headed, not seldom hard-hearted in the great battle of business, but solid citizens, public-spirited, generous.

Lacking such associates, his father was falling to bootleggers and lawbreakers; Jimmie had foreseen some weeks of quite close companionship; he was greatly disappointed. He did not write to Roderica that night, but he thought of her. He pictured her on the derelict, beautiful, sparkling, useless; but if she had not chosen to learn to steer on the voyage to Honolulu, that was nothing against her. He dreamed of her that night in the white dress of the Hawaiian harbor, and he saw her flash forward to the bow and change into a wingless Winged Victory dressed in a bathing suit. Victory was not headless, either, as it stands so nobly in the Louvre; the Victory of his dreams had curly hair.

In the morning he climbed to the attic and caught the yacht through his powerful glasses. He breathed out an exclamation of pleasure at her lines and the graceful flare of her bow, but he snapped his glasses into the case with a frown. He learned what he had expected to learn; the yacht was unmistakably riding lighter; the whisky had been removed during the night. He had foreseen this, had deliberately absented himself that it might be done, but he shook his head in protest; his father would not have allowed this with any cargo in the world but liquor. The sacred laws of salvage had been tampered with. "Outlaws"—"we must protect ourselves"—"a business on honor," he recalled these and other phrases of this handsome commodore as he ate his breakfast. "Dad is too much of a mixer," he thought. Secret, illegal loading; secret, illegal unloading; piracy; his father, to whom on the Pacific Slope ship law was a kind of Bible, had gone into these things just for fun.

The young man went down the street, blaming the Volstead Act. Before this the act had been to him a careless joke to be gayly defied and joyfully derided. Now it became to him an injustice so heavy as to lead his father, without care, without thought, into condoning, aiding reckless crime. What had happened, what might happen, to the shanghaied crew of the nameless yacht? Jimmie had carelessly drunk liquor in the United States wherever it had been offered, never in excess, always for social pleasure, never giving thought as to how the stuff had got to him. Now he began to see what it meant and implied. To enable him to break one law the suppliers had to break twenty laws, laws whose infraction led to destruction and murder. To abandon any uninjured vessel on the high seas in calm weather was, in Jimmie's eyes, atrocious vandalism; his father would have agreed with him about this two days before; yet his father had helped to contrive that a yacht of unusual perfection in construction and model should be left at the mercy of wind and wave.

This was sacrilege.

"What's come over the dad?" Jimmie asked himself as he walked moodily, eying bright hibiscus blooms and flaming poinsettias with disgust. This brilliant air, these jewels of color, ought to send him singing along; and he was angry that he could not respond to invitations on every hand to gayety of heart. He swore savagely at the Eighteenth Amendment.

At the customhouse and at the American consulate he was further depressed, because for the first time in his life he was compelled to secrecy and equivocation. He had brought in an unnamed derelict, evidently of American build and probably of American registry, and now she lay off the wharf in ballast; that was his story.

"What, no cargo?" asked the courteous comptroller of customs.

"She's lying there, empty as a drum," Jimmie answered.

"What, no freight?" asked the consul.

"She's tender, she's so high in the water," was the response.

The consul compelled him to a long sworn declaration. It was absolutely truthful as far as it went; but the omissions were so vital that Jimmie felt as he raised his right hand that he was committing perjury.

"You didn't bring her in alone," the consul said with a smile.

"Should I mention the young lady?" Jimmie respectfully asked, hiding his vexation. "If so, I'll make another statement."

"Not necessary, but I happened to be on the wharf when you switched on your lights. A very pretty picture—the yacht, I mean—springing to life like that."

Jimmie sought a lawyer and stated his claim. Preliminaries were promptly arranged and a writ issued against the yacht. Then he went on board to find a spick-and-span father, just finished dressing, a shining vessel, an inviting meal, a steward, two deckhands, but, as he had foreseen, not a case of whisky.

"A beauty, Jimmie," his father cried with enthusiasm. "Old son, learn something. Never joke where you're not known. At home the whole coast would have had that story this morning, and the great laugh would have rung from the Sound to Alaska. 'Jimmie Duane brings in a derelict; he fights his father off on the high seas; Duane, senior, hit hard for salvage by his relentless son'; that's the tale they'd have put over to the public. This commodore has only just got it. It took me all night to convince him it was a joke. It's on him, anyway, so hang the odds."

Jimmie went off to examine the semi-Diesel engine, almost new, a piece of mechanism that delighted. He could hardly keep his coat on, so eager was he to get at cleaning it.

Duane, senior, sat on deck reflecting. He had disclosed his business to Sladen and

(Continued on Page 65)

Jolly weather for well folks...Winter air paints roses on healthy cheeks

Get through the winter without a cold

ZIPPY AIR, exercise, the right food, sensible dress, enough sleep—will keep anybody well all winter—everybody knows that. The trouble is, we break the rules every so often. Then—with our resistance lowered—we are all set to "catch cold."

But there is a way to escape—by removing the cause of colds. And the cause of all colds is germs.

They're all about in winter—these dangerous, invisible germs—on almost everything your hands touch. Be rid of them quickly before they get into your nose or mouth—or what is worse, pass to your children.

Keep hands antiseptically clean

Wash them often—and in the *right way*. To *look* clean is not enough. Know that they are *purified*. Take the precaution to keep your skin free of germs and you'll be healthier and happier. That's the experience of users of Lifebuoy Health Soap. They know that confident feeling of being antiseptically clean after washing or bathing.

Washing hands and face frequently with Lifebuoy is your surest everyday protection—your best chance to get through the winter without a cold.

Delicate skin kept soft and smooth

Millions have learned that regular use of Lifebuoy also protects their skin from the harshness and chapping caused by poor soap and by natural skin oils being drawn from the hands and face by overheated houses and dry winter air.

The pure, bland oils of palm fruit and cocoanut in Lifebuoy cleanse without removing the natural oils of the skin.

Make Lifebuoy your soap—you'll enjoy using it. Keep your skin beautiful and have vigorous health the year round. I am privileged to offer you a copy of my book "Health Beauty." Mail your request with ten cents in stamps to Lever Bros. Co., 1 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.

The Health Doctor

LIFEBUOY

Removes the Cause

Orange-red Lifebuoy is the color of pure palm fruit oil. You will like the quickly vanishing health odor of Lifebuoy because you like cleanness.

OPENING THE HIGH-

Back of all the activities of the Ford Motor Company is this Universal idea—a whole-hearted belief that riding on the people's highway should be within easy reach of all the people.

An organization, to render any service so widely useful, must be large in scope as well as great in purpose. To conquer the high cost of motoring and to stabilize the factors of production—this is a great purpose. Naturally it requires a large program to carry it out.

It is this thought that has been the stimulus and inspiration to the Ford organization's growth; that has been the incentive in developing inexhaustible resources, boundless facilities and an industrial organization which is the greatest the world has ever known.

In accomplishing its aims the Ford institution has never been daunted by the size or difficulty of any task. It has spared no toil in finding the way of doing each task best. It has dared to try out the untried—with conspicuous success.

WAYS TO ALL MANKIND

Such effort has been amply rewarded. For through this organization, the motor car which is contributing in so large a measure toward making life easier, pleasanter and more worth while has been made available to millions.

The Ford Motor Company views its situation today less with pride in great achievement than with the sincere and sober realization of new and larger opportunities for service to mankind.

Ford Motor Company

Owning and operating coal and iron mines, timber lands, sawmills, coke ovens, foundries, power plants, blast furnaces, manufacturing industries, lake transportation, garnet mines, glass plants, wood distillation plants and silica beds.

TRICKY

Light is a tricky sort of thing. It fools you.

You'd think that these three lamps ought to give you heaps and lots of light—ought to make it light as day.

Do you know how light "daylight" is?

All right, try this: Sometime, in the daytime, turn on all the lamps in the room, and notice how little difference it makes in the light—in daytime.

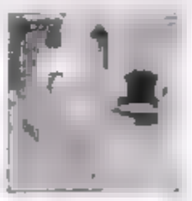
Then remember that the light from those lamps is *all* the light you have at night, *even when* all of them are on.

You have, at night, exactly the amount of light which *isn't enough to notice*, in the daytime.

You know that it's not enough.

Lamps, at night, ought to do more than just make holes in the dark.

Get larger bulbs. Maybe you need more lamps, too. Most homes do.



Here's another way you can be fooled into thinking that you have enough light, when you haven't:

When you want to see how much light a lamp gives, you look at the lamp, don't you?

It certainly *looks* like plenty, that way—but it fools you.

Instead of looking at the lamp, look at what the lamp is supposed to illuminate.

Just about *any* lighted bulb is too bright to stare at; but few lamps in the average household are *anything like* as powerful as the daylight your eyes are used to—or as eye-needs dictate.

Hence, spectacles—even for the children. And headaches—even for the athletes.

Many things which are blamed on diet, or tiredness, or "nerves", ought to be blamed on *not enough light*.

Light's a tricky thing. It fools you.

Here's a counsel of wisdom:

Go to a store where you see this blue carton displayed—

or this blue lantern—

And tell the man just what fixtures the bulbs are for.

Bulbs differ.

Bulbs that are right for the laundry, or for the kitchen, are different from those which you should have for the living room or bedroom or hallway or dining room.

Very different.

Get the right kind of National Mazda Lamp—and be sure to *shade it*.

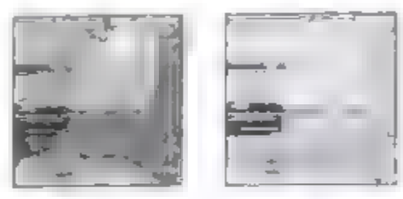
All lamps, every place, ought to be shaded. You can't get good light, right light, unless they *are* shaded.

Without shades you get glare—

Which is awful.

And you waste light on the upper part of the room.

Which is not sensible.



Light the walls and ceilings when you want to—but not with light which you need on your book or your work

And get, for most home uses, especially for shades which are open at the bottom, National White Mazda Lamps.

They have bulbs which diffuse the light—and that's a great virtue.

Learn how to use light. It fools you.

National MAZDA LAMPS

(Continued from Page 60)

offered a working arrangement. The commodore, astounded by the magnitude of the proposed operations, but evincing no surprise, had finally agreed to terms under which he was to be the apparent principal. Duane had demanded a bond of one hundred thousand dollars. "And what company," the commodore had asked, "is going to bond me for illegal operations?"

"Right," Duane had agreed; "then you must put that sum into government bonds, and stow 'em away in the bank."

"And do you think I'm going to put all my capital into four per cent securities when I can earn four hundred per cent with it? This business is on honor, Duane."

Duane had promptly yielded the point. He saw that the rewards of capital were so fabulous that no one could or would tie it up.

"Keep the yacht," Sladen had earnestly counseled. "She's built for this business. We can run five thousand cases into her and get twelve knots out of her at small fuel cost. Don't fool with the courts. She's not registered as a commercial vessel, you can be sure of that. She's under a pleasure license for sure, and customhouses always go light on such. Give her a name, any old name, enter her as yours, from Miami or any old place, and say your papers are mislaid. Remember, we are not sending her into American waters; she's going on the high seas off the coast. There's nobody to question or deny."

"There's Jimmie," Duane had laughed.

The commodore had smiled as though he liked Jimmie.

"No, not so easy as you think," Duane had continued. "I've hitched up with you, partly to hide this business from him. He has his ideas, you saw that, and he sticks to 'em."

Sladen had shrugged his shoulders with Latin significance.

"There's the owner, if he ever turns up."

"Time enough to square him when he does turn up," Sladen had argued. "Pay him his price, whatever it is. Duane, in this business money doesn't count."

"Sounds good," Duane had answered. He had laughed and said he would enter the yacht at the customs as the Roderica, arrived from Miami. He had not meant this, of course, but it struck him as humorously appropriate that the new rum-runner should bear the name of the girl for whom he was so secretly working.

Now he sat there on the deck, staring seaward at the brilliant waters, figuring out how to induce Jimmie to yield the yacht to him and in whose name to enter the vessel. Not in his own; that were ultimately to confess ownership of a rum-runner. Not in Jimmie's; that would be worse. Not in the commodore's; to do that would upset the compromise of last night, would upset Jimmie, and give the fellow complete control of the boat. Hang it all, this bootlegging was a sneaking business, where you had to twist and turn and hide things and trust people that would garrote you on a dark night in a dark street.

This Commodore Sladen, now; Duane's lips took an ugly curve as he saw that he would be kept busy watching the man at every step. He began to understand that bootlegging was a personal business, in which you must attend to details for yourself. Duane had long got past detail. He hated it. He counted the days until Hank Parkinson should arrive. He had wired for Hank from New York. Hank was a wolf you could trust, and he could bite too, and hold on. The man had never knocked down an ounce from the gold mine in Alaska.

He turned to a summons from the steward to what was his breakfast and Jimmie's lunch. He saw a paper newly fixed to the mast which he recognized as a writ. He read it through, slowly, carefully; Jimmie had libeled the vessel, temporarily known as the Rosamond, for ten thousand dollars. The father stepped reflectively into the little saloon.

"Rosamond; why Rosamond?"

"There are two salvors, dad."

"The girl—is she in it? Who is she? Where did she float from?" Duane was in extraordinary spirits, for an odd reason; his son had again got the better of him, had again upset the commodore's plans.

This man who rudely thrust aside obstacles and ruthlessly fought opponents, enjoyed with secret humorous pride this unconscious opposition of his son. This boy whom he had bred, seemed to be fighting his every move -and winning too.

"She's in it," Jimmie answered, laughing, "but she doesn't know it. Fifty-fifty. She has an aunt, that's about all I know, except her name. She floated aboard the yawl, went to sleep, and woke up to some purpose."

"And have you served a writ on her, Jimmie?"

"As how?" Hungry Jimmie took a great mouthful of crawfish chowder.

"You seem to grab everything you salvage, old son. You had twenty-four hours to enter at the customs. I never thought of your doing that until you'd seen me. I meant to go with you."

"I didn't want you, dad. That's one reason I rushed it through."

"Why not?"

Jimmie glanced about, then said in a lowered voice, "I felt ashamed of myself. If you'd been there I'd have felt ashamed of you too."

"Ashamed, Jimmie?"

"I entered her in ballast and had to cut out a lot of truths."

"Millions in the United States," the father said sententiously, "are cutting out a lot so they won't have to cut out their liquor. A law like that forces your hand." He was more angry than usual. Why? Because his Jimmie had been made to feel ashamed.

The boy laughed. "Don't get het up, dad," he counseled. "The act doesn't run here and the liquor does; so why kick? And don't go skylarking again in the blue empyrean with bootleggers. If you hadn't been in it I could have come through clean."

"The commodore gets action," Duane said apologetically. "It interests me to watch him work."

"You can do what you like, dad, on the Coast," was the answer, given almost timidly, for Jimmie had never before criticized his father, "but here you'll be classed with your associates."

"And why not?" Duane hotly derided idlers and the swell classes of the world. The real fellas were the workers, even if the work was running liquor. As for the aristocrats ——

"Including Mrs. Vallander?"

"Sorry, son." Duane laughed. "I forgot you were one of 'em."

That afternoon Jimmie debated whether to clean an engine or search for a girl. The engine was nearer and cried out for attention, so he stripped off his clothes, put on overalls, and was perfectly happy. He slept on board that night. The next morning after breakfast he observed his steward idling about and watching the bar through glasses.

"What's the idea?" he asked.

"De commodore, he say I see a boat is coming over de bar, bossman, and dat boat she wave, and den I wave, an' de commodore on de wharf he see."

Jimmie nodded and turned away. He was annoyed that bootleggers' signals were relayed through his boat, and he was vexed by his annoyance. A trifle like this, a small courtesy of the sea that any stranger might ask, and he begrudged it; Jimmie told himself that he must not carry about a grouch. He went ashore, thinking that his sole object was to order stores; but he inspected every back and auto and every group of passers-by. He saw no one who looked as he thought Rosamond Fair might look in a hat and skirt.

Through an open arch near a wharf he saw a little crowd and heard the unmistakable tones of an auctioneer. He strolled in and saw the girl for whom he was searching, watching with eager absorbed interest. He wondered at his doubt that he would immediately recognize her; she looked a little taller, a little more dignified, that was all. She was wearing a locally woven coconut-fiber hat with a filmy veil pinned under her chin, so her face was framed. Jimmie chuckled as he remembered that he had seen madonnas and saints painted like that, but no trick of headdress could make that eager impish face appear madonna or saint like. She was wearing a pale green dress which stood out among the white gowns of two or three ladies about her. He saw but could not hear that she uttered an exclamation as a little rosewood launch all polish and bright brass was knocked down for twenty pounds, one-tenth, perhaps, of its value.

Jimmie edged his way toward her, surmising that this was a sale of effects saved from some wreck. He saw a sextant, an ice chest, a pair of anchors, knocked down for ridiculous sums to one or other of the five or ten possible buyers in that crowd of idlers, nearly half of whom were obviously winter visitors in search of amusement. He stood directly behind Rosamond and murmured a good morning. She was listening so intently to the auctioneer that her only answer was a whispered "H-u-s-h!" A yacht was on offer, one hundred and seventy-one feet long over all, clipper-built, three-master, mahogany fitted, auxiliary power, nine years old, in perfect condition when wrecked, lying off Gorda Cay, south of Abaco and some miles west from the Hole in the Wall, "in place or otherwise—there or not there."

The girl drew a deep breath. Jimmie heard it in the silence that awaited bids.

"Twenty-five pounds," someone called out, and everybody laughed.

"What an insult to a beautiful yacht," the girl said, half turning her head. "What a perfectly fascinating gamble. Oh, I wish, I wish ——"

"Fifty pounds," Jimmie sang out.

The girl wheeled. Her face dimpled. "Oh!" she cried. "It's you."

"And who," Jimmie asked, "did you think was saying good morning?"

"I didn't think. I was absorbed. I ——"

"Going—going ——"

"You'll get it," she murmured, twitching with excitement as she watched the auctioneer's hammer held high in the air.

"Fifty pounds? Is that all I am offered? The vessel probably lies on an even keel, and her decks perhaps are awash at low tide."

"Do you know that?" asked a voice.

"Oh, take your chance," was the answer, amid derisive laughter.

"Not me. She's broke up by this time."

"Last chance; fifty pounds, I'm bid." He glanced about. Down came the hammer. "Sold!"

"Yours," cried Rosamond with dancing eyes.

"No, yours."

"Mine?" she said, dismayed. "I haven't fifty cents."

"You'll have plenty; half the salvage from the Rosamond; hundreds."

And then there was a general stir as the commodore came running in.

"Five hundred!" he cried, breathless.

"Ah, Ah!" Jimmie murmured. "Now I understand the signal."

"Too late, commodore," the auctioneer said. He glanced about. "Will the buyer please step to the desk?"

Jimmie, hiding laughter, stepped forward with the money in his hand.

"And your name, please?"

"The purchaser," was Jimmie's bland response, "is Miss Rosamond Fair."

"Oh!" An ecstatic murmur from the owner of that name, who had pressed forward with him.

"Cork up," Jimmie warned. "This is cold business."

"It is not. It is splendid brilliant romance." Louder, she answered questions. "American citizen. Residence, White Plains, New York."

"All papers," the auctioneer said, "will be ready by three o'clock." He wished to be funny. "Will you take your parcel with you, Miss Fair, or may I send it?"

"I shall go after it, thank you so much," she answered with dignity.

Jimmie for the benefit of amused and interested listeners spoke in the cold and calculating tones of a mere agent.

"Is it all as per your instructions, Miss Fair?" he asked as they sidled out of the little crowd. "I hope you will not be disappointed in your purchase."

"Thank you, Mr. Duane, you have done all I asked, and more." Outside, in the square, she bubbled over. "More—a million times more." She pealed laughter. "Me! The owner of a yacht—Rosamond Fair, owner."

"Shut up!" Jimmie whispered fiercely. "Here comes a buyer of your bargain."

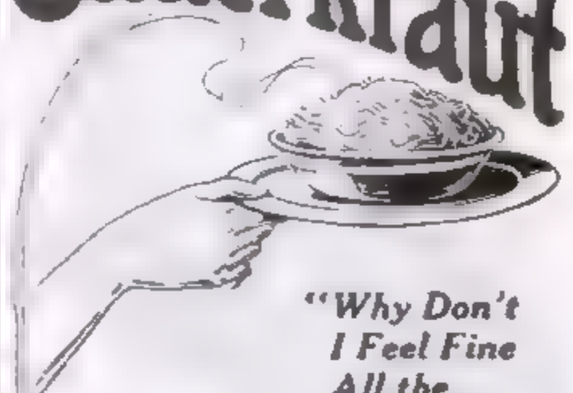
She looked up to see the commodore approaching.

This Commodore Sladen was no imitation gentleman of overdone manners. A little exaggeration was the just and forgivable attribute of his Spanish blood, and his approach to the girl who had the day before nearly flung him into the water was pleasantly effective.

"Do I need an introduction after yesterday?" he asked with a disarming smile.

"I'm sorry," Rosamond responded. "I—I ——" She was about to add that she had had her orders, but she was in no mood, now that she was proud owner of a yacht, to shift any responsibilities. "You

Surprising Healthfulness in Sauerkraut



"Why Don't I Feel Fine All the Time?"

PROBABLY you have often asked yourself this question. You take as good care of yourself as you know how. Yet much of the time you are conscious that you are not as keenly alert and energetic as you should be.

Injudicious eating, lack of exercise, irregular habits—any or all of these may be responsible. But most often, that dull, tired feeling indicates that all is not right in the intestinal tract.

It is for this reason that such surprising improvement often results from eating sauerkraut. For sauerkraut is rich in lactic ferments—the same to which Metchnikoff attached so much importance in his famous work on "The Prolongation of Life." These lactic ferments have a tendency to free the intestinal tract from harmful micro-organisms which in many cases are the cause of "that tired feeling." And increased activity and cleanliness restore mental and physical energy.

Sauerkraut is not a medicine. It is a simple vegetable food, a favorite for centuries with people noted for their robust health and long life. And the nation-wide interest in it today is due to the publication of the remarkable facts regarding its value as a health food.

These facts, cited by the highest scientific authorities, are given in detail in the booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," with forty-five new and delicious recipes. Everyone who seeks to maintain health through correct eating should know these facts. Mail the coupon now for this booklet, FREE.

(Sauerkraut may be purchased at grocery stores, meat markets, delicatessen stores)

THE NATIONAL KRAUT PACKERS' ASSOCIATION Clyde, Ohio

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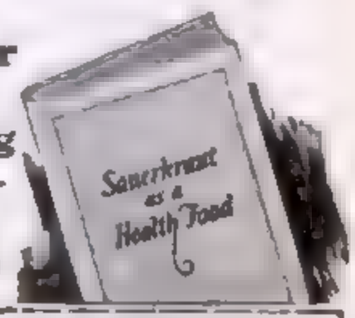

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see, I was one of the salvors, and I had to protect my rights, hadn't I?"

Jimmie laughed outright at the grave manner. The commodore smiled.

"You took a risk that scares me to remember," he said. "And why treat Mr. Duane's father and me as though we were pirates?"

"Mr. Duane's father?"

"He was hidden in the launch," Jimmie explained, "so he can't blame you or me if we seemed inhospitable."

"Mr. Jimmie has told you, of course," the commodore said, "that everything about that boat has been arranged all right and everybody's satisfied. No doubt we can do the same thing about this one lying seventy miles away on the bottom of the ocean. I was just one second too late with my bid of five hundred pounds. Hard on the owner, that. Yachts are never insured in these waters; it costs too much. A total loss for him."

He looked from the silent interested Jimmie to the girl. "I'm willing to gamble," he went on, "if you two ——"

Jimmie's disclaimer was prompt. "I have nothing to do with it," he said. "Miss Fair wanted it. She bought it." He folded his arms and moved back a step to indicate how completely out of it he stood. He was intensely curious to see what Miss Fair would do.

"My bid of five hundred stands, Miss Fair," the suave commodore offered, "and I should send another five hundred pounds to the owner."

"To the owner?" Rosamond repeated. "Why?"

"To be fair," the commodore said gravely. "I meant to pay five hundred to him, and he ought to have it."

The girl reflected on this, twisting her head a little sidewise and studying the ground. "Yes," she said at length, "I could do that."

"You? But you don't want that wreck, Miss Fair. If it's there at all—well, do you know what wrecking operations cost? What means have you of lifting a boat of that size? You would have to get a wrecking crew from Havana or New York."

"And how would you lift it, commodore?"

"I have my own means."

"Well"—Rosamond glanced with confident appeal—"I could pay you, couldn't I, for the use of your means?"

Jimmie turned away, coughing to hide his laugh. Sladen made a slight bow and smiled.

"I should raise the wreck myself for my own use," he explained patiently, "but I am not in the wrecking business. Take a thousand pounds for what cost you fifty, Miss Fair, and send half to the owner, if you choose."

The girl looked from his face to Jimmie, who stared stolidly at the customhouse and made no sign. She shook her head. "No," she said softly, "I will not sell, commodore."

His pupils contracted as he lowered his eyelids and gazed through narrowed slits into the sympathetic face upturned to his.

"I am sorry if you wanted it very much, but, you see, I want it too," she said.

"You can't mean it," he answered. "I need it, need it badly. I would pay you even more for your bargain." Rosamond and he measured glances. "Two thousand," he said.

"I am sorry." She shook her head.

"You cannot mean it."

"But I do."

His little bow acknowledged defeat. "I wish you success," he answered. Frowning, he looked deep into her eyes. "I hope you find the yacht." His sudden smile relieved the menace of his manner. He lifted his hat in a gallant gesture, nodded pleasantly to Jimmie and walked away.

The girl wheeled. "Was I right?" she asked eagerly. "Tell me, please, should I have sold it to him? Oh"—she ran on breathlessly—"I couldn't bear to let it go. And yet, his manner is splendid, isn't it? You see, if I sold it I couldn't change my mind, could I? But now I can, if you say so, Mr. Duane." She eyed Jimmie and burst out with excited candor: "I've never had a real adventure until yesterday, and now they just rush on me. Every time I see you, amazing things happen."

Jimmie thrilled to such a tribute, as, of course, he must. Her wide wondering eyes reflected a whole sky of blue and her slightly bent figure yielded homage to this maker of marvels. He tried to speak in an ordinary way as he told her that adventures were only beginning. He listened with a racing pulse to the quick catch in her breath.

"If you've really decided to refuse a profit of thousands of dollars it's up to you to protect your property," he said. "Let's sit down and talk it over." He led the way to a seat in the square, overlooking the water.

"Yes," she said, "protect my property? What from? How?"

"Do you see our yacht—the Rosamond?"

"Our yacht," she repeated rapturously, glancing across; "the Rosamond." She laughed gleefully.

"Well, some signal was passed from a vessel crossing the bar and relayed from our yacht to the commodore on the wharf here. It meant, I am sure, that the yacht is in place and not much injured. He ran and bid, just an instant too late."

"That's very bad luck for him."

"Business," Jimmie said sententiously. "And now what did the grand seigneur say to you when he left us?"

"Something very nice. Let me see. Oh, yes, he hoped I would find the boat there."

"Exactly." Jimmie bent forward and spoke very low. "But he knew it was there."

Rosamond, slightly startled by his significant manner, looked perplexed. "Well?"

"What if he makes sure that she is not there? A stick of dynamite, a depth bomb, any old explosive—all you have to do is to drop it over and sail away."

"Jimmie!" What she called him subconsciously leaped from her lips and she did not know it; but he did.

"He's done worse things, Rosamond," he answered. He knew, and so did she, now; but neither commented on this jump into intimacy. "Did you see his eyes when he said he hoped you'd find it? Did you catch a hidden note in that smooth lying voice? It's up to you to sell to him."

"Never—never."

"Well then, you've got to get away this very day."

"Oh, oh!" Her eyes were shining.

"Alone. I can't go, for I must follow with plant to lift her, and I don't know how long it will take to get the tools together. You'll have to stand by until I come."

"I could get the Seminole. We've had her for a day's fishing."

He stared incredulously. He had not supposed she would go. She meant it, he saw that. He was immensely impressed. He became suddenly reflective.

"There's no danger, Rosamond," he said at length. He worked the name in again, and this time she looked up with an expression that said it was all right. It was then that he thought of Roderica.

"You are splendid," honest Jimmie blurted out. "I'm going to write about you to the girl I'm engaged to up north."

"She'll never need the movies for thrills, Mr. Duane."

"Drop that, Rosamond. She'll call you Rosamond too." Would she? He doubted, but allowed himself the benefit of the doubt.

"We better find out first," she said a little dryly. "No danger, you said?"

"I mean that he wouldn't drop a bomb while you were watching, would he? And he couldn't attack you or do anything, could he? If he's up to any tricks he'll not play 'em when he sees you on guard." He glanced up at the sky and all about. "The weather is settled. You have about seventy miles to go, and you might be there two or three days. Do you really mean it? Will your aunt go?"

"She'd jump at it."

"Good! Remember, there's plenty of money coming from salvage. Shall I advance you some?"

"Auntie'll do that, thank you, Mr. Duane."

"Look here, Rosamond, we're friends; and partners in one boat ——"

"In two boats," she promptly corrected.

"Right, if you like. Now partners—well, it's always first names."

"Write and ask her if it always is," she gibed.

He had no moment to waste in this word sparring. "My job calls," he said. "Can you take on yours?"

She jumped to her feet. "When you turn up," she pledged, "you'll find me on guard."

"Have you thought?" he asked, still not crediting this young slight girl with such decision, such energy, such promptness. "You stand to make a fine morning's profit if you sell."

"He may blow her up," she cried, extending a hand, "but he'll never, never buy from me. Good luck." She turned on her heel and was speeding away.

"Rosamond."

She wheeled and he went to her. What he had meant to say was, "Don't you want any hints about stores or fuel or supplies? Don't you want ——" What he did say was "Please say Jimmie."

She looked up at him with a grave dignity. "Please don't spoil wonderful romantic business by flirting, Mr. Duane."

He denied vehemently. "Luck has made us partners," he said, "and friends too. And that means—well—friends."

"We are that," she assented eagerly. "Your job calls. So does mine." She went away abruptly, but she called over her shoulder, "Good luck, Jimmie."

He watched her round the corner; she did not turn. He went, apparently idly strolling along the water front, and a question here and there soon brought what he sought. A little motorboat had come in reporting that she had passed close by Gorda Cay and seen the wreck resting on an even keel, her deck above sea level at low water. That was enough. Jimmie rushed to the bank, and thence to a large bottler of whisky, who sold him thirty empty oak whisky barrels, headed and tight.

He hired men to bung them and lash them in a line six feet apart in the shallow water. He flew to the courthouse. That Rosamond which he had libeled was in the custody of the court. Could he file any kind of bond and take her out for a day or two? A salvage case—that yacht on shore by Gorda Cay; it might break up any minute; no lives involved, but valuable property. Absolutely illegal, he was told; and when he asked whether he would be stopped if he took her out, and whether any fine subsequently imposed would be heavy in a cause so good, he was answered only by an enigmatic smile. He chose to interpret the enigma his way, and ran to a garage. A wrecking case; if they had a good man on marine engines, such man would receive twenty-five dollars a day. The engineer, Marty Bunton, was on board a launch within the hour, and within two hours was towing a long string of barrels down the harbor.

Jimmie, rushing to the hardware store for a chart and ropes, looked seaward down every street. Seeing a motorboat pass in the distance he ran like a madman. "Is that the Seminole?" he asked a colored roustabout on the lumber pier.

"Yaas, bossman."

He shaded his eyes; two figures in the cockpit, two women. "Brava, Rosamond," he murmured exultantly. He held up a waving handkerchief, but they did not see the signal.

It was after dark when he boarded his yacht, to find his father not there. This was a disappointment, for he had hoped for his father's experienced help.

"Seen the commodore?" he asked the steward.

"He cross bar this afternoon, chief, 'bout four o'clock."

"Mr. Duane with him?" he asked sharply.

"No, saar, he board him launch by hisself."

Jimmie was relieved. He inspected gasoline tanks, water tanks, stores. There was plenty of everything, including ice; and only fresh bread was short. He glanced at the empty davits. He had forgotten a small boat. He hailed a passing colored man and in three minutes the boat was hoisted up and there was an addition of one man to the crew.

He started about eight o'clock, followed by a long sinuous wave of barrels, which only an incoming tide saved from fouling everything near the fairway.

Across the bar, reaction came; he saw himself mad to have sent this girl off without any white man into lonely seas where was only to be met a vindictive unscrupulous pirate. He had not really believed that the commodore would attempt any act of melodramatic spite; it had all been a sudden unpremeditated joke, turned into quick action by the amazing promptitude of the girl; and he had let it go on because it had so joyfully intrigued her. And now—this suave Castilian had really gone.

Jimmie turned a frowning look at the long sinister snake following in his wake, holding him back to six knots an hour. He would not cast it off; after all, what could happen to Rosamond? He thought of every possibility, and it was not for some

(Continued on Page 68)

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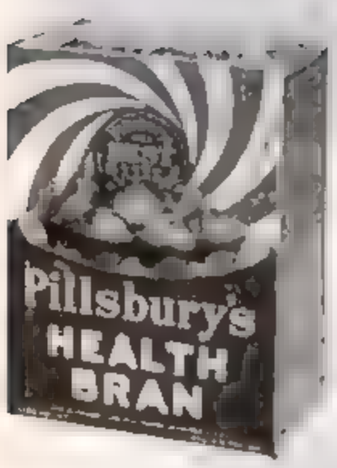

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One of the family

(Continued from Page 66)

time that an obvious contingency jumped to his mind.

"Ease her," he said softly to the engineer dozing on the deck. He yelled to a sleeping deckhand. "Wake up," he cried, "and cast off the tow."

"Full speed, Marty Bunton," he called down a minute later. The Rosamond jumped ahead at twelve knots.

It is only in the summertime, when there is little to write about, that sea serpents appear, but thirty-one passengers on the Miami boat reported in writing on arrival at Nassau the next morning that they had seen a horrid monster over two hundred feet long writhing and undulating on the surface of the starlit sea.

But Jimmie never cast a look astern. "Time fuse, time fuse." The words throbbed in his brain to the rhythm of the engine. That was surely what this man would use if he were going to do anything. He could be miles and hours away when the explosion came; and Rosamond's boat might be directly overhead.

"Wide open!" Jimmie cried.

"Aye, aye!" came from below.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HER TWO MEN

(Continued from Page 11)

under the stars! We fooled ourselves then; are we going to lie now? Are you another liar, Bert?"

"No!" said he. "I ain't a liar."

"Well, then I'm going to kiss you anyway."

"That isn't right," he said, taking his lips from hers. "I'm a weakling."

"I'm not," she replied. "I'm going with you."

"But that's all ridiculous," he asserted. "It can't be done, Barby. Remember when I first called you Barby? The whole thing is out of kilter. You're—you're ——"

"All right," she replied. "Go on! What am I? I'm a flapper. I'm a little too old for it. I live in a huge house. I have two maids and they both lie to me. My father has a tremendous place, let us say, and I know all the young set who later will get divorces from one another. Just now our crowd is drinking a lot and necking and shooting what they call a wicked line. But nothing real happens. Not even to me. Bert, don't laugh!"

"I ain't laughing," he said in his own lingo. "Most anything but laughing! I kind of understand."

"Do you?" she inquired eagerly. "Do you understand? If you do, you'll let me go with you. If you do, you'll take me away from all this pretense. If you do, you'll know why a girl you love and don't deny loving her and don't dare deny loving her, loves you. You won't lie. Neither will I. And a part of my coming here is to get away. Not love for you, Bert. Just being tired. Just hating everything."

"Hating what?" he asked.

She replied in one word "Pretense!"

He knew what she meant. She had explained it once, long before, months before, under the stars when the embers of the fire he had built for her had grown dull. He had heard it through the dark of another midnight.

"Well, I don't like a life of lies," this young creature went on. "I know—I've learned how to tell myself the truth. I guess I've learned by being modern. I guess I've learned by being a flapper. I'm no fool. I want big game; something more than pretending; something more than the society columns; something more than playing at respectability. I'm no fool. I'm considered desirable because my dad has a deposit box loaded with bonds and has hearings about his income tax. I'm desirable because of our family, but my family don't keep up any standards or standing, Bert. It's a fake!"

"Well, what do you want?" he asked fiercely.

"A man who won't tell or live lies," she answered—"and a hundred children."

"You're kind of queer for your kind."

"You've said it," replied Barbara. "My father said it too. We had our row about you. I said I'd telephone you to come and he—well, he had been to see Louise La Grange. And she had probably gone out, and that's modernism, Bert. The old liar. So he had gone back to the club—the Polo. And he came home and snatched the telephone out of my hand. Well, that's the end, Bert. I love you, but you've got to take me away now!"

"What you going to do?"

"Cry, I think."

"Don't cry," said Bert. "I wouldn't like you if you were to cry. Keep your upper lip right stiff. Is he coming here?"

"Oh, he'll be here," she answered. "He knew where I was going. I won't cry."

"Huh!" said Laidlaw. "He'll come to get you."

"I won't go with him. I've got only two men. One is my dad and the other is you—and I'm going with you."

"Yeh," said Laidlaw, "that's right—mebbe. I reckon common sense will fix it all right for you—his or mine. Don't you fret, Barby."

"You got a gun, Bert?"

"Why?"

"He may bring that kind of business into it."

"Go on!"

"Better believe it, Bert."

Laidlaw smiled.

"I did tote a gun. But it's in that drawer there. I reckon your dad and me aren't a pair of fools."

"You won't let him take me? You're going to take me, Bert."

His eyes narrowed.

"Are you trying to go with me or are you trying to get away from something you don't like?"

There was a metallic sound in his question.

"I don't know, Bert," she said, looking at the floor. "Perhaps it's both. I wouldn't lie to you, Bert, understand?"

"Will you leave it to me?"

Barbara raised her eyes.

"Yes," she said, "I'll leave it to you. You won't let me go back to all that pretense and—decadence."

"What is decadence?" he asked. "I just don't know that word."

"It's the Milbornes," she replied. "I am! I know it! Fake, pretense, rottenness. Ask my dad. You tell him that our family got more and more daring until finally one of us dared to tell herself the whole truth—the whole of it."

"Go in the bedroom," he commanded suddenly.

"Why?"

"Hear that buzzer? It's probably him."

"But I don't want to hide."

"You're not hiding. I'll tell him you're here. I just want to talk to him alone."

"Why?"

"I want to know him like I know you. I want to give him his chance to tell me the—the truth."

Laidlaw closed the door after her; he opened the other as the buzzer sounded the second time.

The man who came in was not so tall as the Westerner, but no one would have denied that F. Grant Milborne had a certain distinction. His bearing and the poise of a head, rather too large for his body, on square shoulders gave him the atmosphere of power and self-assurance. His clothes were always made and worn skillfully, but neither his attire nor the gray silky hair brushed back like birds' wings behind his large ears, nor the deep, firm, authoritative voice suggestive of personalities who earn their way and have it, nor his alert brown eyes had ever quite concealed from Laidlaw the fact that whatever Milborne assumed as to the folly and weakness of others, he was haunted by doubts about himself. Power he might have, but it lacked one element; some little, troubled, anxious, apprehensive flicker in his eyes disclosed the fact that Milborne was eternally afraid of himself.

"Hello, Laidlaw," he said, throwing his hat on the library table. "Well, my boy, how are you?"

He was as patronizing as an older man who comes to get a younger out of a scrape. The other made no answer unless it was made by a dry smile.

"My daughter here?" asked Milborne, apparently expecting the fact to be denied or evaded.

"She sure is," replied Laidlaw; "in yonder."

Milborne glanced at the closed door. His large jaws set.

(Continued on Page 70)

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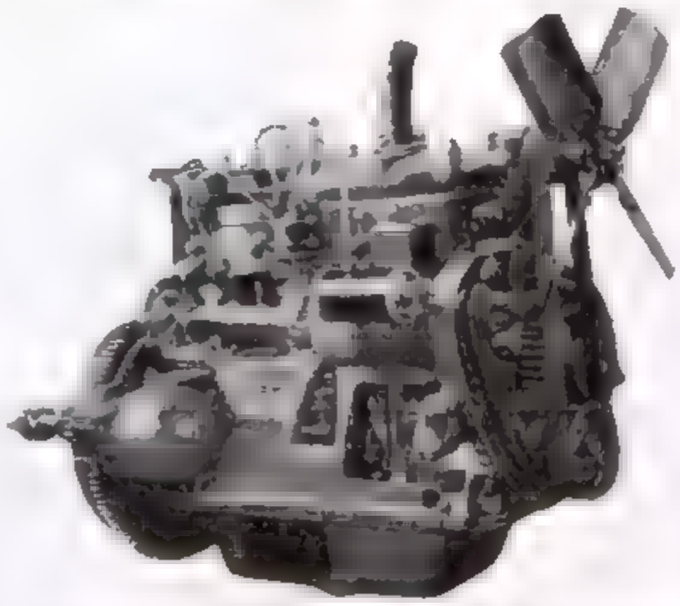

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(Continued from Page 68)

"This is rather serious," he said sternly; "rather serious."

"It isn't serious the way you mean," replied Bert. "Don't say anything like that."

"Not fair to you, eh? Not fair to your sense of honor?"

"I ain't worrying about that," the Westerner replied in a drawl. "You got too much sense to insult me, because you know what I'd do. What I'm asking is that you don't insult your own daughter. Gentlemen don't talk thataway."

Milborne wiped his face with his handkerchief; he had the manner of a man who attends a stormy meeting of a board of directors.

"Oh, I don't want to quarrel with you, Laidlaw. I liked you out on your home grounds and you did us a good turn. I don't say that when you were bringing my daughter back to the ranch you did anything I wouldn't have done at your age. Of course, we needn't discuss it. The incident had a deep—and unfortunate—effect upon my daughter. Let it go at that. You must see yourself that there is something inappropriate in your continued acquaintance—relationship. If the little—er—adventure led to marriage it would be a misfortune."

"I reckon so," Laidlaw asserted. "I'm not prepared for her—or her for me. That's the short of it."

Milborne narrowed his eyes.

"Exactly," he said. "Now if you want a loan or financial help ——"

Bert pulled open a drawer and tenderly laid a handsome revolver on top of a beautifully bound copy of Dante. Milborne regarded this with intense interest; then he made a motion of his head which was quite like a bow.

"As you were saying ——" drawled Laidlaw.

"Ah, yes, as I was saying, my daughter is an impulsive girl. She knows that you are a gentleman, Laidlaw, and perhaps she does not see what a change it would make in her life to ——"

Laidlaw's dry smile returned to his thin lips.

"I reckon she sees," he said. "That's what she thinks she wants—the change."

Milborne seized this remark as an opportunity to create the atmosphere of two gods deciding in a friendly and confidential way the destiny of a helpless human being.

"Precisely!" he exclaimed. "Before she left the house this evening she was quite vehement about it. Naturally I have a good deal of pride. It is vexing to have a madcap girl criticize our manner of life and belittle all our endeavors. It is rather curious to have great pains taken to arrive at sophisticated and distinguished manners of life and then suddenly revolt against it. That's it! A passing revolt of an undisciplined girl! You understand?"

Laidlaw looked up at the beamed ceiling.

"No," he said, "I don't see it that way. I see it plainer, maybe, because I'm simple. She spoke to me about how kind of feverish life had become. She made out a case about growing kind of tired doing useless things, and she don't think a lot of some things that is winked at."

Milborne interrupted angrily. "You can't listen to a girl who is in a tantrum! Why, before she left me tonight she was violent! She was in open revolt! She threatened never to come back! Rushed out into the street! I won't have it! Where is she? Let me tell her a few things. There has to be some authority. If you encourage her, Laidlaw, I can make it pretty hot for both of you."

"No, you can't," the younger man said, raising his clear blue eyes. "She's free, white and twenty-one. All you can do is to stop paying her bills, and she don't care about that noways. If I was you I'd be a better father than that; if I was you I'd use a heap of sense. Mebbe I could help."

Milborne went to the window and played with the heavy brocade of the dark overcurtains. Once he started rapidly toward the bedroom door, but Bert strolled toward him, and the broker retreated.

"Well, all right, Laidlaw," said Milborne finally. "You decide. What were you going to advise me to do?"

The fine wrinkles made by summer glare and the beat of dry powdery snow deepened around Laidlaw's eyes.

"As I see it, she ought to return to her father," he said, after deliberation. "I reckon she would do it if I told her. She promised to leave it to me."

Milborne's face relaxed; he rubbed together lightly the palms of his hot hands.

"Good!" said he. "Look here, did Westall leave anything to drink here?"

"I haven't found anything."

"Well, go on, Laidlaw. I agree with you and I am relieved. You can see my anxiety. A young impulsive girl. Midnight! Here! Something of an escapade. Possible scandal. It's this generation—run wild!"

The other shook his head.

"I hadn't finished," he asserted. "I reckon I ought to tell you I love your daughter. I don't love her because she is rich and society and all that. I reckon I love her partly because she hates all that business. There's no telling anyhow about why when it comes to love."

"No, of course not. It's a fancy," said Milborne with the superiority of age and place. "You will go away and the fancy will pass."

"I'm not thinking of that," Laidlaw replied. "Let that go. I was thinking of her. She'd go with me if I'd let her. She said she had only two men. One was you and the other me, and she said she would choose me. Well, mebbe you are right. Mebbe her fancy might be mistaken. But there's just one thing that ought to interest you and me ——"

"Certainly," the father said with vehemence. "I know what you were going to say—we ought to be interested in the practical side."

"I wasn't going to say so," Laidlaw drawled. "I ain't much interested in the practical side. I was going to say that the one thing we ought to be interested in—is her!"

"Well, you know what is the better thing for her and you'll do it."

"'Course I will," said Laidlaw. "I told you I loved her, didn't I?"

"Then it's settled."

"Well," said the younger man, "I wouldn't call it settled."

Milborne leaned over the table.

"What else?"

"You."

"Me?"

"You're the other man," said Laidlaw. "You know already what I'll do for her. What will you do for her?"

"What will I do for her? Why, anything!" said the father. "You know that. I'll do anything."

He appeared eager to make that agreement and have it over.

"There's got to be a change," Laidlaw said firmly. "I don't know just how. About a lot of this I'm off the range. I couldn't just understand everything. But you've got to be a better father. That's what you pay me for gettin' her back. But I reckon you'd want to pay that." He touched the revolver again with the tips of his long brown wiry fingers. "That would be an honorable trade," he went on. "I can't get down to details. Mebbe we better ask her what kind of a father she wants."

"Look here," exclaimed Milborne in sudden resentment, "I won't have this kind of thing! I don't allow anyone to dictate to me!"

The other grinned.

"And she don't either," he said. "That's what it's all about. But if you want her back I reckon you ought to put up something, eh?" His voice softened. "I reckon you'd want to."

"For instance?"

"Well, there's somebody named Louise La Grange."

"My daughter ——"

"Yes, she knows. I reckon a lot know."

"I'm a widower. There's the need for affection. Not the coarse type, Laidlaw."

"Mebbe you'd better get that refined brand from your daughter from now on."

"You mean I've got to give up my—friendship with my—with Louise? You are presuming a great deal!"

"I reckon you'll do it," said the younger man. "If I was Barby's father I'd do it quick if she wanted me to. If it hurt her pride and made everything appear like it wasn't quite clean, I'd do it. I reckon you will. Ain't that the first thing to do?"

Milborne looked up at Laidlaw, but Laidlaw was examining the portraits of young women on the mantel. He was touching the silver frames with the tips of his fingers. The broker scowled, looked at the closed door of the chamber where he knew his daughter was waiting, and then suddenly he smiled and spoke as if in haste.

"All right, Laidlaw," he said. "I see it differently. If that's one part of the price I must pay to get my daughter out of this scrape, we will make a deal on it. You'll

(Continued on Page 72)

NASH

ANNOUNCES

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Four Passengers

THE NEW ADVANCED SIX
VICTORIA

This smartly-fashioned low-swung new Victoria is another perfect example of Nash artistry in creative design and Nash mastery of enclosed car craftsmanship.

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First among its features are the finely-fashioned body; superb appointments; Nash-design four-wheel brakes; full balloon tires; five Budd disc wheels; and the special force-feed oiling system.

THE NASH MOTORS COMPANY, KENOSHA, WIS.

(Continued from Page 70)

have to take my promise—on honor—my word."

"Why wouldn't I?" asked the other. "We are her two men, aren't we? Gentlemen, I reckon. Neither of us is going to lie."

"What else?" the broker inquired, glancing at his watch.

"We'll ask her," said Laidlaw. He opened the door of the chamber. "Come on in, Barby," he said in a voice for the first time quivering. "I've done my best. Your two men had a talk, Barby girl."

She came in with swift, impatient steps, looking first doubtfully at her lover and then with a hardening of lines about mouth and eyes at her father.

"Mebbe it's better for you to go home just now," Laidlaw said. "We've been talking about you and what you want. Well, we've both got ready to do what is best for you. You know you promised me you'd take my decision."

"I was a fool!" she blazed forth, sensing something of the understanding between the two men. "It isn't your life you two are making. It's mine, and I ought to make my own life!"

"Yeh," drawled Laidlaw. "But if you're figurin' on me in anyways, I've also got the same right." She sprang toward him and seized one of his long hands between her own trembling fingers. "For God's sake, don't desert me, Bert!"

He patted the back of one of her hands, but his lips were compressed into a thin hard line. For the first time struggle within showed on his face.

"What's the matter with your life? What's the changes you want your dad to make?" he asked. "Speak up, Barby. He's going to fix everything right for you."

"Fix everything right for me!"

Her voice fell back into her throat, it dropped into a desperate whisper. It rang with resentments repressed for years.

"Yes," repeated Laidlaw.

"Why, he can't fix everything right for me!" said Barbara. "It's too late. I never knew anything about my life until I got a look at other people's. Why, Bert, from the time I was four until I was ten or eleven I saw lots more of the postman than I ever saw of my father—or mother, either! I was put off in the west wing with governesses. Everybody was too busy with the stock exchange and bridge and clubs and going out to dinners—and whisky-and-sodas."

"Now look here, Barbara," protested Milborne, "this is pure waste."

She closed her eyes. The white lids contrasted with the flush of passion and excitement on her cheeks. She seemed to be standing on tiptoe, trying to reach an expressiveness which was just beyond her reach.

"And then when you and mother were fixing up a divorce, you sent me off to school—boarding school—and girls asked me why I never had any letters from home except from the wife of our old butler! Fix everything! How can you fix everything? You made a dummy daughter out of me since then, a thing with clothes on to put in your show window. And all you wanted was to have me avoid scandal. When your nasty old banker friend kissed me in the library you wouldn't kill him. You said—remember you'd been drinking until you were harmlessly silly? you said, 'His institution is carrying too many of my loans.'"

She gasped.

"Fix everything! Rubbish! You're not going to change any, dad. We're going on spending money and putting up a high hat and pretending, pretending, pretending; and dressing for dinner, with maids and valets answering push buttons, and if I ask you to stay in for an evening with me you'll say, 'No, I've got to see Beaman at the club,' or, 'I'll have to meet my lawyer.' And I'll know where you are going all the time."

"You've been showered with everything in the world I could give you!" roared Milborne.

"I'm covered with slime!" Her voice broke. She threw herself into a chair and buried her golden head in the curves of her arms. "Aren't you going to help me, Bert?" she sobbed.

"Gosh! Haven't I tried?" he answered. "I've given up everything!" For the first time the man from the solitudes and the open air appeared to be baffled and beaten. He bowed his head. "I did just as I saw it," he went on. "I supposed your father and I could settle it. And I did, Barby. I made a trade. I got to stick to it, girl. I gave my word."

"Word!" she exclaimed, leaping to her feet. "You took his word? About what?"

"He promised me something."

Milborne saw his chance; he seized it. He stretched out his hand.

He said, "One word—as gentlemen." Their hands met.

"He promised you something?" exclaimed Barbara. "Did he? Don't you believe him, Bert! He's forgotten long ago that the word of a Milborne means anything."

"Don't talk thataway," cautioned Laidlaw. "That isn't right, Barby. Your father has done a big thing. Mebbe some wouldn't think it. I would. He says there won't be any more ——"

"—— Louise La Grange," she finished.

"Yeh."

"And you believe that?"

Laidlaw clenched his brown wiry hands. He repeated his affirmative.

"Sure, Barby—word of a gentleman." The girl threw back her head like one in agony. "Can't you see, girl?" the younger man argued. "He did it for you. One of us has got to take keer of you, and he's the most fittin'."

"Is he? How do you know? Is he?"

Barbara walked to the window. The light from the lamp on the table marked out the white flash of her bare lean back, where the fashionable low-cut gown exposed her youth to the world as if that white rippling flesh was the one thing Barbara could depend on most. She pulled the window higher.

From a hotel across the street came the whining, wistful melody of some dance orchestra weaving its voodoo spells in jazz time. She laughed and Laidlaw shivered as if a cold wind had struck into his bones.

"Come along, Barbara, old girl," said Milborne thickly.

She turned back into the room. She said to Laidlaw, "The stars are as they were, Bert, when you and I saw them that night. What do you suppose it's like out there—on the desert?" And then suddenly she accused him; she said, "You yielded to my father because you were afraid. Probably you knew him the way I do. Probably you knew how a man like my father works. Probably you knew he gathered his forces before he came here. He didn't appeal to your sense of right, Bert. He told you he had brought his detectives and would run you out of the city."

"No, he didn't," said the younger man doggedly. "Your father wouldn't do that way with you—nor me."

"Yes, he would!"

"Is that right?" asked Laidlaw, turning toward Milborne. "A gentleman—just for his daughter's sake—under these circumstances would come alone."

"Certainly," replied Milborne tensely, gazing straight at his daughter. "A gentleman—under the circumstances would come alone."

The girl sprang forward to the door of the apartment. She threw it open. They could all see the empty hallway. They listened. There were no retreating steps on the marble tiles; no sounds echoed on those polished marble walls.

From Barbara's throat came a gasp of agony. She had played her last card. She had lost.

"You see, Barby," said Laidlaw, "you did him wrong. Now you better go, Barby."

She was silent. She returned from the closed door and picked up her cloak wearily. And then while the two men were looking into each other's eyes she saw the revolver still resting on the great leather-bound volume of Dante's Inferno. She threw back her head and gave forth a rippling stream of cold laughter.

"My two men," she said. "Do you realize how amusing you are? Just an argument over me—and your hair, and your drawn tense faces! Just as they say in the novels! Look at yourselves!"

They both turned toward the Spanish mirror. Almost at once the shot beat the air of the room. Down came shattered glass. The apartment was filled with stifling aromatic smoke. It waved and swung, and the breeze carrying the strains of music from across the street blew it away toward the open bedroom door.

Its going revealed two men, still standing. They had whirled about and were staring with frightened smarting eyes at a girl with the revolver slowly drooping in limpness of her bare arm and quivering fingers.

"I guess I broke Westall's best mirror," said she. "I aimed at it." A curious smile was on her face. She said, "Now, listen! See what dad's word of honor is worth!"

A police whistle sounded somewhere in the corridors outside. There were running feet, pounding at the door!

"Don't you dare move!" she said to her father. "Here come your private sleuths—maybe the same you put on me once. They think our ranchman has shot you, dad."

There came more pounding, but it ceased at once. No time to wait for formalities. Heavy shoulders against the resistance of the lock. A ripping of wood fiber, rising into a shriek followed by a heavy crash. The door gave way.

"I knew they were there—somewhere," said Barbara, breathing hard.

Two men, one heavy of frame and face, the other younger and more active, leaped toward them.

"Call off your dogs, daddy," said Barbara lightly. "I know you!"

Laidlaw, who stood behind her, reached down gently and took from her trembling fingers the weapon she had used. As he did so he patted her shoulder and whispered a word in her ear. Milborne looked at them.

"Well," said he, "what of it?"

"What of it?" repeated the younger man. "Why, that's all of it! You kin go!"

The two private detectives moved forward.

"We got a couple of regular patrolmen downstairs, sir," said one of them to Milborne. "If you want us to rough this feller——"

"I wouldn't rough him," the broker cautioned. "He is a dead shot."

"You kin go!" repeated Laidlaw in his drawl. "You kin go—now!"

Milborne put on his hat. He started to speak, but thought better of it. He was at least a practical man.

The door closed. After a moment Barbara came to Laidlaw and took up his left hand and pressed it to her cheek.

"I guess you'll have a lot of trouble with me, Bert," said she. "But I'm always going to pay you for it; there aren't any two men with me."

AIRCRAFT DOMINATE SEACRAFT

(Continued from Page 23)

would have sunk the ship had not this part of the test been called off by the Navy. The vessel was then thoroughly inspected and the damage resulting noted.

At last came our chance to attack the cruiser with the six-hundred-pound bombs, and again Captain Lawson led his squadron to the ship. At that time the board of inspection was so slow that they kept us flying around way out at sea about an hour before Captain Lawson had to signal that unless he was allowed to attack within fifteen minutes he would have to return to shore on account of lack of gas. At last came the order to go ahead. Captain Lawson deployed his bombers into single column and immediately went for the target. The bombs fell so fast that the attack could not be stopped before mortal damage had been done to the ship. The control vessel made the signal to cease bombing as the good ship was toppling over, so quick was the effect of the bombs.

Many amusing things occurred. At the first direct hit of a bomb on the Frankfurt's deck, fragments of steel were thrown over the water for more than a mile. The crews of the observing battleships had crowded to the rails to watch, but as these pieces of steel came nearer and nearer to them they rushed to the other side of the vessel for protection. It made one think what might happen in case a real attack was made against naval vessels in war, whether the crews could be held to their posts in view of almost certain destruction. As Captain Lawson's bombs fell tremendous columns of water shot up. Some fell in tons on the deck of the ship, sweeping it clear. It was the first time we had used our six-hundred-pound bombs at sea, and they worked splendidly. From the time the cruiser Frankfurt received her mortal blow she sank rapidly toward the port side, then slid down bow on. She was soon out of sight, and again it was proved that our air bombs could destroy a cruiser as no other weapons could.

While the bombing was proceeding during the day, before the final attack, when only a few bombs of small size were allowed to be fired—and the bombing stopped instantly when it looked as if any damage had resulted—the naval contingents began to feel that this vessel might resist the air attack, and arrangements were all made to sink it by cannon fire from one of the battleships so as to demonstrate how quickly cannon would be able to put a vessel of this kind under water. As was to be shown later, cannon fire had very little effect compared to aërial bombs against these floating hulks lying in the water without steam in their boilers and without ammunition in their magazines. The cannon were able to make holes above the water line mostly, whereas the bombs blew in their bottoms.

At last the time came for the bombing of the Ostfriesland. This was our real test. If we could not sink this great ship the efforts against the smaller vessels would be minimized and the development of air power against shipping might be arrested, at least for the time being. No foreign air service had been able to obtain battleships as targets, as such action had always been strenuously opposed by their navies. Ours was the first to get them through an act of our Congress. About the fifteenth of July we began the test, firing bombs of small caliber against the Ostfriesland. This bent up the equipment on her decks and caused some other damage—enough to put her out of business but not to sink her. We knew full well that the very large bombs, eleven-hundred-pounders and two-thousand-pounders, would be necessary to sink her, and that the little bombs, from our standpoint, were very largely a waste of time. We had to kill, lay out and bury this great ship in order that our people could appreciate what tremendous power the air held over battleships.

At last we were allowed to take out our eleven-hundred-pound bombs on the twentieth of July. We, however, were ordered to drop only one of these at a time, instead of two at a time. An impact of two of these in any place near the ship would probably have sunk her. It was desired, however, to observe the effect without sinking the ship. This attack was made by a flight commanded by Lieutenant Bissell, and was a perfect exhibition of airmanship. Earner in the day we at Langley Field, a hundred miles away, had heard nothing from the fleet, and as the hours went on and it became time for our attack, and as our crews were waiting beside the loaded airplanes for the order to go, still no word came.

Captain Streett, my observer, and I proceeded out over the ocean to see what the trouble was, and to our astonishment we saw the whole Atlantic Fleet making for the Chesapeake Bay. At first we could not understand why this was, but later we found out that since there had been about a twenty-knot wind blowing, they determined an airplane could not act. We then signaled that we wished to begin at once, whereupon the fleet returned to the targets. Aircraft can act in high winds and under weather conditions where seacraft have great difficulty in doing anything. A twenty or thirty mile wind is a great difficulty on water, whereas it amounts to very little in the air. A wind double that strength can be flown in, whereas with shipping, strenuous measures have to be taken for its safety.

Arrived at the target Lieutenant Bissell's flight of five planes deployed into column and fired five bombs in extremely rapid succession; in fact, it looked as if two or three bombs were in the air at the same time. Two of these bombs hit alongside and three hit on the deck or on the sides, causing terrific detonations and serious damage. Fragments of the battleship were blown out to great distances. Spouts of water hundreds of feet high shot into the air. We felt the jolts and noise of the explosives in

(Continued on Page 77)

THIS IS THE GARLAND HEAT SPREADING BURNER

The Garland Heat-Spreading Burner is the greatest contribution to cooking economy that has ever been offered the housekeepers of America.

By using this Burner every housewife who cooks with gas can now cut her gas bills fully 10 per cent. She will also get quicker cooking service and better results.

Government laboratory tests have proved time and time again that the nearer you can bring the bottom of the cooking utensil to the burner, with perfect combustion, the faster and better you cook and the more gas you save.

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Go to your local dealer and see for yourself the Garland Patented Heat-Spreading Burner and ask him to explain to you not only this advantage but the other features which make Garland the choice of more than 4,000,000 homes.

If you do not know the name of the nearest Garland dealer or if you have any heating or cooking problems, write direct to the Garland Institute of Culinary Art, Detroit, Michigan.

Three Gas Saving Devices of the Garland Ranges

In addition to the patented Heat-Spreading Burner, ask your dealer to show you the Garland Oven, which so perfectly distributes its heat that every section and every spot is made uniformly hot.

Ask him, also, to show you the Garland Oven Heat Regulator, which makes baking not only scientifically correct but 100 per cent easier.

The Garland Patented Heat-Spreading Burner is found only on Garland Ranges

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GARLAND COOKING AND HEATING-GAS-COAL-ELECTRICITY

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The actual figures of the results tell a great story. With engines running uninterruptedly for a total of 25,547 hours, the enormous distance of 547,306 miles was covered in a little less than one week—and an average established of 27.28 miles to the gallon of gasoline!

Think of it—547,306 miles! That is the equivalent to a trip all the way to the moon and back again—and a couple of trips around the world to spare! Keeping to earth, the mileage covered equals 22 complete trips around the world at the Equator.

Every Overland used in the demonstration was a stock car. There were all models. Each car had its ignition switch, speedometer and gasoline tank sealed and padlocked by a committee of judges—and local newspapers kept tabs on the cars from start to finish. During the week of the run, these cars were constantly on the go

Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio

World's lowest priced cars

OVER

28 MILES PER GALLON/ a Trip to the Moon and Return

—performing in all kinds of weather under all kinds of geographical conditions. In traffic. On country pikes. On sandy desert trails. On sky-climbing mountain roads. In sunshine. In the face of storms. And in the hands of all kinds of drivers—each car changing drivers every five or six hours.

It was a test of tests. And the results lived squarely up to the good opinions people have of Overland—demonstrating again the big power, the sturdiness and the bulldog durability built into all Overland cars.

Each car averaged 111½ hours of constant engine running—simply proving that Overland can keep up a pace as well as set a pace. What the Overlands in this test did, *all* Overlands can do—*any* Overland can do. For economy, reliability and endurance, as well as good looks and comfort, you can't beat an Overland at any like sum of money.

The new Overland models have all-steel bodies by Budd—and everybody knows that steel means greater strength, greater safety and longer life. Buy an Overland and it will pay you back every penny in satisfaction and service. Low prices—and EASY TERMS.

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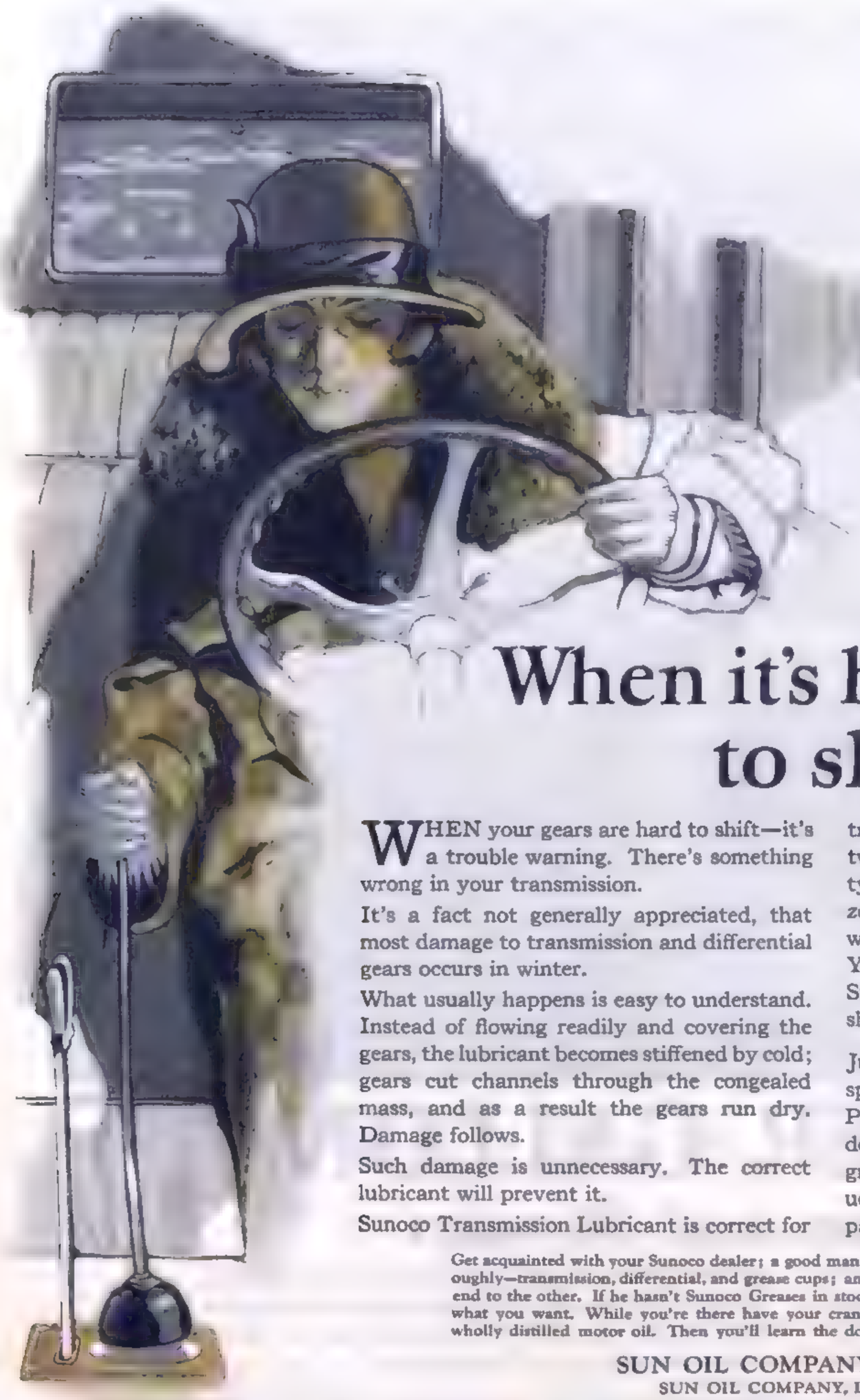

When it's hard to shift gears

WHEN your gears are hard to shift—it's a trouble warning. There's something wrong in your transmission.

It's a fact not generally appreciated, that most damage to transmission and differential gears occurs in winter.

What usually happens is easy to understand. Instead of flowing readily and covering the gears, the lubricant becomes stiffened by cold; gears cut channels through the congealed mass, and as a result the gears run dry. Damage follows.

Such damage is unnecessary. The correct lubricant will prevent it.

Sunoco Transmission Lubricant is correct for transmission and differential. It is made in two types, winter and summer; the winter type *flows*, even at temperatures well below zero. It does not congeal; and its tough film withstands the pressure between gear teeth. You'll feel the difference right away, with Sunoco Transmission Lubricant, when you shift your gears on a cold day.

Just as Sunoco Transmission Lubricant is specially designed for its job, so are Sunoco Pressure Lubricant and Sunoco Cup Grease designed for theirs; in your pressure gun, or grease cups. They are pure petroleum products; won't dry out and clog lubrication passages.

Get acquainted with your Sunoco dealer; a good man to know. Have him *clean* your chassis thoroughly—transmission, differential, and grease cups; and have a complete Sunoco greasing, from one end to the other. If he hasn't Sunoco Greases in stock, he can get them for you. Tell him that's what you want. While you're there have your crankcase drained and refilled with Sunoco, the wholly distilled motor oil. Then you'll learn the dollars and cents value of proper lubrication.

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SUNOCO
TRANSMISSION
LUBRICANT

(Continued from Page 72)

the air in our planes three thousand feet above where the bombs hit.

Immediately the navy control vessel made frantic signals for the attack to stop. Lieutenant Bissell had turned his flight and was ready to finish her, as he had five additional bombs left. He had injured the ship so severely that if she had been equipped with her crew, her ammunition, and had had steam in her boilers, she probably would have been destroyed. That night she listed so badly that two thousand tons of water were let in on the other side to keep her straight up so that she would not roll over.

Just as Bissell's attack was ceasing we saw a storm driving in from the north. We had received no intimation of this from our weather service. It was a typical severe thunder squall, prevalent at this time of the year in that locality. The dirigible airships that had been watching the maneuvers, taking photographs, and ready to rescue any planes which might have to make a forced landing, proceeded to the north at once and escaped. Lieutenant Bissell's flight broke through it toward Langley Field.

In my own plane Captain Streett and I had waited until all had started back, then we made for the shore. Although we could have gone through the storm we decided it was better to go around, particularly as I had gathered up some other planes and ordered them to follow. Two of these were large flying boats, and with these it would have been dangerous to go into the storm because they were quite underpowered and unwieldy compared to the land planes.

As the storm was moving to the southeast, and as it was about twenty to thirty miles in diameter, we had a long way to go to get around it, and a difficult problem in navigation presented itself. We had to estimate the velocity of the wind, take our direction by compass and our speed from our air speed indicator. Captain Streett plotted our course every two minutes, and after we had flown for an hour I asked him for our location. We were in the edge of the storm, the light was a sort of dark yellow, and there were flashes of lightning all around us. Streett said we were about twenty miles offshore and about ten miles north of the Currituck Lighthouse in North Carolina. Watching my clock I counted twelve minutes, which should have carried us twenty miles, and looking down I saw the beach under us. Instead of being ten miles from the Currituck Light, we were five miles from it. It was a remarkable example of navigation with the instruments we had at that time. Since then we have devised much better ones.

Ready for the Attack

Shortly afterward we crossed Currituck Sound and landed in a cotton field to check up our bearings and planes. We arrived at Langley Field long after dark. The storm was still driving. Our heavy bombardment squadron was lined up on one side of the airdrome and loaded with two-thousand-pound bombs, ready for the attack the next day. The landing lights on the airdrome did not work very well, and it was a difficult thing to keep our own airplane away from the big bombers loaded with the huge missiles, as we had to land right over them. Had we struck one of these and detonated one bomb, probably the whole of Langley Field would have been destroyed

On checking up about ten o'clock I found all machines present or accounted for. In the long detour that we had made no one had been forced to land at sea. Had he done so he would have been lost, as no patrol or rescue vessel was near, and the sea was very rough from the storm in addition.

Captain Lawson had had to land some distance south of Norfolk and had broken a wheel. With his usual resourcefulness he got an automobile, drove to the nearest railroad station and arrived at Norfolk. He crossed the James River and reported to me about one o'clock in the morning.

Bright and early next morning Lawson was ready to take out his squadron loaded with the two-thousand-pound bombs for the final chapter in our tests. It was now felt that we could destroy the Ostfriesland; some thought we should be restrained from doing it because it would lead people to believe that the Navy should be entirely scrapped, as a thousand airplanes could be built for the price of one battleship. Others thought it should be done because air power had brought an entirely new element into warfare on the water, and if the United States did not draw the proper lessons from it, other nations would, and we should be at a great disadvantage. Those of us in the air knew that we had already changed the methods of war, and wanted to prove it to the satisfaction of everybody.

Four Rapid Hits

Finally the time came for us to attack the Ostfriesland with the two-thousand-pound bombs, and Captain Lawson's flight went to sea. The great ship was down a little by the stern, drawing about forty feet of water; she had sunk considerably after Bissell's attack on the preceding day. Lawson circled his target once to take a look at her and make sure of his wind and his altitude. He then broke his airplanes from their V formation into single column and attacked it. Seven airplanes followed one another.

Four bombs hit in rapid succession, close alongside the Ostfriesland. We could see her rise eight or ten feet between the terrific blows from under water. On the fourth shot Captain Streett, sitting in the back seat of my plane, stood up and waving both arms shouted, "She's gone!"

When a death blow has been dealt by a bomb to a vessel there is no mistaking it. Water can be seen to come up under both sides of the ship, she trembles all over, as if her nerve center has been shattered, and she usually rises in the water, sometimes clear, with her bow or stern. In a minute the Ostfriesland was on her side; in two minutes she was sliding down by the stern and turning over at the same time; in three minutes she was bottom side up, looking like a gigantic whale, the water oozing out of her seams as she prepared to go down to the bottom, then gradually she went down stern first. In a minute more only the tip of her beak showed above the water. It looked as if her stern had touched the bottom of the sea as she stood there straight up in a hundred fathoms of water to bid a last farewell to all her sister battleships around her.

We had been anxious to sink the submarine and the destroyer, but I had felt badly to see as beautiful a ship as the Frankfurt go down. She rode the water like a swan. The Ostfriesland, however, impressed me like a grim old bulldog, with the vicious scars of the Battle of Jutland still on her. We wanted to destroy her from the air, but when it was actually accomplished it was a very serious and awesome sight. Some of the spectators on the observing vessels wept, so overwrought were their feelings. I watched her sink from a few feet above her, then I flew my plane above the transport Henderson, where the people who had observed the tests were waving and cheering on the decks and in the rigging.

Contrary to the popular opinion that great vortices in the water are formed as a ship sinks, there were none in this case. She slid to her last resting place with very little commotion. Thus ended the first great air-and-battleship tests that the world has ever seen. It conclusively proved the ability of aircraft to destroy ships of all classes on the surface of the water.

Later that same summer we were given another battleship to practice on. It was the Alabama. She was towed into about thirty-five feet of water near Tangier Sound in the Chesapeake Bay. Again Captain Lawson's invincible squadron attacked the battleship. This time we went in to sink her as quickly as possible, and being in shallow water the effect of our bombs was greater. The first two-thousand-pound bomb did its work; she sank to the bottom in thirty seconds. Six other bombers coming behind Lawson struck her with their projectiles, and within four minutes she was a tangled mass of wreckage unrecognizable as the fine ship which had been there before. We tried out various weapons against her before she was sunk. Phosphorous bombs gave a magnificent spectacular display, the lapping flames completely enveloping the ship. We put thermite, the greatest producer of heat known, on her decks and covered her with smoke clouds dropped from the airplanes. We attacked her at night and made direct hits with our bombs in the darkness.

Effects of the Tear Gas

Again amusing things happened. One was in connection with our gas attack. Small bombs of tear gas of only one-half strength and weighing twenty-five pounds were dropped on her. They immediately pervaded the whole ship and the officers that went on board to note the effect immediately had to put on their gas masks. Some of these officers who went below became lost, as they had neglected to take flash lanterns with them, and in the obscurity of the hold, as it was not lighted by electricity, and encumbered by their gas masks, they were unable to find their way around. Eventually they were gotten out after a good scare, as they were afraid that the bombing would begin again while they were down there. The tear gas worked into the clothing of many of the officers so that after they went ashore, hours later, where they were staying in farmhouses, the gas exuding from their clothing caused the girls waiting on the tables at dinner to begin to cry.

The vessels observing the tests had to change their anchorage when the wind changed so it blew the gas away from the hulk of the Alabama to them, although they were nearly a mile away. The tear gas also appeared to be carried up and down by the tide, as it is heavier than air and rested on the water.

The tests against the Alabama in many ways were

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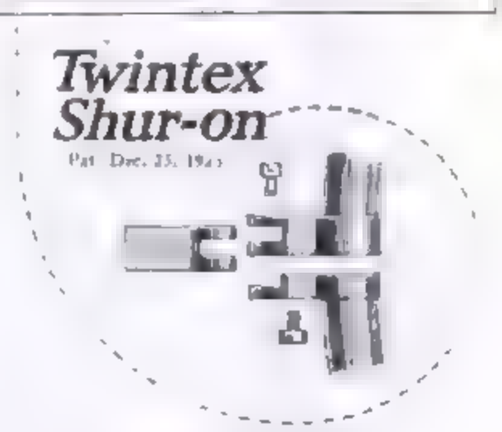

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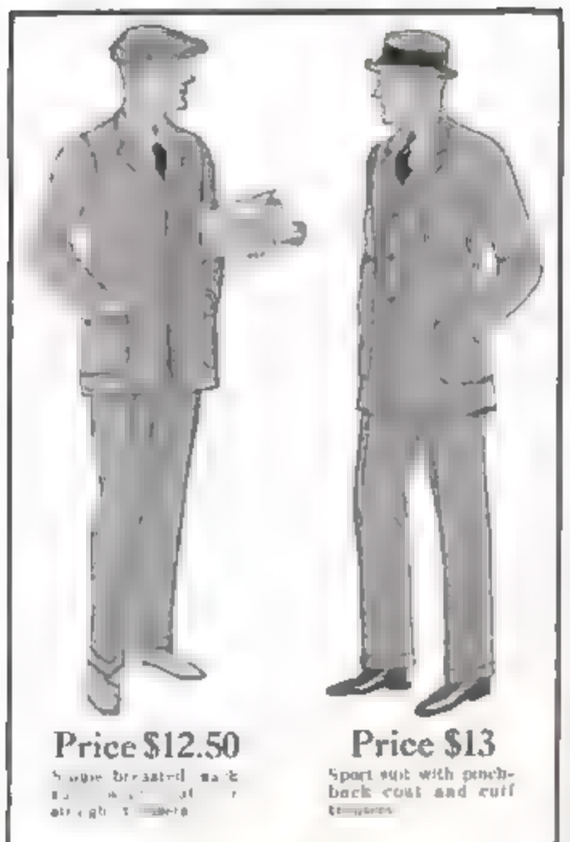

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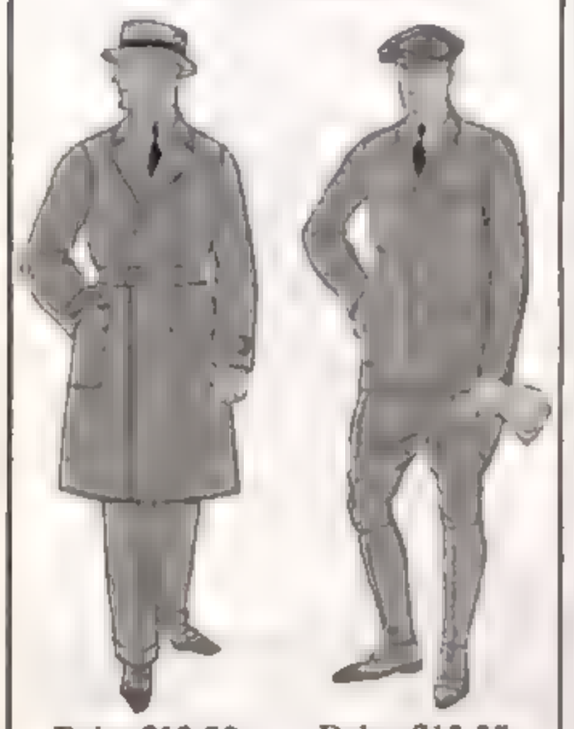

Price $12.50

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Sport suit of [illegible] coat and riding breeches

more interesting than those against the vessels away out at sea, because so many different weapons were used against her. Any number of weapons may be used against seacraft, and these, of course, will be constantly developed from year to year. Chemical weapons, such as gases, phosphorus, compounds and acids, are enough to put any surface ship out of action.

After looking over the effect of all the different weapons used against the Alabama, one of the officers facetiously remarked that the future individual equipment of a sailor on a battleship would have to consist of a parachute to come down in when blown up into the air by our bombs; a life preserver to float on the water when he came down; he would have to wear asbestos-soled shoes, as the decks would all be hot; a gas mask to protect him from the noxious gases; and a pocket flash lamp to find his way around the deck and interior of the ship when the electric lights went out.

Just as the tests were finished against the Alabama, serious domestic disturbances occurred in the mining regions of West Virginia. This state is extremely mountainous; it is so up and down hill that our pilots reported that the birds and chickens had to have one leg shorter than the other to walk around on the side hills, and there are practically no landing fields in all this area. A reconnaissance of the locality, however, disclosed the fact that we could land almost anywhere in the state with very little preparation.

Immediately after receiving the order a two-seater squadron under Major Johnson flew over the mountains and landed at Charleston, the capital of West Virginia. The large Martin bombers were used as transport airplanes for this squadron, and carried the medical staff under Major Strong, with their medicines, ammunition for the machine guns, tear-gas bombs and explosive bombs. The whole movement was completed in an incredibly short space of time, and neither railroad nor automobile transportation was used in the initial movement.

These were the same organizations and same airplanes that had sunk the battleships far out at sea; now they had crossed the Alleghanies and landed in the midst of the mountains. It was an excellent example of the potentialities of air power, that can go wherever there is air, no matter whether they may be over the water or over the land.

At the end of 1921 the American Air Service had conclusively demonstrated what could be done by air forces against seacraft. During the following year, 1922, all the world's flying records were captured by the United States—speed, altitude, long distance, and the hours of time that an airplane could stay aloft. In 1923 and 1924 we sank more battleships, flew across the American continent from daylight to dark, and then our airplanes circled the earth, having established an airway clear around it. Wherever an airway can be established, there aircraft can go. The means of bringing their fuel to them, such as railroads, automobiles, boats or other aircraft, are merely their auxiliary means of transportation.

In spite of these splendid performances of individuals, which have led the way for the world in the development of this most important art and science, and benefit to commerce and civilization, we, today, compared to our resources and ability, are falling back constantly.

THE CIRCUMSPECT SEVENTIES

(Continued from Page 17)

like an electric bellows back in 1877 had appeared on the beach in a bathing dress made of taffeta, she would have been given the gate by decent society as being a person of low morals.

Though Decorum insists that the bathing garb shall be flannel, and strictly utilitarian flannel, at that—"a soft gray tint is the neatest, as it does not soon fade and grow ugly from contact with salt water"—it is willing to make a generous concession to the lovers of the colorful and the picturesque.

"It," says the book graciously, speaking of the flannel bathing dress, "may be trimmed with bright worsted braid."

Thus, no doubt, was added the fragrant feminine charm which, in Hollywood motion-picture circles, is now vaguely known as "sex appil." The young men of the seventies probably ran for miles along the beaches when the news was flashed up and down the coast that if they hurried they could see a bathing suit trimmed with purple worsted braid.

The book, however, seems to regret its moment of weakness in permitting the suggestive frivolity of bright worsted braid trimming; for it hastens to define the austere architecture of the bathing dress.

"The best style," it declares sternly, "is the loose sacque or the yoke waist, both of them to be belted in and falling about midway between the knee and the ankle."

Here then was a garment about as dainty and diaphanous as a thistle-impregnated tweed overcoat from those braw sections of Scotland where no Scotchman can keep warm unless he has three fingers of whisky in him and can wrap his overcoat around him three times to keep the glow from wearing off.

A lady incased in this charming little loose sacque or yoke waist was nearly as secure from observation as she would have been if locked in an interior chamber of the Great Pyramid. Yet it wasn't enough to satisfy the circumspect seventies. It showed as much as five inches of leg. Consequently Decorum plunges determinedly onward into a greater expanse of gray flannel.

The Short Cut to Paralysis

"Full trowsers gathered into a band at the ankle, and socks of the color of the dress, complete the costume," says this safe-and-sane compendium of style and manners.

That was the fascinating and thrilling bathing garb of the seventies—a loose gray-flannel sacque dragging around the southern portion of a pair of ful gray-flannel "trowsers." It had all the appealing feminine lure of a baled Axminster carpet and all the naturalness of a sleeping-car berth.

Any young man who found physically attractive features in a young woman so garbed must of necessity have been endowed with a most offensively active imagination, and should with some reason have been regarded as a highly immoral person.

The chief reason given for wearing the garb and following the customs of the circumspect seventies was that of naturalness.

"Dress," Decorum insists frequently, "must be consistent with the graces and with Nature." The natural hue of health is heavily harped on. The practice—the foul and evil practice—of using paints on the face is passionately condemned.

"If for no other reason than that poison lurks beneath every layer, inducing paralytic affections and premature death," says this instructive volume, "they should be discarded—but they are a disguise which deceives no one, even at a distance; there is a ghastly deathliness in the appearance of the skin after it has been painted which is far removed from the natural lure of health."

If the author of Decorum could walk a mile or two on Fifth Avenue or Tremont Street or any other of our leading streets at the present time, he would probably rush screaming to Washington to get an appropriation through Congress to take care of the millions of paralytic affections and premature deaths that ought to set in at any moment. Yet the newspapers have chronicled no terrible epidemic of paralysis.

Culture and Care of Whiskers

Because of the same leaning toward natural beauty, Decorum strongly resents the use of the razor to interfere with the primeval brush that would decorate the male face in its uncorrupted state.

"There is nothing," it declares in a dignified manner, "that so adds to native manliness as the full beard if carefully and neatly kept. Nature certainly knows best; and no man need be ashamed of showing his manhood in the hair of his face. The person who invented razors libeled Nature and added a fresh misery to the days of man."

After making this rather harsh accusation, Decorum might be expected to advocate leaving the whiskers in their natural untrained state, uncombed and unwashed, on the grounds that Nature knows best, and that no fresh miseries should be added to the days of man. Yet, oddly enough, the good book admits almost immediately that "the full, flowing beard of course requires more looking after, in the way of cleanliness, than any other. It should be thoroughly washed and brushed at least twice a day, as dust is sure to accumulate in it, and it is very easy to suffer it to become objectionable to one's self as well as to others. If it is naturally glossy, it is better to avoid the use of oil or pomatum."

From this it can readily be seen that the arguments of the circumspect seventies didn't always hold water. To be natural, you had to wear a beard; and if the beard wasn't naturally glossy, you had to spend fifteen or twenty minutes every morning going over it with a soft rag and a can of furniture polish. Yet when dust and food and what not dropped on it and soaked into it in a perfectly natural manner, you had to take such unnatural steps as soaping it twice a day and letting the hot water run through it and drip on your shoes, and using three or four Turkish towels to dry it off thoroughly so that it wouldn't moisten the front of your collar and get your brass collar button all green, and then dragging a comb through the inevitable tangles until you pulled out enough hair to make hair nets for all the inhabitants of North Dakota.

Decorum insists that one must not only be natural, however, but beautiful; consequently, if a gentleman has asked a lady to accompany him to the opera or a concert, and he "comes to fulfill his appointment with tumbled clothes, shaggy hair and beard, soiled linen and an odor of stale tobacco, she may well consider such an appearance an insult. We are bound to turn our personal attractions to the very best advantage, and to preserve every agreeable quality with which we may have been endowed."

It may possibly have been this widespread craving to be natural, to display personal attractions to the very best advantage and to preserve every agreeable quality, which led the reckless bathing beauties of the 1870's to appear on the beach in comfortable, handsome, fascinating gray-flannel sacques and "trowsers"; and yet the somewhat obtuse male mind, always slightly befuddled when confronted with the mysteries of women's wearing apparel, cannot help thinking that the young ladies of the seventies wouldn't have been sacrificing any of their agreeable qualities if they had left off their full "trowsers" in whole or at least in part.

To put it bluntly, the strictly modern young man holds the unalterable opinion that any member of the so-called gentler sex who could talk about the advisability of being natural and then bathe in a loose sacque or yoke waist must have been troubled with flying foxes in her belfry.

The Age of the Bustle

Nowhere in Decorum, which is a book of three hundred and fifty-two pages, is there any mention of the lingerie and other feminine trappings worn under the outer garments. This is probably due to the fact that any mention of such matters was considered in the seventies to be the very apex of unnaturalness, indecency and indelicacy. In a word, any mention of such matters was not genteel.

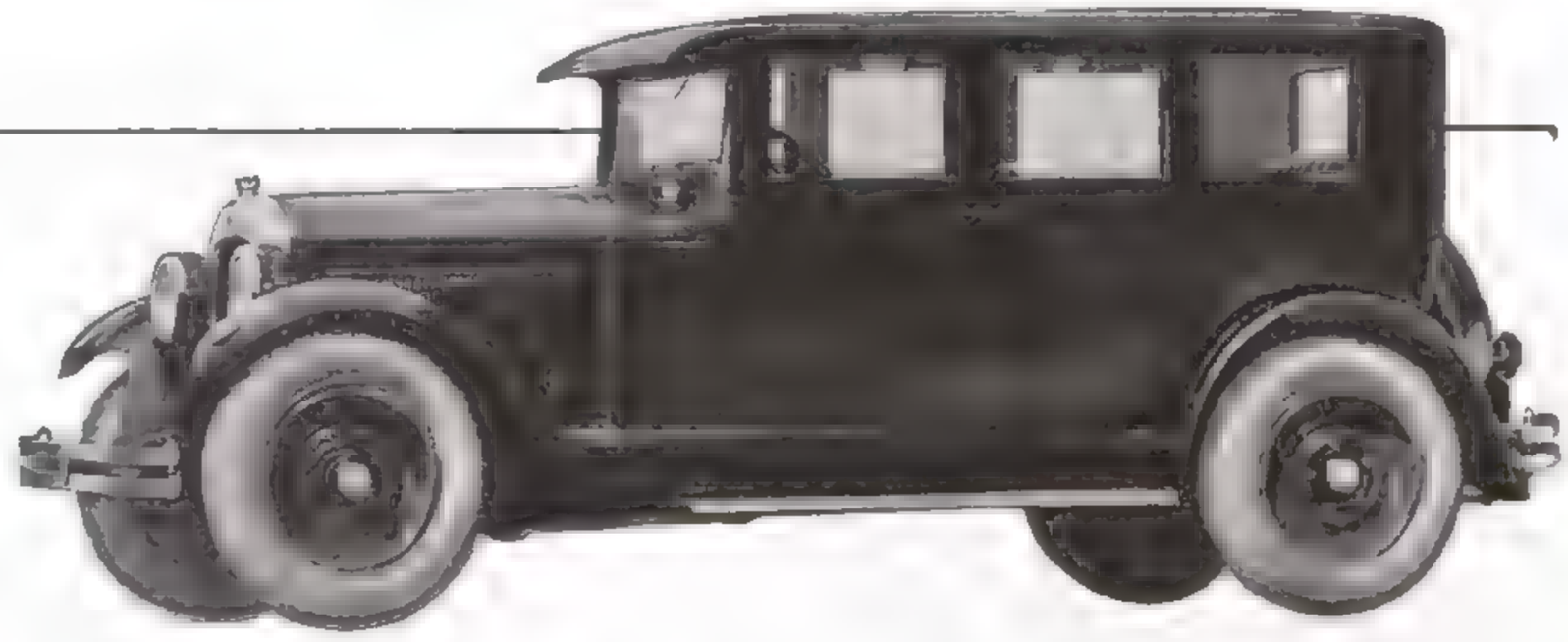
A conference with several ladies who were well grounded in naturalness around the year 1875 has, however, revealed that the natural and graceful young thing of that natural era invariably incased herself in a corset that had almost as many bones as a Potomac River shad, and that made the entire upper half of her body feel as flexible and yielding to an embracing hand and arm as an ash can.

The general effect was frequently enhanced by a bustle, equivalent in size to a five-hundred-pound catch of herring, which was attached somewhat precariously to her southwestern exposure.

The lower part of her body was swathed in at least two good stout heel-length petticoats that would have made excellent sails for shipwrecked mariners, while her even more intimate lingerie, known to the modern young lady as step-ins, was made of

(Continued on Page 80)

Now the Hupmobile Eight brings to motoring a new freedom—a new sense of leaving distance behind as swiftly and easily as a bird on the wing.



8

THE HUPMOBILE EIGHT

You know the engine is there; but you are not conscious of it. Its power is so constant, so fluid, so unobtrusive that you feel borne along by some invisible means. Your mind is free to revel in the delight of swift, sure flight. You discover that you are not tensed and taut, but relaxed and at ease.

Four body types, not excelled within $1000 of their prices in beauty, finish and equipment. Five-passenger Sedan, $2375; Four-passenger Coupe, $2325; Touring Car and Roadster, $1975. Prices F. O. B. Detroit; tax to be added.

If you say to yourself that you already know all that motor cars have to offer, reserve judgment until you drive this great car—and then you will agree that there *is* a fresh delight in motoring.

(Continued from Page 78)

such stout and durable material that it—or they—would turn shotgun bullets.

This sort of undertrapping apparently represented the ideas of the seventies as to what constituted the natural thing to wear. Step-ins and underskirts that rivaled a red tin roof in texture appeared to them to live up to the specifications of Decorum in requiring that "dress must be consistent with the graces and with Nature." The bustles, of course, added greatly to their grace of manner and naturalness of movement, just as tying the week's wash to the rear of a baseball player's belt would enhance his agility and dexterity.

It is difficult to see how the older generations can shake their heads pessimistically over the scanty garb of the present-day younger set; for it seems fairly obvious that any dress which is consistent with the graces and with Nature must be nonrestrictive, nonirritating and all but nonexistent.

Two beautiful ladies who are much in the public eye through divorce cases and other natural advantages have recently disclosed to a throbbing world the exact sort of underwear that the well-dressed young woman should affect.

Corsets, it appears from the authoritative pronunciamentos of these experts, are no longer the foundation for feminine beauty. Their place has been taken by a boneless four-inch belt made of brocade, which permits a faint suggestion of stomach to reach the fascinated observer. The undergarments are two in number, and are made of handkerchief linen so delicate that the mere presence of a hangnail on the hands of the washwoman to whom they are intrusted might easily tear them to shreds.

The fact that this trend in underclothing seems to be leading back to the wholly natural fig-leaf school of underwear should be a source of rejoicing instead of alarm to those who were brought up on Decorum's constant howl for acts and costumes consistent with the graces and with Nature.

Sport Lovers of the Seventies

An approach to the truly natural sports garb was recently made by an American lady whose photograph was published in the rotogravure section of the Sunday papers.

She was engaged in a game of tennis at Biarritz, and in addition to her tennis racket and the sweatband around her head, she wore a hip-length jersey blouse opening well down toward the belt, and a little pair of jersey pants which extended four inches below the bottom of the blouse, so that some twenty-seven inches of leg were exposed. Nothing could have been more natural than this costume.

The ladies of the seventies had all the incentive in the world to be as natural as this brave tennis player if they read those portions of Decorum that prattled about being natural; but something slipped when the book turned from theory to practice. The rules of those days were very explicit in prescribing the rugged sports costume to be worn by the athletic girl of the seventies when she indulged in the thrilling and violent sport of rowing—a sport which, as Decorum points out, "can be easily managed in a quiet river or private pond, but is scarcely to be attempted in the more crowded and public parts of our rivers unless superintended by gentlemen." The book recognizes the advantages of rowing, but reminds the feminine sport lover that it is something that cannot be undertaken in a careless and frivolous spirit. One must be natural about it—with the naturalness of the seventies.

"In moderation," run the instructions, "it is a capital exercise for ladies; but when they attempt it they should bear in mind that they should assume a dress proper for the occasion. They should leave their crinoline at home, and wear a skirt barely touching the ground; they should also assume flannel Garibaldi shirts and little sailor hats—add to these a good pair of stout boots, and the equipment is complete. We should observe, however, that it is impossible for any lady to row with comfort or grace if she laces tightly."

It is probably apparent to nearly everyone that public opinion of the seventies, in being responsible for this sterling rowing costume, was based entirely on common sense and naturalness. Ground-length skirts, no doubt, were stipulated so that if the wearers fell overboard the skirts would retain enough air to support them until help arrived. The connection between flannel Garibaldi shirts and rowing was more subtle. Garibaldi shirts were worn by amateur firemen, who used lake and river water to put out fires. Lake and river water was also used by young ladies for rowing purposes, and consequently it was highly natural for them to wear shirts similar to those worn by firemen. The little sailor hat was merely a concession to the marine nature of the pastime.

As for the good pair of stout boots which completed the equipment, they were needed so that the wearer's feet wouldn't get wet in case anyone kicked a hole in the bottom of the boat.

Nothing is said in the book concerning the costume to be worn by a cook during the summer months; but if the same sensible and natural ideas that were responsible for the rowing costume had been followed, a cook would have hovered over her stove clad in a fur overcoat, knitted pulse warmers, a soft white shawl over her head, a skirt with a nice long train, and a pair of rubber boots.

A railroad engineer, similarly, probably would have been required to wear green velvet overalls, a lace waist, a silk hat, a full beard, white satin slippers and a three-bushel bustle.

The sterner sex was not ignored in the consideration of the virile sport of rowing.

"If you cannot row," says Decorum—and there must have been many gallant gentlemen so busy caring for their beards in those days as to be quite unable to devote the necessary long and tedious hours to mastering the intricacies of the manly sport—"if you cannot row, do not scruple to say so, as then you can take your seat by the side of the ladies, and entertain them by your conversation, which is much better than spoiling your own pleasure and that of others by attempting what you cannot perform. The usual costume of gentlemen is white-flannel trowsers, white rowing jersey and a straw hat. Pea-jackets are worn when their owners are not absolutely employed in rowing."

It must have made a pretty picture, this glimpse of a brawny youth in a white jersey, a straw hat, varnished boots and whiskers, entertaining with light quip and airy badinage a young lady in a Garibaldi flannel shirt, a little straw hat, stout boots and a chrome steel and violently compressed corset; but there is considerable room for argument as to whether thoughtful young people of the present day, if confronted by constantly recurring specimens of such dress and pastimes, might not—and with reason—fear that the world was showing signs of becoming entirely dippy, not to say ga-ga.

Those gentlemen whose tender passions were aroused in the seventies by the frail young occupants of the Garibaldi flannel shirts and the loose gray-flannel bathing sacques and trousers were carefully instructed in the most approved methods of approaching the gentler sex; and the methods apparently did not include the mushing or necking parties with which the rougher of the younger generation now establish cordial relations and break the ice of casual acquaintanceship.

Love's Declaration

"Letters of love," says the good book, "are generally preceded by some friendly correspondence. These *premonitory* symptoms of love are easily encouraged into active symptoms, then into positive declarations; if the loved one is willing to be wooed, she will not fail to lead her pursuer"—whiskers and all, no doubt—"into an ambush of hopes and fears which a woman knows *by instinct* so well how to order." After the various subterfuges of coy expression, and half-uttered wishes, there comes sooner or later *Love's Declaration*. It might be remarked in passing that the sample of love's declaration appearing in Decorum and here appended is couched in just about the same tender and passionate language in which a United States senator refuses to yield for a question from a political opponent. Love's Declaration declares in a deeply fervent manner "*Dear Miss Brown:* I am conscious that it may be presumptuous for me to address you this note; yet feel that an honorable declaration of my own feelings toward you is due to my own heart and to my future happiness. I first met you to admire; your beauty and intelligence served to increase that admiration to a feeling of personal interest; and now, I am free to confess, your virtues and graces have inspired in me a sentiment of love—not the sentiment which finds its gratification in the civilities of friendly social intercourse, but which asks in return a heart and a hand for life.

"This confession I make freely and openly to you, feeling that you will give it all the consideration which it deserves. If I am not deceived, it cannot cause you any pain; but if any circumstance has weight with you—any interest in another person, or any family obstacle, forbid you to encourage my suit, then I leave it to your candor to make such a reply to this note as seems proper.

"I shall wait your answer with some anxiety, and therefore hope you may reply at your earliest convenience.

"Believe me, dear lady, with feelings of true regard,

"Yours, most sincerely,

"HARRY STOVER."

When Mr. Stover had finished this flaming declaration he was probably trembling all over, while Miss Brown's emotion on receiving it must have caused marked climatic changes in her vicinity. One instinctively wonders what Mr. Stover's preliminary correspondence, containing "various subterfuges of coy expression," was like. It probably ran about like this:

"*Miss Brown, Madam:* Confirming my letter of last month, the weather is pleasant albeit a trifle cold. Hoping you are the same, I am, madam,

"Yours to command,

"H. STOVER."

Accepted With Reservations

It is easy to see what a great, big, generous, frank, natural, open-hearted gentleman Mr. Stover was from his simple and direct words. Look again at his mad love letter. "Not the sentiment," says he, "which finds its gratification in the civilities of friendly social intercourse." That is little short of grand, as is a thunderstorm or the eruption of a mud geyser. He probably would have used up fifteen minutes and two thousand words in saying hello to a friend; and by the time he finished, the friend wouldn't have known whether he was trying to sell him a dog or to confess that he had committed murder.

Miss Brown, being a sweet, simple, natural little product of the seventies, caught his drift at once and came right back at him in the following burning phrases. Baring her heart to him with scarcely a single reservation, she writes:

"HARRY STOVER, *Dear Sir:* Your note of the 10th reached me duly. Its tone of candor requires from me what it would be improper to refuse—an equally candid answer.

"I sincerely admire you. Your qualities of heart and mind have impressed me favorably, and, now that you tell me I have won your love, I am conscious that I, too, am regarding you more highly and tenderly than comports with a mere friend's relation.

"Do not, however, give this confession too much weight, for, after all, we may both be deceived in regard to the nature of our esteem; and I should, therefore, suggest, for the present, the propriety of your calling upon me at my father's house on occasional evenings; and will let time and circumstances determine if it is best for us to assume more serious relations to one another than have heretofore existed.

"I am, sir, with true esteem,

"Yours sincerely,

"ADA BROWN."

It seems apparent from these specimen letters that the most ardent bit of love making permitted to these great, big, vigorous, croquet-playing he men and she women of the seventies was a firm but respectful handclasp; and Mr Stover and Miss Brown's little affair seems to have all the heart interest of a Platonic friendship between two jellyfish.

That is the way it seems; but fortunately it is known to many persons still living that sofas were used for petting parties in the leading cities of the United States between the years 1870 and 1880, and the general ricketiness of the legs of almost all Sheraton, Hepplewhite and Adam sofas are proof positive to all experienced antique collectors that petting parties were as persistent in the old days as in the present shocking era; as persistent, but more carefully concealed, just as were ladies' legs.

And various chests, trunks and pine boxes in attics throughout the country can supply countless bundles of letters which demonstrate conclusively that after Decorum and all the other agencies for the uplift had told all the young folk how to write nice sappy love letters that wouldn't have fluttered the corset of the most innocent debutante, the young folk retired to a quiet corner and composed notes beginning:

"Sweetest, sweetest, sweetestest: It seems years since I left you an hour ago, and I don't know how I'm going to live until tomorrow without having your beautiful red lips to"—blah-blah-blah-blah-blah, and so on and what not.

Decorum reminds the young folks of the seventies that "overt demonstrations of love are not pleasant to remember by a young lady if the man to whom they are given by any chance fails to become her husband." And it adds in a holy and aloof manner that "an honorable man will never tempt his future bride to any such demonstration. He will always maintain a respectful and decorous demeanor toward her."

This statement probably got as hearty a laugh from the younger set in the year that Decorum was published as did any of the side-splitting wheezes that preceded the acrostics in the extreme rear of the Old Farmer's Almanack.

In every way, during the seventies, restrictions of a most pronounced sort were placed on both young and old.

"Avoid picking your teeth, if possible, at the table," says Decorum, "for however agreeable such a practice might be to yourself, it may be offensive to others. The habit which some have of holding one hand over the mouth does not avoid the vulgarity of teeth picking at table."

Evidently, if one could not avoid picking his teeth at the table, he was permitted to get away with it. Nevertheless, there was a constant harping on the act.

Young ladies were supposed to stick around where their elders could see them, and that fact was repeatedly dinned into the ears of the rising generation.

"Married or young ladies cannot leave a ballroom, or any other party, alone," declares Decorum uncompromisingly. "The former should be accompanied by one or two other married ladies, and the latter by their mother, or by a lady to represent her."

Good Form in 1925

Note the convincing way in which the book states that they cannot do it. For a young lady to leave a ballroom, or any other party, alone was considered as impossible as for a ninety-seven-year-old gentlewoman with the rheumatism to scale the outside of the Woolworth Building.

The etiquette of dancing was persistently harped on.

"Dance with grace and modesty," urges Decorum; "neither affect to make a parade of your knowledge; refrain from great leaps and ridiculous jumps which would attract the attention of all toward you."

It has been only natural for the modern youth and maiden to swing far away from conventions that are now regarded by those who observed them as having a distinct odor of haddock.

After the peculiar restrictions and gray-flannel "trowsers" and what not of the seventies, the world must automatically expect rudeness, furnacelike smoking, heavy drinking and a free exposure of knobby knees among the more emancipated buds of 1925.

The rising generation, however, needs a book of etiquette written by one of their own members, setting forth such cardinal principles as:

"When a young lady leaves a ballroom with a gentleman of her acquaintance to take a seat in his coupé and finish up a flask of Scotch, she should be careful not to kick out the dash light or damage the oil gauge." Or, "When a gentleman is dancing the collegiate with a young lady, and has shaken her in one spot for more than four minutes, he will return to the spot at the end of the dance for the purpose of picking up any hair combs, shoe buckles, garters or lingerie bows that he may have shaken from her."

It is only by means of such a record that the generations that are doing their rising around 1950 can obtain a record of their simple-minded, fat-headed ancestors, and laugh themselves sick over their pruderies and stupidities.

"A circle that can be straight like a line"

their lives are merely circles. Each week a repetition of the last, a dulling treadmill of domestic drudgery.

An opinion on woman's opportunity for self-development, as expressed by

GRETCHEN DICK

THE conversation had turned to modern literature. Suddenly Mrs. Dick broke off in the middle of a sentence:

"You mentioned Benjamine de Casseres. Do you know, only the other evening a poem of his started me thinking of something far more important than the style and opinions of individual writers.

"That poem was the one in which de Casseres calls life 'a circle that is straight like a line.' Reading it, there came to my mind the lives of hundreds of women with whom I have become acquainted through my work with civic organizations.

"The lives of these women should be straight lines, leading to more perfect self-expression, but instead—circles!—their lives are merely circles. Each week a repetition of the last, a dulling treadmill of domestic drudgery. From washing to ironing to mending to cleaning—and the seventh day finds them where they started. According to the calendar they have lived a week; according to the true measure of life, which is one's own self-development, they have not lived at all. They have become automatons, moving in the rut of habit.

"And the worst of the tragedy is—most of them realize it. They want to get out of the rut. They yearn for the better things of life; they want to read the new books; they want to see the new plays and pictures; they want to take part in club work and community activities. But—and here is the essence of the whole matter—they 'simply can't find the time.'

"Whenever I hear a woman say that, I tell her about a friend of mine, whom we'll call Mrs. Jones. This Mrs. Jones has four children, the sweetest, best-behaved children you ever saw. They're real citizens in the making—their mother has seen to that. But that isn't all she has seen to—heavens, no! When you talk with her—well, her culture puts me to blush. There seems to be no topic she is not 'up' on. And with it all, she is president of the leading woman's club in her town, and a member of a half dozen other organizations and committees.

"Where does she find the time? I used to wonder, but I know now. Mrs. Jones uses every time-saving help at her command. She was the first woman of my acquaintance to own a vacuum cleaner; and she has long been an enthusiast for the modern laundry. The laundry alone, she tells me, saves her more than a day a week—a whole day for the children, the books, the club work she loves.

"Of course, some women, when I tell them of Mrs. Jones, are skeptical. 'Her case,' they say, 'is different.' Possibly, but I do not believe so. I have seen so many women—literally hundreds—who have found the same opportunity for self-development that Mrs. Jones has found, that I believe 90 per cent of all women can find it—by using modern time-saving helps.

"If they only would, how quickly they would discover that life isn't a circle, but a straight line after all!"

More than two million women have found that the day a week the laundry gives them enables them to develop mentally and physically, to take part in social, church and civic activities.

Of course, this time-giving laundry service is available in a variety of forms. There are completely ironed services, partially ironed services, and services in which the clothes are returned snowy white and damp, for ironing at home. A service for every pocketbook, for every family need. Today, telephone one of the modern laundries in your city and secure for yourself its saving helps.

Published in the interest of the public, and on behalf of the Laundry Industry by The American Laundry Machinery Company, Executive Offices, Cincinnati, Ohio.

GOODYEAR BA
GOODYEAR BALLOON
GOODYEAR
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Are balloon tires durable?

Goodyears are···· thanks to SUPERTWIST

Most people are now aware of the immensely greater comfort of balloon tires.

But many are wondering if this comfort is backed up by real durability.

In Goodyear balloon tires it assuredly is, as thousands of Goodyear users can testify.

Probably the chief reason for this *plus*-durability in Goodyear balloon tires is SUPERTWIST.

If you have heard of SUPERTWIST you perhaps know it is a superior new cord fabric, developed in Goodyear mills.

It has the important advantage of much greater elongation or elasticity.

In other words, it far outstretches the breaking point of standard cord fabric.

A tire carcass made of SUPERTWIST will yield in greater degree to a blow or shock, calling into play more cords to take the strain.

This means protection against stone bruise, carcass breaking and similar injuries.

In the judgment of Goodyear experts SUPERTWIST supplies the balloon tire exactly the qualities it needs.

It meets the special problems of low pressure flexible-sidewall construction with special advantages of serviceability.

You want these advantages, which means you want SUPERTWIST.

This is only another way of saying that you want Goodyear balloon tires.

You can have Goodyear balloons to fit new small-diameter wheels or the wheels now on your car.

You can have them, depending upon the size and type of tire you need, with the world-familiar All-Weather Tread or the popular new grooved All-Weather Tread.

Whichever type you buy you can safely expect maximum durability and comfort.

Yet Goodyears cost you no more.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

"BALLOONS"

Made with SUPERTWIST

When little sister scuffs her pretty party shoes

In a twinkling Dyanshine will make them look like new again. Instantly the magic touch of the Dyanshine dauber conceals the scuffs, neatly and permanently.

Just shine them with Dyanshine. As you shine you conceal the scuffs, restore bright, clean color and preserve the leather.

Fifty of these good shines are in every fifty cent bottle.

Available in the colors listed below and in white canvas and white kid. Ten popular colors for suedes.

BARTON'S
DYANSHINE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
DOUBLE SERVICE SHOE POLISH

Send for This for Your Shoes

We will gladly mail you Dyanshine's famous "Dry" Dauber Demonstrator. Demonstrate on your own shoes how quickly evil or is restored, scuffs concealed and shoes shined. Send 4 cents in stamps for packing and postage.

BARTON MANUFACTURING CO., SEP 2-25
WACO, TEXAS

"Please send me a 'Dry Dauber Demonstrator"

I want to see for myself the ease, the economy, the quality of a DYANSHINE shine. 4c in stamps enclosed.

Send me the color checked below

☐ BLACK ☐ CORDOVAN BROWN ☐ NUT BROWN ☐ LIGHT TAN

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

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COMMERCIALLY PERFECT

(Continued from Page 13)

clearing up of my predecessors' indebtedness, its period of greatest prosperity had passed, and devoted myself to certain stock investments that I had been able to make from time to time and that had proved quite successful.

Then came the war. Before I knew it my investments were caught in the maelstrom of rapidly shifting values and almost wiped out. I was able to save a little, but all ideas of retiring and turning country gentleman or leisurely globe trotter were gone. My efforts to get away from an occupation for which, I truly believe, I was never temperamentally fitted, had failed. Just on the verge of success I saw my plans crumble. The business of selling jewels to men and women wealthy enough to afford them, into which I had so blithely stepped some twenty years before, was going to keep me to the end. I hurried to the concern whose offer I had so recently refused and asked them if they still wanted to take me in. They did.

One of my very first customers gave me an illustration of the different attitude that the big stores can assume toward their patrons. He did not appear particularly well-to-do, but wanted to look at pearls. In order to get his range of price, I showed him some at about $3000, wondering if I had gone too high. He seemed rather indifferent, but did not show that he thought the price beyond his reach. Acting on a sudden impulse I brought him a pendant of unique design—an exquisite thing worth $30,000. His attention riveted on it immediately, and I could see his eyes brighten in appreciation of its real artistry. This time I had guessed right. He was one of those rare customers who not only have fine artistic appreciation but can afford to follow their fancies. He bought the pendant. But when he took out his check book to pay for it the sale was very nearly lost. He wanted a discount for cash.

"Look here," he said, when we explained that there could be no deviation from the set price, "money is worth money. If I pay you today, instead of thirty days from today, I pay you the equivalent of a bigger price. In thirty days I could make that money earn me $400. You ought to be willing to give that much off for cash."

For a moment we were nonplused. Then one of the vice presidents, who had come up, made a suggestion.

"In that case, Mr. Blank," he said, "why not simply have us charge this to you? Your credit is perfectly good. Pay us when you get ready—in whatever you believe is a legitimate time. But we can't give you a discount."

In a small store such a calm, indifferent arrangement would have been quite impossible. Such an attitude cannot even be imagined.

Matters of Design

Another point in which the attitude of a big jewelry store parallels that of a bank is in the balancing of stock. At the Seattle store we balanced stock—checked up to see that books, sales and stock in the store agreed—about once every three months. In the big New York stores it is done every day. At night the books are gone over and balanced, with items sold, items sent to the repair department and items sent out on approval or memorandum properly checked. Then, usually in the morning, the stock is checked over to see that it balances with the books. When you think of the many thousands of dollars' worth of jewels involved, you can see how necessary this is.

Still another point of difference between big jewelry stores and little ones is in the equipment for designing and engraving silverware, and all the rest. The whole history of design can be found there—Greek design, Spanish, what you will. There you could learn, for instance, that the polishing of concave surfaces of gems became a lost art about 200 A D., and was not resurrected for many centuries.

When recently a cherished old silver mug was presented to one of the little Gotham heiresses, it was turned over to our firm to have the desired inscription engraved on it. The most careful checking up was done in order that the inscription should be in exact keeping with the design of the cup itself. It was an Austrian mug, some 200 years old, and bore merely a coat of arms. The whole library of design was drawn on to establish the exact time and place and custom where that mug was made before the engravers were allowed to touch it. If it had been engraved when it was made the script could not have been more perfect.

You read in newspaper headlines of many jewelry robberies. But those, too, are confined mostly to the smaller stores. The risk involved in robbing one of the big stores is many times greater, on account of the superior safeguards that are taken. At night there are more watchmen; by day there are more guards.

When you come in to look at diamonds, say, on the ground floor of the big establishment where I am now located, you never think of danger or possible robbery. But there are several armed detectives moving about from counter to counter, mingling unostentatiously with the customers. Besides this each of the many salesmen has his automatic ready in case of emergency on a little shelf out of sight beneath the counter. Without any outward evidence of the fact the whole store is a regular arsenal. You can't have hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of jewels constantly on exhibition without adequate means of protecting them, and defending yourself, in case of attack.

A Rough Customer

Suppose you ask to see rings. A tray of $1000 values is put before you, and as this mounting or that, this stone or the other, attracts your attention the salesman takes it out and puts it on a bit of dark velvet or hands it to you for closer inspection. You do not know that the tray is specially constructed for our firm, with each ring locked into place in a way that even the salesmen of other big stores are unfamiliar with. There are thirty-six rings in all—six rows of six each. Separate springs release one row at a time. Without your being aware of it the salesman is pressing the right spring with his left hand as he takes one ring out of the tray and hands it to you. The other rings remain locked in the tray.

When I am waiting on a customer I usually put one tray back before I take out another. In any event I try never to have more than two trays out at any one time, just as a matter of habit. In the same way with separate rings or jewels: my custom is to see that there are never more than six objects out at any one time. Then I can recognize them all at a glance, and would realize it instantly if any one of them should disappear.

Some of the salesmen are not so careful. They will let eight or nine valuables lie on the counter at a time—or even more. It is at their stations, I notice, that our store detectives put in greater portions of their time. There is more danger of loss there.

One day a large, rather rough-looking customer was looking over scarfpins at the show case of one of these more careless salesmen. For a few moments there were several stick pins of considerable value lying about. Then the man decided against buying any of them, and went out. He had hardly more than reached the door when the salesman discovered one of the pins was missing. He looked to see if it had fallen to the floor—and in that moment the man was gone.

But that was not the end of it. We telephoned at once to police headquarters, with the exact description of the design of the missing pin, and they immediately sent it around to the different pawnshops. The pin was picked up the very next morning, when the thief came in to pawn it. The proprietor held him in conversation while an assistant telephoned the police, and the arrest was made then and there.

This matter of design is an important one in connection with thefts. Only the smaller stores fall back on the factory designs such as I used to travel with; with the larger concerns each design is distinctive and original. This forestalls a favorite method of jewelry stealing by sneak thieves known as switching.

Switching is done by substituting an imitation stone—say a glass "diamond"—for the genuine article. The thief or his confederate goes to a small shop and looks over the stock, pretending to be a possible purchaser. He notes this or that stone of value and the design of the ring or bar pin or what not on which it is mounted. Since this design is a factory, or machine-made, design, it is only necessary to procure a duplicate, with a glass substitute for the jewel, and take it next day to the shop that is to be victimized. The jewel seen the day before is called for, and when opportunity offers, the thief slips it out of sight, leaving the imitation in its place.

"I can't make up my mind," he announces. "I'll have to think it over another day." And he goes out.

A jeweler learns to be very careful in the handling of gems. I never throw away an empty box, for example, without first looking in it to make sure it is empty.

Not long ago a small white box on one of the show cases caught my attention, and I immediately picked it up to throw it out of the way. Looking into it, merely from force of habit, I found a $25,000 pearl necklace. Nobody was paying any attention to it. Without saying anything about it I slipped it into my pocket and, when an opportunity offered, took it up to the president's office. He began making inquiries, but nobody seemed to know anything about it. Nor did anyone report missing anything.

Presently I noticed one of my associates in the diamond department—and by the way, the diamond department with most jewelers includes the entire gamut of precious stones—fidgeting a bit and looking repeatedly at his watch. He was talking with a customer. After a while he sent a boy away with a message, and when an answer came back a few minutes later he began to show his perturbation in real earnest. I asked him what the trouble was.

"The repair department should have sent a necklace down to me half an hour ago," he complained nervously. "They've just sent down word it came down on time, and I took it—but I've never set eyes on the thing. I'm waiting now for them to find where it went to and rectify the mistake."

I was able to put his mind at rest; but he can't yet see how he managed to be so absent-minded as to take a $25,000 necklace and walk away, leaving it on the show case.

Such incidents do not occur often. I have noticed that they are more likely to happen at the end of the day, when we all are more or less tired out, than in the morning. Between nine in the morning and six in the afternoon we have plenty to keep us busy. Right from the start we are on the jump, with checking stock, checking up our final orders of the day before, and waiting on early customers. Quite a number of business men stop in on their way to their offices in the morning, and not infrequently their wives accompany them. By half past nine most of this trade has been taken care of and the stock checked; then there is as near as we ever come to a lull until about eleven. Between eleven and one business is usually brisk; then there is a short lunch-hour lull, and after that a full afternoon.

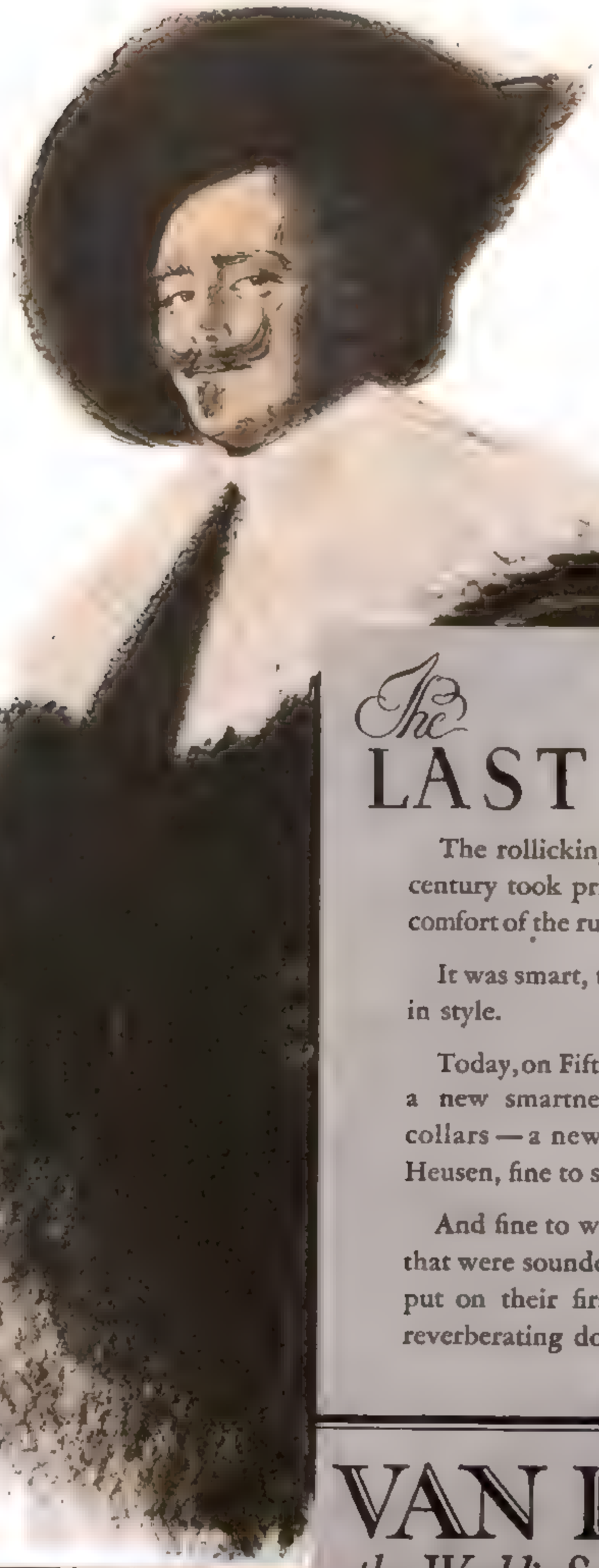
Arrangement of Merchandise

In order to facilitate waiting on customers during the hours of heaviest business, the stock in a well-arranged store is placed so that active stock and dead stock alternate. This avoids congestion.

Fans, for example, may be classed as a fairly dead stock; there is never much trade in them. Next them may be placed rings, that are always alive—usually the most active of all.

I said a while ago that good eyes and ability to learn readily are essential characteristics of a good jeweler. I sometimes wonder if as large a proportion of trade knowledge is the result of mere experience in any other business. Knowledge of jewel values depends almost entirely on eyes, memory and wide experience. Some men would never be able to evaluate diamonds in a hundred years. From year to year the values change. Before the war a one-carat diamond, in the largest New York stores, was worth $500. During the war the price rose as high as $840. Today it is around $650. That, of course, is for a perfect stone—a white or blue diamond. Since there are far more small diamonds than large ones the value decreases more rapidly than the size. A half-carat diamond is worth less than half as much as a whole-carat diamond. Instead of $325 it would be nearer $200. And a quarter carat, proportionately, still less—say $50 to $75.

(Continued on Page 86)



The LAST WORD

The rollicking young blade of the 17th century took pride in the vastness and discomfort of the ruff he wore around his neck.

It was smart, that ruff . . . the last word in style.

Today, on Fifth Avenue and points West, a new smartness has been achieved in collars — a new "last word" — the Van Heusen, fine to see.

And fine to wear . . . The sighs of relief that were sounded by millions of men who put on their first Van Heusens are still reverberating down the corridors of Time.

VAN HEUSEN
PATENTED

the World's Smartest COLLAR

PHILLIPS-JONES NEW YORK

12 STYLES ✯ 50 CENTS

The Van Heusen is made of just one single piece of smooth, strong, multi-ply fabric. Nothing sewed together—no need for starch. The loom has woven the fold in, woven a faultless curve in, woven comfort and smartness in. For all occasions it is the World's Smartest, most comfortable, and most economical collar.

Ask your dealer for Van Craft, a new negligee shirt with the Van Heusen Collar attached.

After buying the eggs, meat and breakfast food - "You may get a package of Wrigley's too."

Wise mother: - she rewards the little errand runner with something delicious, long-lasting and beneficial.

Happy, healthy children, with Wrigley's - and best of all - the cost is small!

A leading dentist states that chewing gum not only cleans the teeth and aids digestion, but acts as a mild antiseptic in the mouth at the same time that it refreshes.

WRIGLEY'S
"after every meal"

THE FLAVOR L-A-S-T-S F25

(Continued from Page 84)

White diamonds are the commonest—white and off color. The off color is usually yellow; the least hint of it drops the value of a diamond sharply. On the other hand a high degree of yellow adds value once more. Such gems are known as canary diamonds and are treasured because of their unique character. There are also black diamonds, brown diamonds—usually known as mocha diamonds—green, blue and pomegranate red. All such diamonds are usually classified together as specimen stones. Except for the blue, which are nearly as common as the white, they all have added value, being prized for their high color. The commonest imperfections in diamonds are flaws, big and little, and carbon spots—miniature black points often too small to see without the aid of a microscope.

Diamonds today are mathematically cut to reflect light with the greatest brilliance. For a time a clever device learned by Swiss cutters developed what came to be known as spread diamonds. These were cut very thin, so that a single-carat stone looked like a carat and a half. But they lacked brilliance through not having sufficient depth, and are now called in the trade fish-eye stones.

American trade in jewels is the finest in the world. Europe has not the quality that we insist on, so that this country has become the Mecca for perfect gems. Where Europe seems satisfied with size and general showiness, American buyers insist on absolute perfection. The great crown jewels of history, brought over here, shrink amazingly in value. To get rid of flaws Americans would unhesitatingly cut a single great ruby into smaller gems, each perfect.

In order to get rid of imperfect stones wholesale jewelers have adopted the practice of selling jewels without selection. A 100-carat lot, let us say, is offered at such-and-such a price, without selection. The buyer takes that weight of the jewels as they come. He forms his estimate of their value from the average of the lot. To buy with selection, picking out just the jewels that he likes the best until he has made up his 100 carats, costs him a pretty penny more.

Since learning these things about jewels and the jewelry trade comes almost exclusively through experience, it follows that special education is not particularly necessary for anyone desiring to enter the business—just as was the case in my own instance. A few companies make a specialty of looking over the graduates of near-by colleges and offering work to such as they consider good material, but these are the exception rather than the rule.

College-Bred Jewelers

Several Pacific Coast firms have fallen into the practice of getting college students, anxious to earn money during vacations, to come in and help out during the rush at Christmas and New Year's.

This brings, eventually, a number of college-trained men into the business. But in most of the big Eastern cities the errand or cash boys of one generation become the salesmen of the next. They grow up in the business and grow gray in the service of a single firm.

Among my associates are men who have been in the company's service thirty-three years, thirty-seven years, forty-one and, in one instance, fifty-two years. They have lived and moved in the atmosphere of this one store; it is their world. They are trusted, honored, favored. They have the privileges of seniority, of older men. One man in my own department, more than sixty-five years old, has been troubled for years with rheumatism; he is allowed to come to the store at ten instead of at nine with the rest of us, and leaves at two; he is one of the best salesmen we have. Only the other day he made a single sale that topped $80,000.

I have been interested in watching these men after retirement. It has set me thinking. Only two out of the dozen or more who have dropped out since I came to the store have lived more than a year or two afterward. It is as though their whole world had come to an end. They come around to see how we are getting on; the habits of a lifetime are hard to break. Their interest leads them nowhere else; they have nowhere else to go. The two exceptions are men who have had hobbies. One has always loved flowers; he is now in the country on a little farm that he purchased long ago out of his savings, happy and contented. The other is something of a mathematician; for years he has been looking forward to the time when he could devote himself entirely to figures. Now he is in his element. He carries a little pad and pencil around with him, and will figure out for you in a moment the cube root of 9,647,831 or how many one-dollar bills it would take to reach from here to Chicago. He is one of the happiest old men I have ever known.

Outside of the big cities jewelry salesmen, starting at fifteen or twenty dollars a week, may work up to perhaps $6000 or $7000 a year; for men who make an unusual success, possibly $10,000 to $12,000. To get more than that one would ordinarily have to be a member of the firm. In the big cities, however, where commissions are often paid on sales, $10,000 or even $15,000 is nothing unusual.

This matter of selling on a commission basis has a unique lure. It is a form of payment adopted by a large number of the most important concerns. Each customer is a prospective buyer; from morning until night it is never possible to tell what the next five minutes will bring in; possibly that old man with the rusty black coat will make a $20,000 purchase if he is handled just right.

No fisherman could be more intent on landing fish than a commission salesman on the customers who come up to him.

The Best Buyers

There are drawbacks to the custom. The very intentness of the effort to make a sale, when time after time the prospective customer proves to be after all only a sightseer, is disheartening. Since salesmen on commission are usually allowed to follow their own customers to other departments of the store, a good deal of confusion results. And once a customer has made it evident that he will buy nothing of any particular value, it is hard to give him exactly as much courtesy and attention as he would have if there were not other excellent prospects already in the store. To obviate these difficulties one or two houses are now considering a modified form of commission—basing a salesman's yearly salary, above a stipulated minimum, on the total of his sales during the preceding year.

Payment on a commission certainly makes one observant of customers. At a glance we can usually tell whether any particular questioner means business. We learn to recognize the hosts of useless shoppers—smaller competitors and rivals who come in to make notes on new designs, strangers in the city, strolling through to see the sights in a famous jewelry store, valuation customers, and all the rest. Where of those who came to Powers & Burke nearly half, on an average, were bona-fide customers, hardly more than one-tenth of those who come to the big show jewelry stores of the country are there to buy. One comes to wonder how so many people find the time to stroll from this counter to that, apparently merely for recreation.

A man and a woman together are the best buying combination. Husbands rarely accompany their wives into stores, or lovers their sweethearts, unless there is a definite purpose in the visit—either to get assured knowledge of prices or to buy. Usually it is the latter.

Sometimes we have amusing complications. Not long ago the whole store was thrown into good-natured confusion in an effort to keep two wealthy parties from meeting each other in the store or knowing of the other's presence. One was a prominent society divorcée, with her grown daughter and her brand-new husband. The other consisted of her first husband and his newly acquired wife. If either had learned that the other was in the store, they would have left at once. But they didn't. We made sales to each—one small, the other large. The lady was the bigger buyer. She took jewels worth $12,000. Her latest husband was evidently a good provider.

Many well-to-do people take out jewels on approval. This has led to a peculiar abuse known as memorandum accounts. A man and his wife will select valuable articles—rings or necklaces, say, or perhaps great silver vases—and order them sent home on approval just before New Year's, or on some particular occasion. A week later they will return them, having used them in the meanwhile at some party or other function for which they had chosen this inexpensive method of displaying their wealth. We have had vases sent back with leaves and water still in them, the people not even having troubled to order their servants to clean them out.

A man and his wife came in not long ago and ordered a pendant, a bar pin and a ring sent to their home on approval. Together the three were worth about $45,000.

"It's mother's birthday," the lady explained. "We want to let her choose for herself which of the three she likes best."

Two days later all three articles came back without explanation. It wasn't mother's birthday at all; it was her wedding anniversary, and all three pieces of jewelry had been prominently worn, with telling effect, on the gala occasion.

These are not isolated examples; they are typical of a widespread custom. Drygoods houses have the same trouble. In San Francisco, a prominent furrier told me recently, so many opera coats were sent out on trial by his house during the first day or two of the opera season, only to be returned later, that emergency measures had to be taken to check the abuse. Large red pasteboard tags were wired to the back of each coat before it was sent out, the ends of the wires being brought through the back of the coat and sealed together. The tags were marked, "If these seals are broken, goods will be charged." That ended the trouble. Ladies found they would rather not show their new coats at the opening of the opera season after all, if it meant showing a red tag like that in the middle of their backs.

A wealthy real-estate man some weeks ago took out two necklaces, together worth $25,000. When he himself brought them back a few days later the price tags were missing. I called his attention to the fact.

"I wish you'd try to get the tags back to us," I told him. "We know you wouldn't take out jewels just to have them worn, and we don't want you to get on the black list."

He didn't return the tags, for they were undoubtedly lost; but he has never since taken out any jewels on approval, and has instead become a very good customer.

This idea of a memorandum black list has already been taken up by several houses in an effort to cure the evil, and is having almost as salutary an effect as the red seals in San Francisco. Most people crave the esteem of those they trade with, and if handled properly will put themselves out to deserve it.

The Diplomacy of Selling

When new customers come to me one of my first efforts is to find out how much the customers are willing to spend; not how much they say they care to spend, but how much they are really prepared to part with. One illustration will show what I mean.

A young man came up to my counter with a very pretty girl on his arm. When he asked to see diamond rings it took little imagination to figure out that he was intending to make the young lady an engagement present.

I put out two trays—one of $500, the other of $1500 values. It did not seem to me likely, from their appearance, that he would want to go above the latter amount. The girl looked at the $1500 tray eagerly, while the young man, after a quick glance over the lower-priced rings, asked what we had in between those two values. It took little figuring to guess that he was prepared to pay in the neighborhood of $1000. Moreover, from a little involuntary gesture he made toward his breast pocket, I drew the conclusion he had brought the money with him.

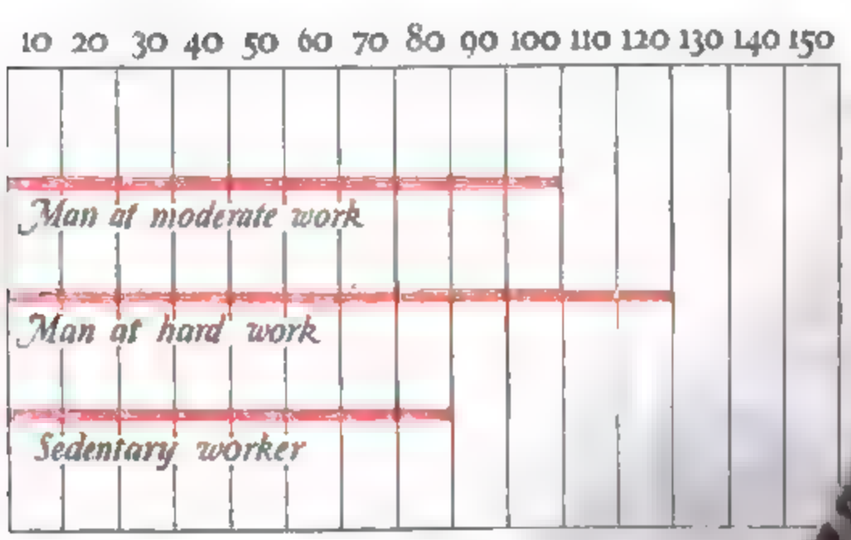
For some time they admired this ring and that, finding it hard to choose. I kept them as near the $1500 values as possible, showing nothing under $1000. After a little it was necessary to get some of the rings they liked back out of the way, as with too many to choose from there is always less likelihood of a choice—and more of a postponement, which may mean the loss of a sale.

"Now," I said, "which of these two do you like better?" And I held up two of the half dozen they had already signified their liking for. They decided, and I put the loser back into place in the tray. Then I took up another pair, and kept on until there were only two left. They chose the less expensive of the two. It was $1225.

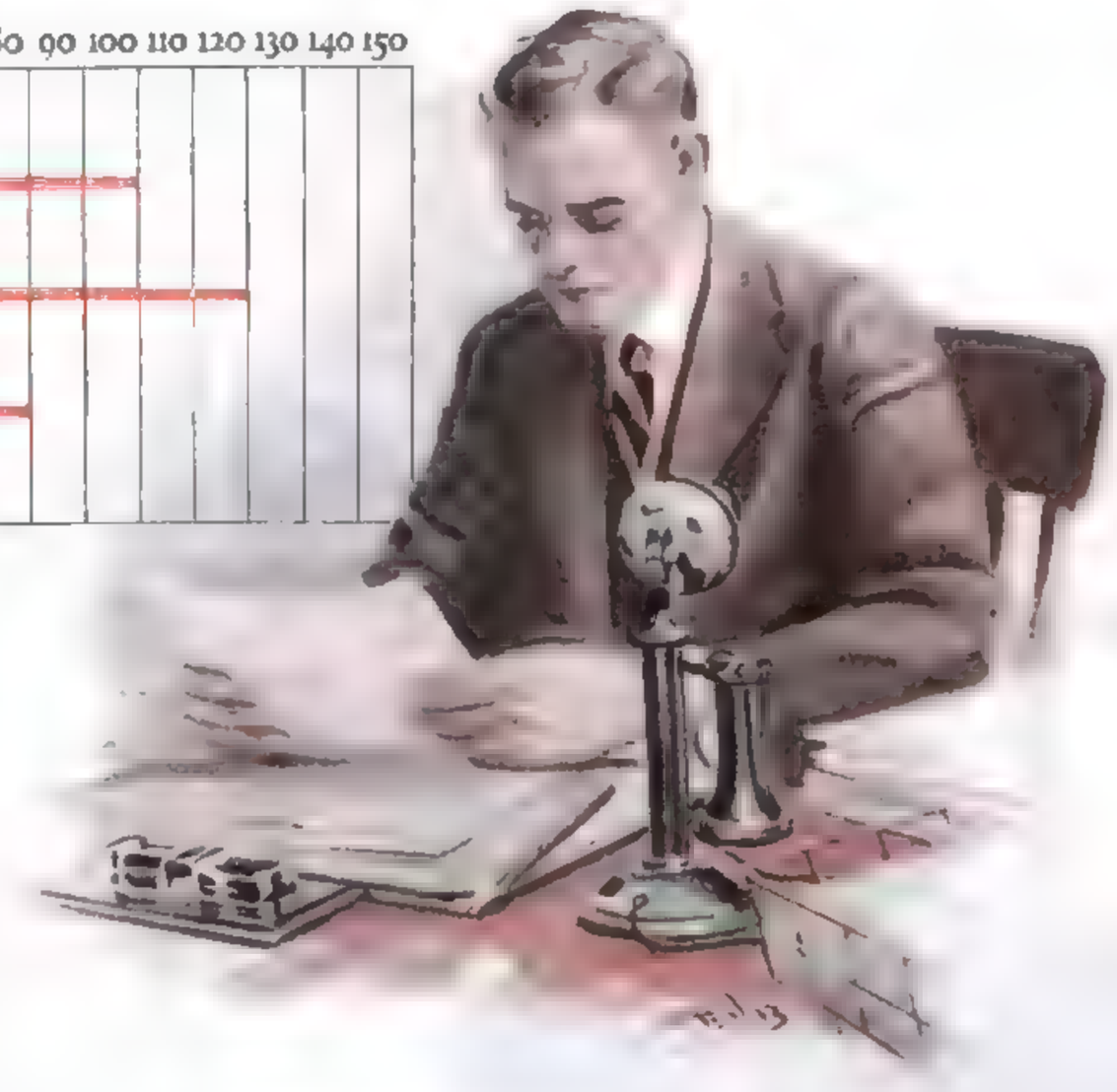
When they were ready to leave, the young man, with just a touch of embarrassment, said he would make a deposit on the

(Continued on Page 89)

Try this — three mornings *for a better day's work*



This chart shows the difference in relative food requirements of persons of different occupations as calculated for the Department of Agriculture. In this comparison, a man in full vigor at moderate work has been selected as the unit for comparison and assigned the value 100. Notice how much less the sedentary worker requires—yet too often his diet is the same as that of the moderate or even hard worker!



"Morning hours are best for work"—you have doubtless heard this all your life.

Why is it then, you sometimes feel dull and sluggish in the morning—just when you ought to be at your best mentally and physically?

Nutrition authorities tell us that 9 times out of 10 the reason we can't get shifted into high gear early in the day is—breakfast!

What kind of a breakfast do you eat? Upon this meal depends much of your morning efficiency.

Why you do not need a heavy breakfast

Your body has rested during the night; it is not in vital need of food. You eat a hearty, heavy breakfast—then sit at a desk all day. What happens?

You have put an unfair burden upon digestion. All the energy you should have for mental work is being wasted in digesting food which your body really does not need. No wonder you feel tired and dull!

What you need is simple, easily digested food in moderate amount—food which will supply you with abundant energy.

Try this 3-morning test

Here is a 3-morning test which will prove to you how a simple energy-breakfast will prime you for the day's run.

Cream of Wheat!—An old-favorite food, rich in energy-nourishment and so easily and quickly digested! Just try it for three mornings and see how much more "fit" you are for the day's work.

Rich in energy—easy to digest

Cream of Wheat, you know, is one of the very richest energy foods. Made of the best hard wheat, it is extremely high in carbohydrates which mean energy units.

It is a very easy food to digest. In fact, digestion of Cream of Wheat *begins in the mouth* and is quickly finished without taxing the stomach.

Note the three model breakfast menus suggested by noted nutrition authorities. Follow them for just three mornings and you will never again go back to the old heavy breakfast habit.

Delicious to eat, easy to digest—yet so nourishing and satisfying, with ample energy to last the morning through! This is the great combined advantage which Cream of Wheat offers—an advantage not so often found in other foods. Give the Cream of Wheat breakfast a trial; start tomorrow morning. You will have more energy for work.

First morning

Oranges
Cream of Wheat
Sugar—Milk
Milk Toast
Coffee or Cocoa

Second morning

Cream of Wheat with Prunes
Milk
Omelet or Bacon
Toast—Butter
Coffee or Cocoa

Third morning

Cream of Wheat with Baked Apple
Milk
Buttered Toast
Bacon
Coffee or Cocoa

Send for booklet—

50 Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat

There are endless ways to serve Cream of Wheat. Enjoy its rich, creamy flavor blended with fruit—chopped dates, prunes, raisins, figs, or Southern style, with butter and salt. Our recipe booklet gives 50 delicious ways to serve it. Send for it and special booklet on feeding children; both are free.

Cream of Wheat Company
Dept. 1-F, Minneapolis, Minnesota

- ☐ Please send me, free, your recipe booklet, "50 Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat."
- ☐ Please send me, free, your booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children."
- ☐ Please send me simple box of Cream of Wheat for which I enclose 5c to cover postage.

Name .....

Address

Cream of Wheat

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota
In Canada, made by the Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg

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Gas Speed from an Oil Stove

On the RED STAR you can equal the work of the finest gas ranges. Think what that means—you women who live beyond the gas main. It means *abundant, clean, fast* heat—for boiling, roasting, baking or frying. It means a cooking and baking service that has won for RED STAR a position of leadership in the estimation of millions of women.

The RED STAR burns oil, without wicks. It cooks with a fast heat—as even and as intense as gas—produced by the patented RED STAR *all-metal* burners.

See a demonstration. There is a size for every need—two to six burners. There is a price for every purse. If you do not know the RED STAR dealer in your locality, write us. We will send his name and a copy of the RED STAR book.

THE DETROIT VAPOR STOVE COMPANY, *Detroit, Michigan*

RED ★ STAR
Detroit Vapor
OIL STOVE

Cooks as fast as gas

(Continued from Page 86)

ring and pay the balance next day. He took from his pocketbook exactly $1000 in crisp new bills. Evidently he had just drawn it from the bank for this express purpose. I assured him he could give me a check for the balance and take the ring with him; he was obviously reliable. But he wouldn't do it. He left the money and they went out. Next morning he brought in the other $225 and took the ring. It was a very attractive one and I hope it brought them happiness.

There is tremendous psychological importance in handling valuable jewels carefully. Throwing a $30,000 necklace carelessly on the counter may spoil a sale. Laying the same necklace carefully, almost reverently, down on a bit of velvet gives an entirely different effect. It is a simple trick of salesmanship, but means thousands of dollars in a jewelry store in the course of a year. It is an old salesman's maxim that goods well shown are half sold.

In spite of that I notice some of my associates in the store handle jewels carelessly. Familiarity has bred contempt, or at least has dulled custom. It is very easy, after failing to make a sale, to toss things back heedlessly, without bothering to put them exactly in place. Two minutes later they may be called for again, and the customer's first impression of disorder may prevent another sale. My work on the road taught me that lesson. When I put things away in my sample trunks after one exhibit, they were locked there until I opened the trunks again for the next. First impressions go a long way toward inducing a favorable attitude. My sample trunks, naturally, always had to be in spick-and-span order.

In order to make the best possible effect on buyers, one or two American jewelers have adopted a Paris custom and show gems on manikins. When you enter such an establishment, there are no jewels on exhibition in the reception rooms. At your request they are sent for. A pearl necklace will be shown about the neck of a beautiful young woman. Everywhere there is an atmosphere of luxury, wealth and exclusiveness.

A more widely followed custom is to provide small rooms or booths for customers, where they can see the jewels on themselves, if they wish, in mirrors. Often such a separate salesroom means the difference between a sale and the loss of a customer.

A lady from Chicago, who has been one of my customers for several years, came to me last month to find two pearls for a necklace she has been improving from time to time. I told her I would try to find the exact pearls she wanted and would have them ready for her to see in the morning. Next day she felt poorly and did not get in until nearly noon. Even the trip to the store had been an effort. Her Chicago train left in a couple of hours. Seeing how poorly she felt I looked at once to see if one of the small private salesrooms was vacant. In the first, one of our salesmen was showing a lady a christening cup, that meant possibly a twenty-dollar sale. In the second, another of the silverware department men was discussing the engraving on table silver—a matter of forty or fifty dollars. In the last, one of the members of the firm was looking at a line of watches.

"Would you like a room?" he asked. In a word or two I explained the situation and he gave up the room to my customer. She sank into one of the easy-chairs at once.

"Do you know," she said, "I was just on the point of letting it go until another trip, I felt so faint. But this is better."

I showed her the pearls I had selected and made a $17,000 sale.

The biggest single sale I have ever made was $110,000. But once I came close to a much larger one. That was for $400,000. An American financier who had just returned from Europe had found what he wanted at a price of $475,000. I showed him jewels he liked almost as well for $400,000. He was on the point of taking them when a companion suggested that perhaps the Frenchman might come down. The financier doubted it, but decided to wait a day on the chance. He cabled the Paris jeweler he would have to meet the American price—$400,000. The Frenchman replied:

"Accept. Will bring jewels over immediately in person."

One sale that I watched, but did not make myself, was for $325,000. That, too, was for a necklace. Stones have been added since that make it now worth, it is estimated, more than $600,000.

But after all, except for the possible commission involved, I'm not particularly interested in those big sales. I'd trade all the jewels in the world for the place I want in the country, with a chance to travel a little once in a while when I feel like it. In a few years more, if I do as well as I have these last three or four, I'll be able to retire and have—just that.

Tom Burnet came to see me last spring. He had come on to see his boy graduate from college. He asked me if I couldn't get the lad a place here.

"I'd ask nothing better for him," he said. "Safe, honorable and a good income. He'd be fixed for life. Ted, I certainly did you a good turn when I got you into the jewelry business."

"Give the boy a chance to decide for himself," I told him. "Don't rush him. He might not like being a jeweler as well as you do. But if he still wants it after a while, I'll see what I can do."

For some days after Powers had finished his story I thought it over. Then one day I went in and watched him wait on a rather pompous dowager. He was as immaculate as always, as courteous, as pleasant, as interesting—apparently a picture of prosperous contentment.

"So, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding," I said after his customer had gone out, "you don t find the jewelry business perfect."

He gave me a quick glance.

"Not for a rover," he answered quietly. "Not for a rover. There's the flaw—only commercially perfect."

AFTER LENINE—WHAT?

(Continued from Page 25)

The Moscow campaign has two distinct fields. One is Soviet Russia itself and the other is the rest of the world. That the Bolos are compelled to labor at conversion at home may surprise those who assume that all Russia is red. As a matter of fact, it is not. The Communist Party comprises only 750,000 men and women in a total population of about 130,000,000. The peasants, who constitute 85 per cent of the populace, are instinctively small capitalists and are the body upon which the propagandists work.

As a result, they are inundated with oratory and literature extolling soviet triumphs abroad. Kalinin, the president of Soviet Russia, is a peasant and was elevated to this hollow job first as a concession to his class; second, to act as salesman of communism to the ruralists. As I pointed out in the article about him, he spends nearly all his time traveling around the country in a propaganda train, seeking to divert the peasants from the error of their capitalistic ways.

Clearly to comprehend the scope and extent of Bolshevik propaganda, it is first necessary to get a close-up of the men behind the machine and then analyze the machine itself. What most Americans do not realize is that in Russia, as in no other country anywhere, propaganda is a cult, with its own training schools and colleges. The communist thinks, breathes, almost eats the germ of unrest that he disseminates. It means that communism and propaganda are synonymous.

With propaganda, as with every other Soviet activity, you find the interlocking system of control which ties up supreme authority with the big seven—Stalin, Kamenev, Zinoviev, Bukharin, Tomsky, Rykoff and Trotzky—who are members of the political bureau which rules Russia. Zinoviev, whose real name is Apfelbaum, as head of the Communist Internationale—you will learn more about this organization later on—is the master mind behind the group that looses world agitation. He is a powerful speaker and, what is more useful in his propaganda job, perhaps the world's champion letter writer. His finger, or rather his ever-busy fountain pen, is poked into nearly every international discord. One day he sends instructions to American communists as to how to act in a presidential campaign, and on the next a fulmination from him urging revolution appears in the German red press. It was Zinoviev's much-discussed letter of advice to the British communists that largely swayed the last election in England. Although Moscow denies the authenticity of this document, those who are familiar with Zinoviev's style are convinced that it is genuine.

The titular director general of Bolshevik propaganda until last summer was Karl Radek, who was born Sobelsohn. Since he has not hitherto appeared conspicuously in this series, it may be well to place him. Radek is a Pole by birth, a journalist by profession and a propagandist by instinct. For years he was associated with German radicalism and to him was delegated the task of putting over a red revolution in Germany.

At this point it may be well to remark that every one of the big Bolo propagandists has a definite field for action. Just as Radek's domain has been Germany, so was Karakhan, now Soviet ambassador to Peking, envoy of unrest to Armenia and China; Rakovsky, the arch spinner of crimson webs first in the Balkans and later in England, where he is Bolshevik ambassador; Krestinsky, trouble delegate to Central Europe and at present Soviet ambassador to Germany; and Joffe, emissary to Japan, where he accelerated the communist movement. The experience of Karakhan, Rakovsky and Krestinsky shows that having laid the groundwork for recognition, the major agitators are almost invariably put into high diplomatic posts so as to continue their efforts. Here is a hint that Washington may well heed.

Radek's present plight shows how ruthless is the mastery of the Moscow powers that be. If you know the communist creed, you also know that once a man is admitted to the red fold, every instruction given to him is a command. It is like being a member of a secret society of the medieval type. To no subordinates is this rule applied so relentlessly as to propagandists. They must succeed or they feel the iron hand of discipline. Well may they echo the historic remark of Cardinal Wolsey, uttered in his hour of rejection, "My favor with the king was founded on success, and it fell by failure."

In 1923 Radek reported to the political bureau that communism in Germany was on the decline and that there was no prospect of a revolution. Like an ostrich with its head in the sand, the big seven, refusing to believe it, first recalled him, and then stripped him of all his powers. At the Thirteenth Congress of the Russian Communist Party, held in January, 1924, a resolution was adopted formally reprimanding Radek and accusing him of aligning himself against the extreme Left of the party. This was the reward for having accurately described the German situation. A swing to the Right at the next election vindicated him.

As a further evidence of the soviet mentality, Radek was also held responsible when Germany adopted the Dawes Plan. The Bolsheviks naturally regard the experts' plan as an obstacle to their aims because it is a step toward European stabilization and security.

I have only to add that when I asked the Foreign Office to arrange an interview for me with Radek I was told, "Do not bother with him, as he has ceased to be an important factor."

Radek's chief colleague as pamphleteer is Bukharin, editor of Pravda, organ of the Communist Party. The irony of this association is that "pravda" is the Russian word for "truth." With the government owned and controlled newspaper we arrive at one of the principal agencies for propaganda within Russia. The Pravda and the other important Moscow journal, the Izvestia, mouthpiece of the Foreign Office, specialize in distortion of news and the glorification of Bolshevism. Every world event is shaped to suit the soviet purpose. The speeches of the leaders are reported in full and there are brutal cartoons of everyone—Secretary Hughes included—who oppose the Moscow will. To read any issue of Pravda or Izvestia is to learn that the rest of the world is in confusion and is awaiting the Soviet call to arms, that only a capitalistic conspiracy prevents Washington from recognizing Moscow, and that nationalized industry is advancing by leaps and bounds.

The Receiver Exquisite!

Grace of design, beautiful finish, in American Walnut or Adam-Brown Mahogany combine to make this Stromberg-Carlson Radio Receiver a furnishing of elegance in the most perfectly appointed room.

Stromberg-Carlson

Neutrodyne Receiver

Its qualities of reception are unsurpassed. With mighty reach it brings in distant broadcasting stations on the Loud Speaker with local station volume, and in full, rich naturalness of tone.

Has a record of loud speaker reception over a distance of 7400 miles made by L. P. R. Bean of Sydney, Australia, who, under favorable conditions, hears Station K G O at Oakland, Cal.

Tunes with extreme simplicity by setting the dials at calibrated points and "holds" a station indefinitely without further adjustment.

Built so accurately that stations may be logged from the calibration curve which accompanies each receiver.

Made in Console type (illustrated above), with built-in Loud Speaker and space for batteries and battery charger. Also made in Portable Type.

Ask your dealer. If he cannot supply you, write us. Booklet free.

Stromberg-Carlson Telephone Mfg. Co.
1060 University Ave., Rochester N. Y.
In Canada, 219 Geary Ave., Toronto

SIKES WEEK!

January 19th to 24th

Give a Thought to "BETTER OFFICES"

Appearances *do* count—in offices as in other aspects of business or social life. The perfectly appointed, well equipped office begets respect and *self* respect—confidence and *self* confidence. The look of success is half the battle. Only the man who has reached the ultimate goal of his ambition can afford to be careless of appearances.

Look around your office. Do you feel proud of its appearance—or apologetic?

This week the Sikes dealers are making a special showing of **Sikes** Office *Easy* Chairs. A visit to the nearest Sikes dealer (name on request) will well repay your trouble. There you will find the most comfortable of chairs for every possible office use, in a variety of woods and finishes. Chairs, which in their grace of outline and appearance of massive dignity, are in keeping with the best traditions of American Business.

The Sikes dealer is prepared to furnish your office throughout, from the reception room to the chief's sanctum. Or he can supply you with **Sikes** Office *Easy* Chairs finished to match your present furnishings.

SIKES CHAIRS PHILADELPHIA

Office Easy Chairs

SIKES COMPANY CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

Sikes office chairs are made in every conventional pattern and design In Buffalo a Sikes factory is devoted exclusively to quality chairs for the home.

Control of the soviet press is supplemented by a strict censorship of all outgoing and incoming news. The same applies to alien newspapers and magazines. A foreigner in Moscow told me that although he was a subscriber to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST for a year, he has received only one copy by mail in eleven months. In order to get the New York Times, an American was compelled to make an application with the press section of the Foreign Office. Even then various copies were mutilated before he received them. As an example of brilliant soviet censorship, an Englishman who had subscribed to the London Daily Express received only those pages which contained the text, all the advertising sections having been removed!

Fifth in the list of master propagandists is Tchitcherin, Commissar for Foreign Affairs. To him is allotted the task of coloring all foreign happenings for exploitation uses. At the moment his prize material for home consumption is the refusal of Washington to recognize Moscow. The construction placed on this is that the United States, "already on the verge of revolution," fears officially to recognize Russia because "recognition would precipitate a nation-wide upheaval." This bunk is fed to the soviet masses in huge gobs and many believe it. The truth of the matter is that most Bolshevik propaganda is founded on dense ignorance of what is going on in the rest of the world. Though persistent and pernicious, it usually falls by its own weight. Nevertheless, its potentialities for trouble are not to be despised.

Until late in 1924 Trotzky was one of the most conspicuous of the official propagandists. Being a publicity wizard, his almost continuous output, uttered and written, was effective. But it has also been his own undoing. He not only advertised Bolshevism but Trotzkyism—that is, himself—as well. This vanity, coupled with his insurgency—for he opposed bureaucracy and has sound economic views for a communist—has caused him to be the victim of a conspiracy in the political bureau to deprive him of his authority. They call him a red heretic. In self-defense Trotzky is now operating a little propaganda factory of his own. He has the goods on his enemies, because every word that he writes or says is literally lapped up by the people.

Fountainheads of Unrest

Another reason for the antagonism to Trotzky is that he refuses to have his articles, books and speeches visaed by the political bureau. They never know when or how he is going to break loose. Over all other propagandists the bureau exercises a careful scrutiny by editing the mass of poisonous misinformation that streams out of the country. It must conform to their desires. Likewise every speech is submitted to them first.

The men whom I have mentioned are the directing forces—the field marshals, so to speak—of the soviet army of propagandists. Every member of the Russian Communist Party at home and abroad is enlisted in it. One of the first facts impressed upon the new red is that "collective activities must be subordinated to agitation, propaganda, conspiracy and unrest." These recruits of the rank and file do their job unofficially and on their own. Hundreds of others are trained in what is perhaps the most astonishing as well as the most destructive educational system in the world.

A comparison with the organization of the old German propaganda will serve to show how different are the training and purpose of the Russian scheme. The nerve center of the Teutonic campaign for world-wide penetration—mainly economic—was the Foreign Office, in the Wilhelmstrasse, in Berlin. Its prime movers were members of the diplomatic and consular service, aided by every German business man and German bank doing business throughout the world. Squarely behind them was the full power of the Imperial German Government. You had, in a word, the most effective example of teamwork between government and commerce that any country has yet developed. "Weltmacht," which means "world power," was the slogan of the movement whose primary object was to plant the German flag wherever the trade winds blew.

The Bolsheviks have gone at the game in an entirely different way, as I have already intimated. Being strangers to real business methods, and disdaining sound economic advance at home and abroad, they bear down hard upon one objective, which is world revolution. Since this is an international project, it follows that they must educate specialists in the fine art of fomenting trouble. Two institutions at Moscow turn out an annual crop of red agitators.

The first is the more significant, because it discloses how crudely the Bolos camouflage, or try to cloak, the effort to communize the Orient, their principal stamping ground just now. It is the so-called University of the Toiling East, also known as the Communist University of the Workmen of the East. Advertised as a school for Orientals, it specializes in agitation, makes communism the basis of all studies and operates overtime as a red dope factory.

In conformity with its purpose, the college draws its students from every sore spot or every locality ripe for revolt in the East. Therefore you see Egyptians, Hindus, East Indians, Filipinos, Afghans, Chinese, Turks, Syrians, Bulgarians and Japanese being inoculated with the red germ so that they can go back home, spread the infection and foster upheaval. Some of the students get an allowance from the Soviet Government and remain in Moscow during the vacation season in order to get the fullest measure of contamination.

The second fountainhead of unrest is the War College of the Russian Army. Ostensibly an academy for the instruction of staff and line officers—and it does this job for many—it is in reality a school to train soldiers to sow sedition and then lead uprisings in foreign countries. These soldiers are the shock troops of communism abroad and are specialists in trouble making.

Grim Propaganda

Since their work is among aliens, it follows that they have a special course of political and military study. They must know the language and customs of the nation they will seek to arouse, whether it is India, Egypt, Bulgaria, Syria, the Philippines, Persia or China. As the Bolos see it, dictatorship of the proletariat can be achieved only through armed revolt. Hence the missionaries of red evil are equipped to shape protest and then lead it forcibly. It is really highly organized training for civil war

Eloquent of the principal red ambition is the fact that the War College department of unrest has a special Eastern section. The offshoots are obliged to live in the country to which they are assigned, and in line with the old German economic penetration scheme, take root. They do the spade work under cover, while men like Rakovsky, Karakhan and Joffe hold the spotlight.

The War College usually graduates two classes a year. In May, 1924, for example, there were twenty-four graduates for foreign agitation, including two women. There are no color or sex lines in Bolshevik preparedness for revolution.

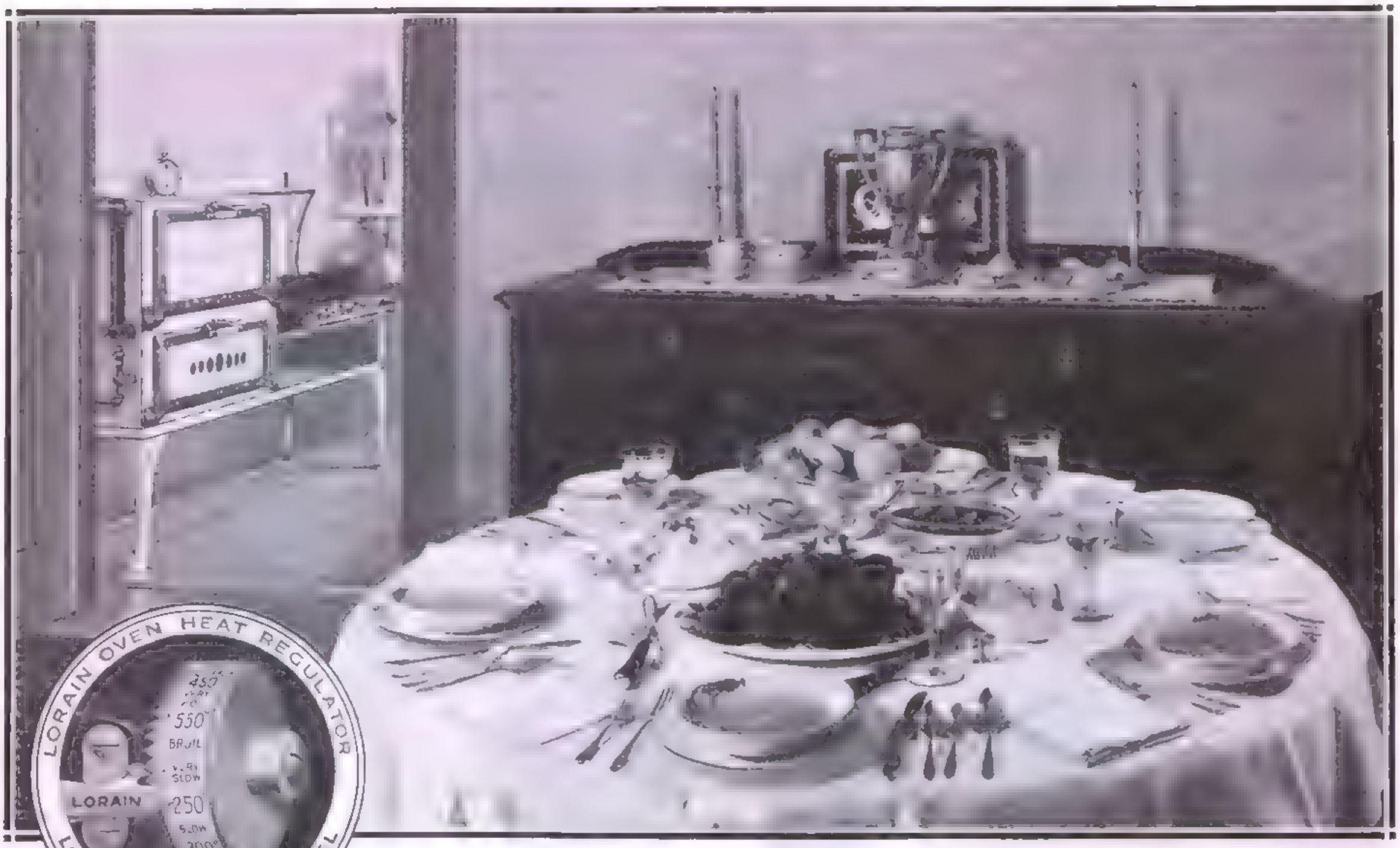
These graduates develop discontent abroad. For the home effort every possible agency is harnessed up to the big idea of exalting Bolshevism and giving the impression that Soviet Russia is the pioneer and pathfinder for world coöperation and prosperity. The dead Lenine, for example, lying in state in the Red Square in Moscow, is merely an inanimate advertisement for the cause with which he was so conspicuously identified.

One of the characteristic propaganda efforts in Russia is the so-called train of progress. At regular intervals these trains traverse the country loaded with orators and literature. Some publish a newspaper on board. The "news" is obtained by wireless from Moscow. The trains are decorated on the outside by futurist artists who depict scenes from the November revolution and reproduce the features of Karl Marx, Lenine, Kamenev, Zinoviev and other leaders. The propaganda trains had the right of way even during the years of chaos when traffic was so demoralized.

Bolshevik anniversaries are converted into huge propaganda demonstrations, starting with parades in which the workers take part, many under compulsion. Every conceivable event is dramatically staged to make a red holiday. The funeral of Lenine was a notable example.

The educational system has, of course, given the propagandists their best opportunity. With the three R's, every Russian school teaches communism. Although Bolshevism is divorced from religion, the Sunday school for old and young—Sunday only in the fact that it is held on that day of

(Continued on Page 93)



One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking

Who cooked this delicious hot dinner? From one-thirty until five-forty nobody was home—yet, promptly at six mother served this wonderful meal:

Vegetable Soup
Roast Beef
Baked Potatoes, Creamed *Buttered Onions*
Lettuce Salad with Thousand Island Dressing
Fruit Melange (*)

Thousands of women who own gas ranges with Lorain Self-Regulating Ovens cook their meals in the following easy way whenever they take an afternoon off:

After a brief preparation at twelve or one o'clock they put into the oven everything to be cooked. Then they turn the Lorain Red Wheel to a given temperature. Returning later in the afternoon (they don't have to be there on the dot), they find everything deliciously done and ready to serve.

And that's not *all* Lorain can do! Because the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator enables you to measure the oven heat and automatically maintains it at the set degree, you can take any modern recipe which gives *Time* and *Temperature* and *get perfect results the very first time you try*—and every time thereafter.

We know these cookery wonders are hard to believe, so why not call on a "Lorain" agent and ask him to demonstrate these marvels for you? He'll gladly do it. You'll be convinced. No matter how small your income or how fine your kitchen, you'll find a Lorain-equipped Gas Range to suit.

Introductory Price
50c

Lorain Time and Temperature Cook Book contains 128 pages of recipes for oven-cooked foods, including Whole Meals and Oven Canning, also Time and Temperature Chart. Bound in cloth, attractively illustrated. Issued by the Research Kitchens of American Stove Company. Price fifty cents, post-paid, stamps accepted. Mark, sign and mail the coupon.

*Send for a free folder explaining how to cook the above dinner in a Lorain Self-Regulating Oven while you're miles away. Or, for fifty cents we'll mail you a handsomely bound copy of our Lorain Time and Temperature Cook Book.
Mark, sign and mail the coupon now

These famous Gas Stoves are equipped with the Lorain Regulator:

CLARK JEWEL - - - George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Illinois
DANGLER - - - - - - Dangler Stove Company Div., Cleveland, Ohio
DIRECT ACTION - - National Stove Company Div., Lorain, Ohio
NEW PROCESS - - - New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
QUICK MEAL - - - Quick Meal Stove Company Div., St. Louis, Mo.
RELIABLE - - - - - - Reliable Stove Company Div., Cleveland, Ohio

WHEN Gas is not available, oil is the most satisfactory cooking-fuel provided you use an oil stove equipped with Lorain High Speed Burners which apply a clean, odorless, intense heat directly against the cooking-utensil.

Look for the RED WHEEL

LORAIN
HIGH SPEED OIL BURNER

AMERICAN STOVE CO., 829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

We manufacture coal stoves and the celebrated Lorain High Speed Oil Burner Cook Stoves for use where gas is not available, but the Lorain Regulator cannot be used on these

LORAIN
OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY
829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

☐ Please send me free copy of Lorain Roast Beef Dinner Menu with Recipes.
☐ Enclosed find 50c in _____ for Copy of Lorain Time and Temperature Cook Book.
(Check which you wish)

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Sweet Relish	Thousand Island Dressing	Grape Juice	Pears	Beets	Peas	Spinach
Catsup		Lima Beans	Loganberries	Red Kidney Beans	Hominy	Salmon
Chili Sauce		Apricots	Red Raspberries	Fruit Salad	Pumpkin	Milk

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(Continued from Page 90)

the week—is an outstanding feature. The "principles of communist propaganda" adopted by the Fifth Congress of the Communist International, held in 1924, contain this paragraph:

"The principal aim of the elementary evening classes"—Sunday schools—"must be to impart elementary political knowledge to our party members by teaching the first principles of Marxist-Leninist theory and method. The curriculum of these classes must be based on the program of the Communist Internationale. These classes must aim at making party members fit to take up active party work and to carry on individual propaganda among the masses inside and especially outside the party."

Then, too, there is the cinema, an important factor in the propaganda program. Every foreign motion picture shown in a Russian theater is not only prefaced but interspersed with scenes from "the Bolshevik advance" and close-ups of Lenine living and dead. At a Moscow conference of the cinema industry last summer, Lunacharsky, Commissar for Education, said: "The cinema can be used for the creation of living propaganda and publicity with great effect. Equally important is the representation on the cinema of a revolutionary chronicle."

Oddly enough, the Bolsheviks have not waked up to the propaganda possibilities of the radio. One reason, perhaps, lies in the universal poverty which prevents the great mass of the people from owning sets. Once broadcasting starts you may be sure that the air will sizzle with falsehood and misrepresentation.

Boosters for Bolshevism

The All-Russian Exhibition held in Moscow during the summer of 1922 illustrates another type of propaganda. Having made Moscow the show window of Bolshevism, the political machine that rules the country used the exhibition as a "lesson in soviet progress" for the peasants and other provincials. Thousands were compelled to attend under the chaperonage of the president of their local soviet. Prof. Charles Sarolea, one of the outstanding authorities on Bolshevism, who attended the fair, maintains that the timber and other materials used in the buildings were commandeered, that the contractors were not paid and that those who clamored too loudly for payment were imprisoned. In these respects the exhibition really reflected Bolshevism.

Despite Bolshevik protest that sovietism is allied to art and music, there is not the slightest doubt about the theater and the opera being employed for propaganda purposes. The Russian, however obscure, instinctively loves beauty and color, and the powers that be take advantage of this desire to keep the masses placated.

Even in postage stamps, the ruling passion for propaganda is strong. The earlier soviet issues showed a red hand with a sword cutting the worker's chain and a communist Saint George slaying the dragon of capitalism. Many people wonder why Lenine's head does not appear on Russian stamps. This story will explain: In 1922 a stamp issue was planned showing the features of the apostle of Bolshevism. When he heard of it he ordered the dies destroyed, saying, "Do you think that I am the czar, that I want my head on the stamps of the Russian republic?"

In addition to all these agencies, it is worth emphasizing again that every Russian communist is a booster for Bolshevism. The amazing feature of the performance is that the Bolsheviks believe that they sell every foreigner in Russia with whom they talk. They mistake silence for acquiescence. What they do not comprehend is that silence is a form of insurance that the alien takes out for his personal safety. When he goes home and expresses disapproval of sovietism he is immediately called an ingrate, a liar or a fool.

Who pays for the incessant flood of soviet propaganda at home and abroad? Under Bolshevism, as under a normal government, you find that the average man, and the one who can least afford it, is the goat. While the old imperial gold reserve was available, it was largely employed in the campaign for agitation overseas. When this began to shrink, the credits in foreign countries obtained from exports, mainly grain, were drawn on to finance agitation. This plan is still in operation. These exports are purchased by the Bolshevik Government, which fixes the price for everything, including grain. When they want a particularly big fund abroad they depress the price at which they buy and thus the peasant in the end really pays the freight. The ruralist is gradually waking up to this fact and it widens the gap between him and communism.

So much for Russian propaganda at home. What concerns us mainly is the red activity abroad. What are its instrumentalities and how are they projected? In the answer to these questions is food for thought and reflection for every patriotic American.

Since every communist is instinctively a propagandist, it follows that the so-called trade delegation set up by Moscow in the capital of every important country that recognizes the Soviet Government is a center of agitation. There was undeniable proof of this when the soviet trade headquarters in Berlin was raided last year by the police, seeking a notorious communist who had fled for refuge there. In searching the establishment they found a roster of German agitators financed and armed by Moscow. Among the other papers seized was the complete plan for a revolution in Germany framed under the auspices of the Communist Internationale. Practically every Soviet diplomatic mission is a traveling propaganda outfit.

The second outside link between Moscow and world revolution is the Soviet consular representative. His office is usually the rallying ground for those who foment unrest in his immediate territory. The consul is also the disbursing agent for the sinews of red war. You can readily see how we should expose ourselves to an intensive nation-wide propaganda campaign the moment we recognized the Bolshevik régime.

Behind the trade delegation, the Soviet consul, the so-called unofficial ambassador, such as we had in Ludwig Martens, who was deported, and every other emissary of unrest, is the Communist Internationale, otherwise known as the Third Internationale. With this organization we arrive at the real center of the movement for world upheaval, and the inspiration of the Communist Party everywhere. Well has it been called the collective firebrand.

The Communist Internationale ranks first in the category of international organizations built up by Moscow to forward revolt. The idea is to coördinate various activities through universal association. "Think and work internationally" is the gospel that Zinoviev constantly preaches. In consequence there are the Red Trade Union Internationale, the Young Communist Internationale, the Peasants' Internationale, the Sports Internationale, the Women's Internationale, and even an Internationale of Stamp Collectors.

There is a peculiar interest for the United States in the Communist Internationale, because it is definitely linked with and directs every communist movement in the United States. Its story is the record of the world red advance.

Sinister Forces

The original Internationale was founded in London in November, 1847, by Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels to propagate the Marxian theories. The Second Internationale, established in Paris in 1889, was mild compared with its successor, because it advocated proletarian ascendancy through evolution and not revolution. Between the late '80's and 1902 the movement gradually fell into the hands of the Russian extremists, including Lenine. When a split came in 1903, the extremists, who outnumbered the moderates, withdrew and became known as the Bolsheviki, which means majority. This was the nucleus of the party which crushed the Kerensky government and brought Russia to its ruin.

Once in the saddle, the Bolsheviks determined to internationalize their extremism. The Third Internationale, as it came to be known, was organized in 1919 by a Moscow Congress of Communists drawn from all over the globe. The federation—like the Soviet Government—is the creature of the Russian Communist Party, because the big seven are the controlling factors in it.

Whenever the charge is made that the Communist Internationale—or the Comintern, as it is always referred to for short—is the tool of the Russian Communist Party, Moscow invariably denies the association. But I could give almost endless instances of the close interplay of the two groups, and especially how the Russian Communist Party bends the Comintern to its sinister will. One will serve.

At the Thirteenth Conference of the Russian Communist Party, held on January 24, 1924, Zinoviev, who is president of the Comintern, made this statement, which I took from the issue of the Pravda of the following day:

"We will not permit factional strife to be carried into the ranks of the international organization of the proletariat. It must be proved, comrades—and with that all parties of the Communist Internationale will agree—that we, in spite of everything, will continue firmly to guide the Communist Internationale."

With its inception, the Comintern enunciated twenty-one principles to which every affiliated party was required to pledge itself. Class war was declared and a program mapped out to undermine the established order everywhere. Perhaps the most compact statement of the general objects is embraced in this summary:

"In the revolutionary fight against capitalist domination, the international proletariat must unite the efforts of its separate detachments and merge these detachments into one international proletarian army. The organization, which unites the fighting revolutionary proletariat regardless of state boundaries, nationality, race, creed, sex or occupation, is the International Workers' Association—the Communist Internationale.

"Uniting all the Communist parties and constituting in itself the militant world party of the proletariat, it aims at the emancipation of labor from the yoke of capital; it openly advocates the violent overthrow of the bourgeois order by means of the communist revolution, and thus continues the revolutionary tradition of the First Internationale founded by Marx."

Spreading the Poison

Two of the original twenty-one principles—the third and fourth—are so characteristic of the procedure of the Comintern that I am reproducing them in full for the particular edification of those misguided American emotionalists who welcome the red brothers with open arms. Here they are:

"The class struggle in almost every country of Europe and America is entering the phase of civil war. Under such conditions the communists can have no confidence in bourgeois laws. They should create everywhere a parallel, illegal apparatus, and at the decisive moment should be of assistance to the party to do its duty toward the revolution. In every country where, in consequence of martial law or of other exceptional laws, the communists are unable to carry on their work legally, a combination of legal and illegal work is absolutely necessary.

"Persistent and systematic propaganda and agitation must be carried on in the army, where communist groups should be formed in every military organization. Wherever, owing to repressive legislation, agitation becomes impossible it is necessary to carry on such agitation illegally. But refusal to carry on or participate in such work should be considered equal to treason to the revolutionary cause, and incompatible with affiliation to the Third Internationale."

The Fifth Congress of the Comintern, held in 1924—the 1919 meeting was merely regarded as a preliminary session—was historic for several reasons. As outlined by Zinoviev, the principal aims for the next five years are as follows: To strive for a proletarian revolution in Germany in which the communists of Russia, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia and France should be ready to aid; the creation of a strong Communist Party in England; to give all possible help to American, Polish and Japanese communists; to render special assistance to the Bulgarian communists, where the revolution of 1923 is considered as "only preliminary to a general Balkan struggle"; to concentrate more and more on uprisings in the Orient; and to build up a strong young communist movement everywhere.

More significant than these objects was the transformation of the Communist Internationale, as Zinoviev expressed it, "from a loose society of propaganda into a United International Communist Party." A new constitution, reaffirming the old principles and advocating fresh and more drastic measures, was adopted. One of them makes every communist throughout the world the agent of the international body, taking his or her orders direct from Moscow, and subject to expulsion or worse for failure to execute commands. It corresponds precisely with the system under which a highly organized and ruthless espionage system operates.

Under the new constitution the Comintern becomes more than ever a united, fighting, international force, highly centralized, directed from Moscow and dedicated to the proletarian revolution everywhere. By its dictates all national Communist parties are considered subordinate sections; the executive committee has authority to expel any of these sections that refuse to obey orders; communist groups can only hold conventions with the consent of Moscow; no individual communist may leave his country to go abroad without permission from the central committee. The most significant section of the constitution is embodied in this sentence: "All Communist parties should be ready at any time to become an underground revolutionary organization." Thus the Russian Communist Party exercises the same tyranny over its world colleagues as it enforces upon the unhappy people of Russia.

The Program of Perjury

The Fifth Congress issued the usual bombastic manifesto, interspersed with long-live-the-revolution trimmings, and setting forth the immediate aims. These include, among other things, "merciless war against all moderate socialists and democratic elements in Western Europe"; every conceivable kind of opposition to the successful carrying out of the Dawes Plan, which is designated as "a monstrous scheme for enslaving the laboring classes of Europe by Anglo-Saxon capital through the agency of French militarism"; violent propaganda among colonial peoples; penetration among the peasantry in every country; determined efforts to incite mutiny in the military forces in all lands; and an intensive fight for the control of trade unions.

Relative to this determination to pervert unionism, in the United States as elsewhere, is a disclosure which shows how little importance can be attached to the pledged word of the red. At the last Congress of the Comintern some members advocated the formation of communist trade unions alongside the existing ones. This was rejected and the policy adopted to remain in the old trade unions and bore from within. Zinoviev's comments on the decision illuminate communist ethics. He said:

"In Germany the central council of the trade unions makes it obligatory for all members to sign the following pledge: 'I promise not to carry on any communist propaganda, not to become a member of the Communist Party, and not to have any relations with the Communist Internationale.' Our hot-heads say, 'How can we sign such a pledge?' But we answer them, 'Sign this pledge five times if necessary, but remain within the trade unions.' It is the same in bourgeois parliaments, where all the members are required to take an oath of loyalty to the king, or where there are no kings, to the country. The communists are also obliged to take this oath. When some of our comrades asked Lenine whether they should take this oath he answered them, 'Take it three times if necessary, but go on with your underground work.'"

With this knowledge of the propaganda system, we can now see how it operates. Since it is necessary to get on to the American end as soon as possible, only a bird's-eye view of world red activities can be taken.

Germany has been the objective of the principal Bolshevik offensive in Europe on the theory that a red Germany would be a spearhead aimed at the heart of the Continent. The socialist revolution of 1918, which hurled the Hohenzollerns from power, played into the hands of Moscow, for the country was equality-mad. The hunger and unrest following the Armistice provided the soil in which Bolshevism thrives best. Practically all Germans feared a crimson inundation, and in 1919 men like Rathenau, Erzberger and Noske sought to capitalize this menace to get better peace and reparation terms.

Then, as now, the Bolo danger, although still persistent, was exaggerated. The three major attempts at revolution instigated by the Red Hundreds were all inspired and financed by Moscow. The Bolsheviks still keep an organization of 700 men in Germany, hoping that revolt will somehow develop. They now face the most serious of all obstacles to their ambition in the shape

(Continued on Page 96)

The Brunswick Radiola
Model No. 100

The Wonders

Almost in a day this newest and most remarkable of musical instruments, *the Brunswick Radiola,* has changed all previous ideals of the musical and tonal possibilities of radio; of the ultimate in home entertainment—*What it is and does*—Some remarkable features

YOU have certain ideas of radio, both from your own experiences and those of your friends. You have heard some wonderful things.

Now we ask you to multiply those ideas, to hear, if only for the sheer marvel of it the instrument that critics, experts and musicians throughout the world have accounted the most important tonal achievement of years.

Combined in joint effort by the leader in radio with Brunswick, leader in phonographic reproduction, fields heretofore unreached have been mastered. It embodies the superlative in phonographic reproduction with radio's greatest achievements, the Radiola receiving devices of the Radio Corporation of America.

It is the *only* phonograph so equipped—the only cabinet designed so that it can be equipped with these devices.

What it is

The name is the Brunswick Radiola—a phonograph and a radio in one—an instrument immeasurably in a field of its own, far past the experimental stage, that you may acquire with positive assurance of lasting satisfaction through the years to come.

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction, which in recent years has attracted virtually every famous artist of the New Hall of Fame to the Brunswick Phonograph, has been subsidized to do for radio that which it did for phonographic music. The result is a musical revelation.

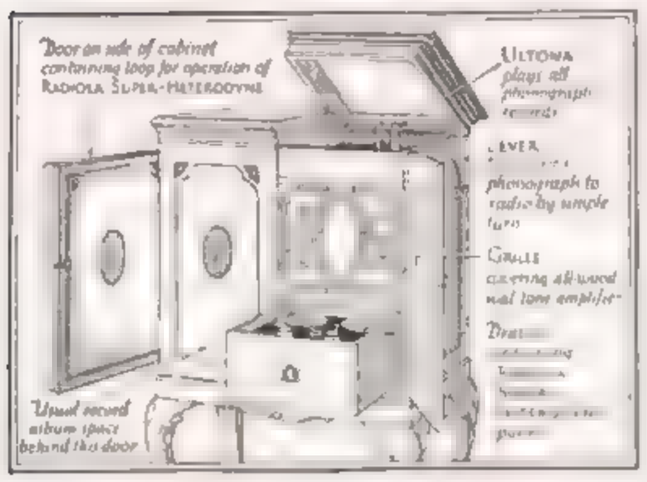
No other instrument like it in all the world

Designed and built as a unit by the Radio Corporation of America in collaboration with Brunswick, it embodies scores of features found in no other instrument in the world.

It is in nowise comparable with so-called "combination" instruments (merely an ordinary phonograph with a radio installation). *Note that it is a scientifically combined unit.*

It provides a compactness and simplicity of operation unknown before.

Remember—Brunswick now offers the choice of two supreme musical instruments: the Brunswick Phonograph alone without radio, and the Brunswick Radiola, which is a phonograph and a radio in one.


Door on side of cabinet containing loop for operation of Radiola Super-Heterodyne
Ultona plays all phonograph records
Lever changes phonograph to radio by simple turn
Grille covering all-wood musical tone amplifier
Usual record album space behind this door

The Brunswick Radiola
Model No. 260

# of Radio now *Multiplied!*

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It is a world-commented acoustical marvel, of almost unbelievable tonal quality and clarity, due to the scientific synchronizing of the Radiola loud speaker with the Brunswick all-wood tone amplifier and two-purpose horn

Everything in music—at your command

In justice to yourself, hear this instrument.

At a turn of a lever you have ordinarily unexplorable mysteries of the air at your command. Another turn, and you have the world's outstanding phonograph to play your favorite record.

Everything in radio, in music, in the most thrilling of home entertainment, is at your command—instantly, beautifully, wonderfully

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LEOPOLD GODOWSKY
JOSEF HOFMANN
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MARIA IVOGUN
GIACOMO LAURI VOLPI
EDITH MASON
MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY
Henri Verbrugghen, Cond
MARIE MORRISEY
ELLY NEY
SIGRID ONEGIN
TINO PATTIERA
MISCHEL PIASTRO
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Some Remarkable Features

Gives radio a clarity, tonal and musical beauty beyond any present conceptions you may have.

Unites the world-noted Brunswick Phonograph with the outstanding achievements in radio, the Radiola Super-Heterodyne, Radiola Regenoflex and other receiving devices of the Radio Corporation of America . . . a phonograph, a radio in one.

Brings amazing selectivity to big centers; offers those in smaller cities immediate touch with metropolitan musical, topical and educational events.

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THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO
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The Sign of Musical Prestige

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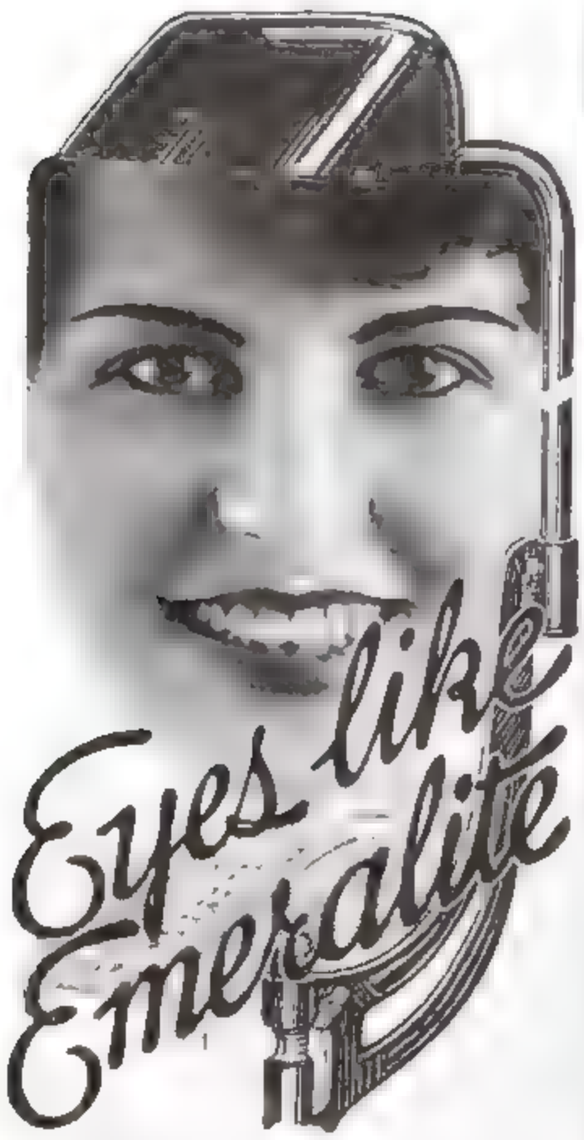

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Every Emeralite has a special device that changes ordinary electric light into soft, eye-saving daylite.

Model illustrated fits any machine and illuminates the keyboard and work with a natural, pleasant light in which eyes work contentedly throughout the day.

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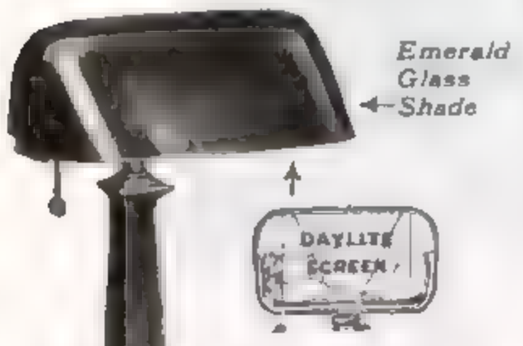
Sold by office supply and electrical dealers. Booklet illustrating over 50 patterns in color sent upon receipt of coupon with dealer's name.



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(Continued from Page 93)

of a revived and heartened republic working under the Dawes Plan. Bolshevism can never stand up against prosperity. This explains the incessant campaign to defeat the experts' scheme.

In the face of continuous rebuffs, Moscow continues at its old tricks. Late last October the Rote Fahne—Red Flag—the communist organ in Berlin, printed a proclamation from Moscow signed by Zinoviev exhorting the German communists to overthrow the German republic and denouncing the "terror campaign" against the communists. It also included an appeal to German workers to "battle against the dictatorship of the Dawes robbers." Although prophecy is dangerous, it seems safe to assume that Germany will continue to stand pat against Bolshevism.

In Hungary, the Bolsheviks have fared much worse. Having had a dose of red terror under Bela Kun, the butcher of Budapest, in 1919, the Magyars have built up what is probably the strongest anti-socialist government in Europe. Krestinsky negotiated a treaty of commerce and recognition with Hungary last autumn which enables Moscow to set up shop again, but it is extremely doubtful if Admiral Horthy, the regent, will tolerate any nonsense. The same conditions obtain in Austria, which, like Germany, might have been fertile ground for communist propagation during the dark years of hunger and dismemberment. Here, too, Bolshevism failed, although the effort to stir up agitation continues.

The situation in France shows what almost invariably happens when Moscow is recognized. On the day Krassin, the first Soviet ambassador to the French, arrived, the Paris communists staged a huge reception. In his speech of welcome at the railway station one of the leading radicals said, "Krassin has reached Paris. The revolution has begun." Jacques Sadoul, who deserted from the French mission to Moscow to become a Bolshevist, took advantage of the occasion to return to France and was promptly arrested.

France, however, knows how to deal effectually with red unrest. Significant of the attitude of the great mass of citizens was the statement issued after the Krassin demonstration by the Republican Union, which is the Poincaré group in the Senate. It stated that the communist situation is a "problem of public order superior to parties." Despite Herriot's Left tendencies there is little prospect of radical permanency in France. The French peasants and provincials are too thrifty to tolerate violation of their property rights.

Activities in Greece

Italy, through Fascism, has effectually scotched the red snake. But for Mussolini the country might have swung to the extreme Left. That the Bolsheviks have not learned their lesson is proved by the insurgency against him going on at the time I write this article, which is instigated by Soviet Russia, operating through the enemies of the Italian premier.

Even Greece has not escaped. In November, 1924, the Soviet Minister at Athens was warned to cease his propaganda efforts or leave the country. The Soviet legation at Athens had a staff of seventy persons, which is more than all the other foreign missions combined. You may be sure that they were not engaged upon clerical work.

Spain has felt the red hand in various quarters, especially Barcelona, the center of a well-organized communist group which has stirred up numerous strikes. The movement against King Alfonso will undoubtedly give Moscow an opportunity to butt in. The new Baltic States, as the November revolt in Esthonia showed, are another field for soviet-inspired unrest.

Just as Italy is the bulwark against Bolshevism in Southern Europe, so is Poland the rampart in the North. Moscow is making every effort to provoke the Poles into conflict through periodic raids across the frontier. It has only lately been discovered that the Russians have a training school for raiders at Minsk. There is the usual propaganda nest at Warsaw. The Soviet Government has not forgotten its defeat in the war against Poland. The Riga peace, which ended it, has proved to be more of an armed truce than a treaty.

Bolshevik revolutionary activity in Europe just now is concentrated on the Balkans, where the flame that started the conflagration of the World War is being fanned, this time by Moscow agents. Bulgaria has been selected as the center of operations, which, according to the program, will first involve Rumania, against which the Bolos have a distinct grievance on account of the loss of Bessarabia. Their idea is to spread revolt through Macedonia and Croatia and inflame all the Balkans. Moscow is perfectly frank in stating that the Bulgarian revolution of 1923, which cost Premier Stamboulisky, a Soviet agent, his life, was merely the prelude to a larger struggle. Happily for the Bulgarians, the bulk of the population is composed of landowning peasants who look askance at communistic upheaval because it interferes with their property rights.

With England, or rather with soil under British authority, we reach the domain where the Bolsheviks have not only striven hard but resorted to every conceivable means to attain their destructive ends. The campaign against John Bull discloses two distinct theaters of operation. One is Great Britain and the other her empire overseas.

Caught in a Lie

Not only has Moscow inspired a full-fledged Communist Party in Britain but—as many documents have proved—she seeks to guide its councils despite the fact that when Lloyd George made the trade agreement with Krassin in 1921 the Bolsheviks solemnly gave their word to abstain from propaganda wherever the union jack flew, especially in Egypt and India. Oddly enough, the Bolsheviks obtained and continue their strongest hold in the west of Scotland among the ship workers of the Clyde. It was to placate these "wild men of the Clyde," as they are called, that Ramsay MacDonald recognized Soviet Russia and favored the Anglo-Russian Treaty later rejected by the new Conservative administration.

An incident of the aftermath of the Zinoviev letter sensation shows how the Bolsheviks try to double-cross everybody in their desire to foment revolt. Lloyd George made the revelation in a campaign speech delivered October twenty-seventh last. In discussing Moscow's hot denial of the authenticity of the Zinoviev missive he said:

"I would have accepted Moscow's denial but for one thing. I have been Prime Minister, and they denied to me a similar transaction when I had positive proof in front of me.

"Kamenev came here, and we found he was selling jewels which had been stolen out of their setting, and was giving the proceeds to semirevolutionary organizations in this country. He passed on £75,000 to the directors of the Daily Herald.

"That they admit. What the directors do say is that when they discovered where it came from they would have nothing to do with it. But what has become of that £75,000?

"I sent for Kamenev and said, 'This is not playing the game. You are here as an emissary from the government, and for an official emissary of the government to abuse his position by propagating revolution, discontent, disaffection in the country where he is received, that is an abuse of hospitality.'

"Then Kamenev said to me, 'It really is not true. I know nothing about it.' But while he was saying that I had in front of me at the moment the identical telegram that he had sent to Moscow stating, 'I have disposed of jewels and given £75,000 to the Daily Herald.' So when I hear of a denial from Moscow to a statement of this kind, I cannot accept it in the way I would accept it from any other country."

Turn to the Bolshevik propaganda against Britain in the East and you find that Moscow, having signally failed so far in the West, is now concentrating on an intensive effort to seduce the Orient. The first red gun was fired at the spectacular Congress of the Orient staged at Baku in the summer of 1920 to formulate a program for the relief of "oppressed nationalities" and to foster Pan-Islamism. Zinoviev, as always, was the leading figure, and his associates included Radek and Bela Kun.

At this congress all Orientals, and especially the populations of India, Egypt, Afghanistan, Mesopotamia, Turkestan and Persia, were asked to declare a holy war on England regardless of the measures adopted. This amiable suggestion is in line with the present Bolshevik policy to arouse Asia—the Turks are to be recruited if possible—and make that vast domain a soviet dependency. You find Bolshevik agents at work in every Eastern country, but particularly where England rules. In well-informed circles the assassination of Major General Sir Lee Stack, Sirdar of Egypt, is laid to Bolshevik-inspired activities. The same is true of the unrest in the Punjab and Bengal. Bolshevik agitators are working with the Moors and Arabs of Northern Africa against France and Spain.

To expedite this Oriental campaign Moscow has established a propaganda school at Tashkend, the capital of Russian Turkestan, where students trained to incite holy war and to overthrow British sovereignty are turned out each year. It is a branch of the University of the Toiling East in the soviet capital.

That Russia should covet India is no new historical phenomenon, but the plotting of the old imperial days which led Kipling to write his famous poem, The Truce of the Bear, in which he referred to Russia as "the bear that walks like a man," was philanthropy compared with what is going on now. Figuratively, Soviet Russia is a reborn bear seeking to tear the life out of all organized Eastern governments.

Two Bolshevik propaganda campaigns in the Orient have peculiar significance for the United States, because indirectly the Anglo-Saxon race is the target. One is the attempt to sovietize China with the aid of Doctor Sun Yat-sen, president of the South China republic. The second is the intensive effort to conciliate Japan with commercial concessions and draw her into an alliance to establish what Moscow calls "a new Monroe Doctrine" in Asiatic affairs. One of the Moscow selling points in the crusade to win over the Nipponese is "sympathy" with them in their protest against the Johnson Immigration Act.

Propagandists in America

Bolshevik penetration in the United States is better organized than ever before. Though Moscow provides the inspiration and gives the orders, the two immediate bases of operation are Mexico, already pink, and Canada. It is comparatively easy for the agents of discord to cross the borders.

The direct line between the Comintern and the United States is the so-called Workers' Party, which is just another name for the active American communist group. Summed up, the program of the Workers' Party is: The overthrow of the Federal and state governments and the elimination of existing constitutional forms and foundations; the establishment through a proletarian revolution of a soviet dictatorship, absolute in power, and owing allegiance only to the Communist Internationale; the destruction of all social, economic and political institutions as they exist at the present time.

According to official sources, the membership of the Workers' Party is 15,233, comprised in seventeen groups, each flying a different national flag. The Finnish section numbers 6803; the South Slavonic, 1064; the Jewish, 1048; the Russian, 877; Italian, 319; Hungarian, 359; Polish, 245; and so on. One outstanding feature is that there are only 1192 English-speaking members.

Each foreign group has one or more organs. Altogether, the communist press in the United States includes forty different publications, fourteen of which are daily newspapers. Out of a total of $138,686 expended for organization purposes last year, only $36,495 was raised by the various memberships. Who paid the rest?

Now we come to the really destructive feature of this foreign communist agitation in the United States. These aliens, who never read the English-language papers, and who depend on their own for news and inspiration, never become Americanized. They swear allegiance to Moscow and the Communist Internationale. The red flag, and not the Stars and Stripes, is the symbol of their creed and loyalty. They are taught to hold the Constitution and all that it means in contempt.

If this stream of pernicious propaganda in Russian, Yiddish, Italian, Spanish, Czech, Hungarian, Croatian, German and Ukrainian were confined to its foreign consumers, the audience would be comparatively limited. This, unhappily, is not the case. The Workers' Party has its own newspaper called the Daily Worker. Translated into Russian, it might be a Moscow contemporary of the Pravda or Izvestia. It specializes in denunciation of all that is constructively and patriotically American, and

(Continued on Page 99)

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(Continued from Page 96)

in adoration of everything that savors of Bolshevism, which means world revolution. Its particular target of abuse on all occasions is the Constitution, which it designates as "a tissue of lies written so as to protect the property interests and to establish the rule of the exploiters of the workers."

Whenever any outcry is made against this sheet some pious uplifter raises his or her hands in holy horror and exclaims, "The sacred rights of free speech are being violated!"

Just how the Workers' Party takes its orders from Moscow was shown when its leaders were in doubt about supporting the Farmer-Labor ticket to be nominated at a convention scheduled for June seventeenth last at St. Paul. The Central Executive Committee sent a telegram to the Communist Internationale asking for guidance, and the following reply was received:

"Communist Internationale considers June seventeenth convention momentous importance for Workers' Party. Urges C. E.C. [Central Executive Committee] not to slacken activities preparation June seventeenth. Utilize every available force to make St. Paul convention great representative gathering labor and left wing.

"EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE COMMUNIST INTERNATIONALE."

The candidates nominated at St. Paul were not sufficiently radical to suit the Workers' Party, and at a so-called National Conference of the Workers' Party the Foster-Gitlow ticket was put up.

Although cessation of propaganda in the United States is one of the three conditions made by Secretary Hughes for the recognition of Moscow by Washington, the red penetration continues unabated.

Interference From Moscow

If you want further evidence of Moscow's benevolent interest in the United States, let me quote the following extract from a cablegram of greeting sent in October, 1924, by Zinoviev to the Workers' Party, heartening them in their presidential fight:

"*Dear Comrades:* In the name of the Communist Internationale we greet your independent fight against the power and the election machine of capitalism in America. . . . This time the Workers' Party will do its utmost to herald the truth about the proletarian revolutionary class struggle to the workers and farmers. For the first time in the history of the United States a party of the revolutionary proletariat has put forward its own candidates in the presidential elections. Comrades, this is a political act, a courageous act of the vanguard of communism in America. We are convinced that this struggle of yours will not be without its lasting effects."

What most Americans do not realize is that there are approximately 200 organizations in this country actively engaged in or sympathetic with the communistic revolutionary movement to overthrow our institutions. The leading agitators have taken their cue from Moscow, which means that they have built up an interlocking system which enables them to penetrate various bodies. Fifty-two persons, holding a total of 325 directorates in forty-five organizations, are in control of the radical movement here. Foster, for example, is not only chairman of the Workers' Party but is organizer of the Trade Union Educational League and is identified with a score of kindred groups.

Only a few of the radical organizations are out-and-out red, so far as the public knows. The real aid and comfort that Moscow receives in America is from sentimentalists who get a vicarious kick out of espousing "bold, bad men" or harboring revolutionary thoughts. Thus you find abetters of Bolshevism in civil liberty leagues, labor alliances, social-science schools, women's clubs, international socialist groups, liberal forums, industrial democracy centers, societies to befriend Russia, "progressive" movements and various affiliations which enlist pseudo intellectuals and professional publicity seekers. These parlor, pulpit and platform pinks are really more dangerous than the avowed extremists who make no bones about their real purpose.

In two distinct campaigns the Bolshevik effort to pervert the United States can be best—I should say, worst—revealed. The first deals with the attempt to pervert labor. The investigation made by the United Mine Workers showed that there were five objectives, as follows:

"Seizure of all labor unions through a process of boring from within them, and utilizing them as a strategic instrument in fulfillment of their revolutionary designs upon organized and constitutional government.

"Invasion of the United Mine Workers of America, with the ouster of its present officials and leaders and the substitution of a leadership of communists, that it may be used as an instrumentality for seizing the other labor unions of America, and for eventually taking possession of the country.

"A well-organized movement within the four railroad brotherhoods and sixteen railroad trade unions to amalgamate all railroad workers into one departmentalized industrial union, controlled by a single leader of communist principle and affiliation, and owing allegiance to the communist organization.

"Seizure of the American Federation of Labor, with the ouster of its officials, and through such seizure gaining control of all its affiliated units and trade unions.

"Conversion of all craft trade unions into single units of workers within an industry known as industrial unions, with coordination under a super-soviet union owing allegiance to and accepting the mandates of the Communist Internationale and its subsidiary, the Red Trade Union Internationale, at Moscow."

That the communists have been on the labor job has been amply demonstrated. The first instance was the steel strike in 1919; the second came in the switchmen's strike in 1920; the third and fourth were the railroad and coal strikes in 1922.

Up to the present time organized labor in the United States has successfully resisted these inroads. Whatever views one may have about the closed-shop movement, one thing is certain: Every loyal American stands for a shop closed against communism.

The second and more iniquitous phase of communist penetration over here is the crusade to poison youth.

Fostering this world corruption of youth is the Young Communist Internationale, which has branches in forty-five communities in the United States, where they are known as Young Workers' Leagues. They have their own organ, a daily newspaper called The Young Worker, which comes from the same press as The Daily Worker. In places like New York, Chicago and Philadelphia, the league has branches, including junior sections composed of school children, operating mainly in the foreign quarters. New York alone has fifteen of these subdivisions.

Communism's Targets in America

These groups of the young communists are federated in a national league which holds regular conventions. At the 1923 gathering resolutions were passed "to make use of the children in the public schools." Among the platforms adopted was a plank against all religious celebrations and another to organize children "against patriotic songs, pictures and literature."

The Young Workers' League, like its parent, the Communist Internationale, has the manifesto habit. It expends a lot of ink and energy on denunciation. I have before me as I write a fulmination addressed "To all Young Workers, Soldiers and Sailors." It closes with this pleasant exhortation:

"Young Workers! You have no interest in fighting in a capitalist army or navy. Join labor in its fight against the state militias and national guard! Fight against the Boy and Girl Scouts! Boycott the Citizens' Military Training Camps!"

The young communists are making a special drive against the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the Y. M. H. A.—Young Men's Hebrew Association—and the Boy and Girl Scouts. The Y. M. C. A. is denounced as "one of the most active enemies of the working-class youth throughout the world," while the be-prepared motto of the Boy Scouts is construed to mean "Be prepared against a working-class uprising."

The junior sections of the Young Workers' League are taught to foment sedition in the public schools. In this they are not infrequently aided by their teachers. A Boston public-school instructor once said, "Give us one generation of small children to train to manhood and we will set up the Bolshevik form of soviet government." Though such a notion is absurd, the big point to be emphasized in this juvenile movement is that it frustrates real Americanization and breeds discontent.

Since the Communist Internationale respects neither color, caste nor creed in its ambition to upset the world, it follows that the negroes in the United States have not escaped proselytizing. Not only is there a Moscow-financed group seeking to establish a colored proletariat, but one of its leaders was an American delegate to the last congress of the Comintern. Realizing his potentialities, the soviet leaders made much of him. His picture and glowing interviews with him were published broadcast. As Izvestia put it: "He represents the first communist germ cells of the organized negroes of the United States who now enter the American Communist Party."

A Futile Campaign

With the American negroes, as with all other victims of their subversion, the Bolsheviks seek to capitalize antagonism and dissatisfaction. They bear down especially on race hatred in the South and point to sporadic lynchings as evidence of capitalistic conspiracy. Moscow can work no harm with our colored race. At best it can only provide free meal tickets and publicity for a favored few.

The more you probe into Bolshevik activities among us the more you find that practically no important field has been overlooked. The Army, of course, has come in for its share of attempted penetration. The manifesto of the Presidium of the Russian Communist Party addressed on September eighth last to Communist parties everywhere, but particularly in America and England, which was reproduced in the Daily Worker for American consumption, contained this advice:

"It is necessary that the youth enter the capitalist armies with an inward determination to direct their arms not against their brother proletarians but against their class enemy, the bourgeoisie. We must maintain a close connection with the barracks. We must see that the word of truth reaches every soldier. We must establish a revolutionary organization on an iron foundation from the most courageous and devoted of the proletarian fighters. We must direct our attention to the military factories. In each of these there must be a strong militant nucleus, which will be capable at the decisive moment of carrying with them all the working masses. The bourgeoisie fear neither pacifist preaching nor the Social Democrat threat of a general strike. But the bourgeoisie tremble with hatred and fear at the news of formation of each little illegal nuclei on the railroads, in the military factories, and especially in the army and fleet. The bourgeoisie know that a small but strong nucleus in each regiment may play a decisive rôle at the decisive moment."

This reference to "illegal nuclei" discloses the favorite Bolshevik method of penetration, whether in armed forces, labor unions, secret societies or such organizations as the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A., which they have been trying to influence during the past year. The idea is to get three or four reds into the membership and then operate insidiously from within.

Such is the red intrigue against world safety and sanity. You may wonder why these activities are permitted in the United States. There are two reasons. One is that we allow the agitator to interpret liberty as license. The other grows out of the inadequacy of our statutory safeguards. Only an overt act can provoke prosecution. Conspiracy, which includes propaganda, is not sufficient to bring the offender to book.

In the last analysis, Bolshevik propaganda is stupid and futile. It thrives on the half-baked and flourishes amid the failures. The best antidote for the poison is the common sense of the average man and woman voter, and this was revealed in the last elections in America and England.

One final conclusion of interest to every American: If we recognize Moscow as it thinks and acts today, we shall not enter into diplomatic relations with a sound and constructive government. On the contrary, we shall deal with an organized agency to incite revolt everywhere. It is a fact worth remembering.

Editor's Note—This is the tenth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with Russia. The next and last will be devoted to the future.

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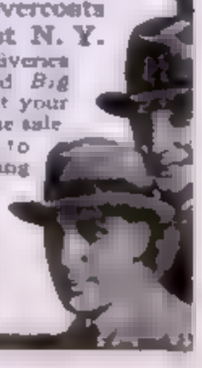

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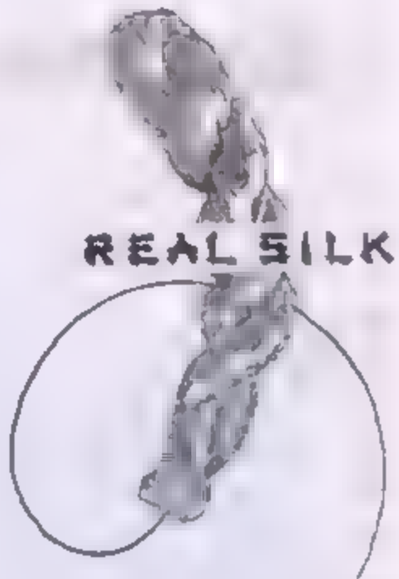

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THE HOUSE WITHOUT A KEY

(Continued from Page 5)

The servant disappeared into the living room and Winterslip followed. Somewhat puzzled, Miss Minerva sat for a moment, then rose and pushed aside the curtain.

"Are you sailing, Dan?" she asked.

He was seated at his desk, writing hurriedly.

"No, no, just a note. I must get it off on that boat."

There was an air of suppressed excitement about him. Miss Minerva stepped over the threshold into the living room. In another moment Haku appeared with an announcement that was unnecessary, for the engine of an automobile was humming in the drive. Dan Winterslip took his hat from the Jap.

"Make yourself at home, Minerva. I'll be back shortly," he cried, and rushed out.

Some business matter, no doubt. Miss Minerva strolled aimlessly about the big airy room, pausing finally before the portrait of Jedediah Winterslip, the father of Dan and Amos, and her uncle. Dan had had it painted from a photograph after the old man's death; it was the work of an artist whose forte was reputed to be landscapes. Oh, it must assuredly have been landscapes, Miss Minerva thought. But even so, there was no mistaking the power and personality of this New Englander who had set up in Honolulu as a whaler. The only time she had seen him, in the 80's, he had been broken and old, mourning his lost fortune, which had gone with his ships in an Arctic disaster a short time before.

Well, Dan had brought the family back, Miss Minerva reflected; won again that lost fortune and much more. There were queer rumors about his methods, but so there were about the methods of Bostonians who had never strayed from home. A charming fellow, whatever his past. Miss Minerva sat down at the grand piano and played a few old, familiar bars—The Beautiful Blue Danube. Her thoughts went back to the 80's.

Dan Winterslip was thinking of the 80's, too, as his car sped townward along Kalakaua Avenue. But it was the present that concerned him when they reached the dock and he ran, panting a little, through a dim pier shed toward the gangplank of the President Tyler. He had no time to spare; the ship was on the point of sailing. Since it was a through boat from the Orient, it left without the ceremonies that attend the departure of a liner plying only between Honolulu and the mainland. Even so, there were cries of "Aloha," some hearty and some tremulous; most of the travelers were bedecked with leis, and a confused little crowd milled about the foot of the plank.

Dan Winterslip pushed his way forward and ran up the sharp incline. As he reached the deck he encountered an old acquaintance, Hepworth, the second officer.

"You're the man I'm looking for," he cried.

"How are you, sir," Hepworth said. "I didn't see your name on the list."

"No, I'm not sailing. I'm here to ask a favor."

"Glad to oblige, Mr. Winterslip."

Winterslip thrust a letter into his hand.

"You know my cousin Roger in Frisco. Please give him that—him and no one else—as soon after you land as you possibly can. I'm too late for the mail, and I prefer this way anyhow. I'll be mighty grateful."

"Don't mention it. You've been very kind to me and I'll be only too happy. I'm afraid you'll have to go ashore, sir. Just a minute, there!"

He took Winterslip's arm and gently urged him back onto the plank. The instant Dan's feet touched the pier the plank was drawn up behind him. For a moment he stood, held by the fascination an islander always feels at sight of a ship outward bound. Then he turned and walked slowly through the pier shed. Ahead of him he caught a glimpse of a slender lithe figure, which he recognized at once as that of Dick Kaohla, the grandson of Kamaikui. He quickened his pace and joined the boy.

"Hello, Dick," he said.

"Hello." The brown face was sullen, unfriendly.

"You haven't been to see me for a long time," Dan Winterslip said. "Everything all right?"

"Sure," replied Kaohla. "Sure it's all right." They reached the street and the boy turned quickly away. "Good night," he muttered.

Dan Winterslip stood for a moment, thoughtfully looking after him. Then he got into the car.

"No hurry now," he remarked to the chauffeur.

When he reappeared in his living room Miss Minerva glanced up from the book she was reading.

"Were you in time, Dan?" she asked.

"Just made it," he told her.

"Good!" she said, rising. "I'll take my book and go upstairs. Pleasant dreams."

He waited until she reached the door before he spoke.

"Ah, Minerva, don't trouble to write your nephew about stopping here."

"No, Dan?" she said, puzzled again.

"No; I've attended to the invitation myself. Good night."

"Oh, good night," she answered, and left him.

Alone in the great room, he paced restlessly back and forth over the polished floor. In a moment he went out onto the lanai and found the newspaper he had been reading earlier in the evening. He brought it back to the living room and tried to finish it, but something seemed to trouble him. His eyes kept straying, straying. With a sharp exclamation he tore one corner from the shipping page, savagely ripped the fragment to bits.

Again he got up and wandered about. He had intended paying a call down the beach, but that quiet presence in the room above—Boston in its more tolerant guise, but Boston still—gave him pause. He returned to the lanai. There, under a mosquito netting, was the cot where he preferred to sleep; his dressing room was near at hand. However, it was too early for bed. He stepped through the door onto the beach. Unmistakable, the soft, treacherous breath of the kona fanned his cheek—the sick wind that would pile the breakers high along the coast and blight temporarily this island paradise. There was no moon, the stars that usually seemed so friendly and so close were now obscured. The black water rolled in like a threat. He stood staring out into the dark—out there to the crossroads where paths always crossed again. If you gave them time—if you only gave them time ——

As he turned back, his eyes went to the algaroba tree beyond the wire, and he saw the yellow flare of a match. His brother Amos. He had a sudden friendly feeling for Amos; he wanted to go over and talk to him, talk of the far days when they played together on this beach. No use, he knew. He sighed, and the screen door of the lanai banged behind him—the screen door without a lock, in a land where locks are few.

Tired, he sat in the dark to think. His face was turned toward the curtain of bamboo between him and the living room. On that curtain a shadow appeared, was motionless a second, then vanished. He caught his breath—again the shadow.

"Who's there?" he called.

A huge brown arm was thrust through the bamboo. A friendly brown face was framed there.

"Your fruit I put on the table," said Kamaikui. "I go to bed now."

"Of course, go ahead. Good night."

The woman withdrew.

Dan Winterslip was furious with himself. What was the matter with him anyhow? He who had fought his way through unspeakable terrors in the early days—nervous—on edge ——

"Getting old," he muttered. "No, by heaven, it's the kona! That's it—the kona. I'll be all right when the trades blow again."

When the trades blew again! He wondered. Here at the crossroads one could not be sure.

II

JOHN QUINCY WINTERSLIP walked aboard the ferry at Oakland, feeling rather limp and weary. For nearly six days he had been marooned on sleepers—his pause at Chicago had been but a flitting from one train to another—and he was fed up. Seeing America first—that was what he had been doing. And what an appalling lot of it there was!

He felt that for an eternity he had been staring at endless plains, dotted here and there by unaesthetic houses, the inmates of which had unquestionably never heard a symphony concert.

Ahead of him ambled a porter, bearing his two suitcases, his golf clubs and his hatbox. One of the man's hands was gone—chewed off, no doubt in some amiable frontier scuffle. In its place he wore a steel hook. Well, no one could question the value of a steel hook to a man in the porter's profession. But how quaint—and Western!

The boy indicated a spot by the rail on the forward deck, and the porter began to unload. Carefully selecting the man's good hand, John Quincy dropped into it a tip so generous as to result in a touching of hook to cap in a weird salute. The object of this attention sank down amid his elaborate trappings, removed the straw hat from his perspiring head and tried to figure out just what had happened to him.

Three thousand miles from Beacon Street and more than two thousand miles still to go! Why, he inquired sourly of his usually pleasant self, had he ever agreed to make this absurd expedition into heathen country? Here it was late June, Boston was at its best. Tennis at Longwood, long mild evenings in a single shell on the Charles, week-ends and golf with Agatha Parker at Magnolia. And if one must travel, there was Paris. He hadn't seen Paris in two years and had been rather planning a quick run over, when his mother had put this preposterous notion into his head.

Preposterous—it was all of that. Traveling five thousand miles just as a gentle hint to Aunt Minerva to return to her calm, well-ordered life behind purple windowpanes on Beacon Street! And was there any chance that his strong-minded relative would take the hint? Not one in a thousand! Aunt Minerva was accustomed to do as she pleased. He had an uncomfortable, shocked recollection of one occasion when she had said she would do as she damn well pleased.

John Quincy wished he was back. He wished he was crossing Boston Common to his office on State Street, there to put out a new issue of bonds. He was not yet a member of the firm—that was an honor accorded only to Winterslips who were bald and a little stooped—but his heart was in his work. He put out a bond issue with loving apprehension, waiting for the verdict as a playwright waits behind the scenes on first night. Would those First Mortgage 6's go over big, or would they flop at his feet?

The hoarse boom of a ferry whistle recalled John Quincy to his present unbelievable location on the map. The boat began to move. He was dimly conscious of a young person of feminine gender who came and sat at his side. Away from the slip and out into the harbor the ferry carried John Quincy, and he suddenly sat up and took notice, for he was never blind to beauty, no matter where he encountered it, and he was encountering beauty now.

The morning air was keen and dry and bright. Spread out before him was that harbor which is like a tired navigator's dream come true. They passed Goat Island, and he heard the faint echo of a bugle; he saw Tamalpais lifting its proud head toward the sparkling sky; he turned, and there was San Francisco scattered blithely over its many hills.

The ferry plowed on, and John Quincy sat very still. A forest of masts and steam funnels; here was the water front that had supplied the atmosphere for those romantic tales that held him spellbound when he was a boy at school—a quiet young Winterslip whom the gypsy strain had missed. Now he could distinguish a bark from Antwerp, a great liner from the Orient, a five-masted schooner that was reminiscent of those supposedly forgotten stories. Ships from the Treaty Ports, ships from coconut islands in southern seas. A picture as intriguing and colorful as a back drop in a theater, but far more real. Suddenly John Quincy stood up. A puzzled look had come into his calm gray eyes.

"I—I don't understand," he murmured.

He was startled by the sound of his own voice. He hadn't intended to speak aloud. In order not to appear too utterly silly, he looked around for someone to whom he might pretend he had addressed that remark. There was no one about except the young person who was obviously feminine and therefore not to be informally accosted.

John Quincy looked down at her. Spanish or something like that, blue-black hair, dark eyes that were alight now with the amusement she was striving to hide, a delicate oval face tanned a deep brown. He looked again at the harbor—beauty all about the boat, and beauty on it. Much better than traveling on trains!

The girl looked up at John Quincy. She saw a big broad-shouldered young man with a face as innocent as a child's. A bit of friendliness, she decided instantly, would not be misunderstood.

"I beg your pardon," she said.

"Oh, I—I'm sorry," he stammered. "I didn't mean—I spoke without intending—I said I didn't understand ——"

"You didn't understand what?"

"A most amazing thing has happened," he continued. He sat down and waved his hand toward the harbor. "I've been here before."

She looked perplexed.

"Lots of people have," she admitted.

"But—you see— I mean—I've never been here before."

She moved away from him.

"Lots of people haven't." She admitted that too.

John Quincy took a deep breath. What was this discussion he had got into anyhow? He had a quick impulse to lift his hat gallantly and walk away, letting the whole matter drop. But no, he came of a race that sees things through.

"I'm from Boston," he said.

"Oh," said the girl. That explained everything.

"And what I'm trying to make clear—although, of course, there's no reason why I should have dragged you into it ——"

"None whatever," she smiled. "But go on."

"Until a few days ago I was never west of New York; never in my whole life, you understand. Been about New England a bit, and abroad a few times; but the West ——"

"I know. It didn't interest you."

"I wouldn't say that," protested John Quincy with careful politeness. "But there was such a lot of it, exploring it seemed a hopeless undertaking. And then the family thought I ought to go, you see, so I rode and rode on trains and was—you'll pardon me—a bit bored. Now I come into this harbor, I look around me, and I get the oddest feeling. I feel that I've been here before."

The girl's face was sympathetic.

"Other people have had that experience," she told him. "Choice souls, they are. You've been a long time coming, but you're home at last." She held out a slim brown hand. "Welcome to your city," she said.

John Quincy solemnly shook hands.

"Oh, no," he corrected gently. "Boston's my city. I belong there, naturally. But this—this is familiar." He glanced northward at the low hills sheltering the Valley of the Moon, then back at San Francisco. "Yes, I seem to have known my way about here once. Astonishing, isn't it?"

"Perhaps some of your ancestors ——"

"That's true. My grandfather came out here when he was a young man. He went home again, but his brothers stayed. It's the son of one of them I'm going to visit in Honolulu."

"Oh, you're going on to Honolulu?"

"Tomorrow morning, on the President Tyler. Have you ever been there?"

"Ye-es." Her dark eyes were serious. "See, there are the docks—that's where the East begins—the real East—and Telegraph Hill"—she pointed; no one in Boston ever points, but she was so lovely John Quincy overlooked it—"and Russian Hill and the Fairmount on Nob Hill."

"Life must be full of ups and downs," he ventured lightly. "Tell me about Honolulu. Sort of a wild place, I imagine." She laughed.

"I'll let you discover for yourself how wild it is," she told him. "Practically all the leading families came originally from your beloved New England. 'Puritans with a touch of sun,' my father calls them. He's clever, my father," she added, in an odd childish tone that was wistful and at the same time challenging.

"I'm sure of it," said John Quincy heartily. They were approaching the Ferry Building and other passengers crowded about them. "I'd help you with that suitcase of yours, but I've got all this truck. If we could find a porter ——"

(Continued on Page 106)

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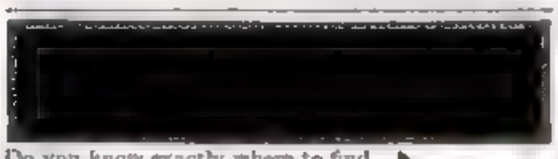

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(Continued from Page 102)

"Don't bother," she answered. "I can manage very well." She was staring down at John Quincy's hatbox. "I—I suppose there's a silk hat in there?" she inquired.

"Naturally," replied John Quincy.

She laughed—a rich, deep-throated laugh. John Quincy stiffened slightly.

"Oh, forgive me," she cried. "But—a silk hat in Hawaii!"

John Quincy stood erect. The girl had laughed at a Winterslip. He filled his lungs with the air sweeping in from the open spaces, the broad open spaces where men are men. A weird, reckless feeling came over him. He stooped, picked up the hatbox and tossed it calmly over the rail. It bobbed indignantly away. The crowd closed in, not wishing to miss any further exhibition of madness.

"That's that," said John Quincy quietly.

"Oh," gasped the girl, "you shouldn't have done it!"

And, indeed, he shouldn't. The box was an expensive one, the gift of his admiring mother at Christmas. And the topper inside, worn in the gloaming along the water side of Beacon Street, had been known to add a touch of distinction even to that distinguished scene.

"Why not?" asked John Quincy. "The confounded thing's been a nuisance ever since I left home. And besides, we do look ridiculous at times, don't we—we Easterners? A silk hat in the tropics! I might have been mistaken for a missionary." He began to gather up his luggage. "Shan't need a porter any more," he announced gayly. "I say, it was awfully kind of you, letting me talk to you like that."

"It was fun," she told him. "I hope you're going to like us out here. We're so eager to be liked, you know. It's almost pathetic."

"Well," smiled John Quincy, "I've met only one Californian to date. But ——"

"Yes?"

"So far, so good!"

"Oh, thank you." She moved away.

"Please, just a moment," called John Quincy. "I hope—I mean—I wish ——"

But the crowd surged between them. He saw her dark eyes smiling at him, and then, irrevocably as the hat, she drifted from his sight.

III

A FEW moments later John Quincy stepped ashore in San Francisco. He had taken not more than three steps across the floor of the Ferry Building when a dapper Japanese chauffeur pushed through the crowd and, singling out the Easterner with what seemed uncanny perspicacity, took complete charge of him.

Roger Winterslip, the Jap announced, was too busy to meet ferries, but had sent word that the boy was to go up to the house, and after establishing himself comfortably there, join his host for lunch downtown.

Gratified to feel solid ground once more beneath his feet, John Quincy followed the chauffeur to the street. San Francisco glittered under the morning sun.

"I always thought this was a foggy town," John Quincy said.

The Jap grinned.

"Maybe fog come, maybe it do not. Just now one time maybe it do not. Please." He held open the car door.

Through bright streets where life appeared to flow with a pleasant rhythm, they bowled along. Beside the curbs stood the colorful carts of the flower venders, unnecessarily painting the lily of existence. Weary traveler though he was, John Quincy took in with every breath a fresh supply of energy. New ambitions stirred within him; bigger, better bond issues than ever before seemed ridiculously easy of attainment.

Roger Winterslip had not been among those lured to suburban life down the peninsula; he resided in bachelor solitude on Nob Hill. It was an ancient, battered house, viewed from without; but within, John Quincy found, were all known comforts. A bent old Chinaman showed him his room and his heart leaped up when he beheld, at last, a veritable bath.

At one o'clock he sought out the office where his relative carried on, with conspicuous success, his business as an engineer and builder. Roger proved a short, florid man in his late fifties.

"Hello, son," he cried cordially. "How's Boston?"

"Everyone is quite well," said John Quincy. "You're being extremely kind ——"

"Nonsense! It's a pleasure to see you. Come along."

He took John Quincy to a famous club for lunch. In the grill he pointed out several well-known writers. The boy was not unduly impressed, for Longfellow, Whittier and Lowell were not among them. Nevertheless, it was a pleasant place, the service perfect, the food of an excellence rare on the codfish coast.

"And what," asked Roger presently, "do you think of San Francisco?"

"I like it," John Quincy said simply.

"No! Do you really mean that?" Roger beamed. "Well, it's the sort of place that ought to appeal to a New Englander. It's had a history, brief, but believe me, my boy, one crowded hour of glorious life. It's sophisticated, knowing, subtle. Contrast it with other cities. For instance, take Los Angeles ——"

He was off on a favorite topic and he talked well.

"Writers," he said at last, "are forever comparing cities to women. San Francisco is the woman you don't tell the folks at home an awful lot about. Not that she wasn't perfectly proper—I don't mean that—but her stockings were just a little thinner and her laugh a little gayer—people might misunderstand. Besides, the memory is too precious to talk about. Hello!"

A tall, lean, handsome Englishman was crossing the grill on his way out.

"Cope! Cope, my dear fellow!" Roger sped after him and dragged him back. "I knew you at once," he was saying, "though it must be more than forty years since I last saw you."

The Britisher dropped into a chair. He smiled a wry smile.

"My dear old chap," he said. "Not so literal, if you don't mind."

"Rot!" protested Roger. "What do years matter? This is a young cousin of mine, John Quincy Winterslip, of Boston. Ah—er—just what is your title now?"

"Captain. I'm in the Admiralty."

"Really? Captain Arthur Temple Cope, John Quincy." Roger turned to the Englishman. "You were a midshipman, I believe, when we met in Honolulu. I was talking to Dan about you not a year ago."

An expression of intense dislike crossed the captain's face.

"Ah, yes, Dan," he said. "Alive and prospering, I presume?"

"Oh, yes," answered Roger.

"Isn't it damnable," remarked Cope, "how the wicked thrive?"

An uncomfortable silence fell. John Quincy was familiar with the frankness of Englishmen, but he was none the less annoyed by this open display of hostility toward his prospective host. After all, Dan's last name was Winterslip.

"Ah—er—have a cigarette," suggested Roger.

"Thank you, have one of mine," said Cope, taking out a silver case. "Virginia tobacco, though they are put up in Piccadilly. No? And you, sir?" He held the case before John Quincy, who refused a bit stiffly. The captain nonchalantly lighted up. "I beg your pardon—what I said about your cousin," he began. "But really, you know ——"

"No matter," said Roger cordially. "Tell me what you're doing here."

"On my way to Hawaii," explained the captain. "Sailing at three today on the Australian boat. A bit of a job for the Admiralty. From Honolulu I drop down to the Fanning group—a little flock of islands that belongs to us," he added with a fine paternal air.

"A possible coaling station," smiled Roger.

"My dear fellow, the precise nature of my mission is, of course, a secret." Captain Cope looked suddenly at John Quincy. "By the way, I once knew a very charming girl from Boston. A relative of yours, no doubt."

"A—a girl?" repeated John Quincy, puzzled.

"Minerva Winterslip."

"Why," said John Quincy, amazed, "you mean my Aunt Minerva!"

The captain smiled.

"She was no one's aunt in those days," he said. "Nothing auntish about her. But that was in Honolulu in the 80's. We'd put in there on the old wooden Reliance; the poor unlucky ship was limping home crippled from Samoa. Your aunt was visiting at that port. There were dances at the palace, swimming parties —— Ah me, to be young again!"

"Minerva's in Honolulu now," Roger told him.

"No, really?"

"Yes; she's stopping with Dan."

"With Dan?" The captain was silent for a moment. "Her husband ——"

"Minerva never married," Roger explained.

"Amazing," said the captain. He blew a ring of smoke toward the paneled ceiling. "The more shame to the men of Boston. My time is hardly my own, but I shall hope to look in on her." He rose. "This was a bit of luck, meeting you again, old chap. I'm due aboard the boat very shortly—you understand, of course." He bowed to them both and departed.

"Fine fellow," Roger said, staring after him. "Frank and British, but a splendid chap."

"I wasn't especially pleased," John Quincy admitted, "by the way he spoke of Cousin Dan."

Roger laughed.

"Better get used to it," he advised. "Dan is not passionately beloved. He's climbed high, you know, and he's trampled down a few on his way up. By the way, he wants you to do an errand for him here in San Francisco."

"Me!" cried John Quincy. "An errand?"

"Yes; you ought to feel flattered. Dan doesn't trust everybody. However, it's something that must wait until dark."

"Until dark?" repeated the puzzled young man from Boston.

"Precisely. In the meantime I propose to show you about town."

"But—you're busy. I couldn't think of taking you away ——"

Roger laid his hand on John Quincy's shoulder.

"My boy, no Westerner is ever too busy to show a man from the East about his city. I've been looking forward to this chance for weeks; and since you insist on sailing tomorrow at ten, we must make the most of our time."

Roger proved an adept at making the most of one's time in San Francisco. After an exhilarating afternoon of motoring over the town and the surrounding country, he brought John Quincy back to the house at six, urging him to dress quickly for a dinner of which he apparently had great hopes.

The boy's trunk was waiting for him in his room, and as he put on a dinner coat he endured a pang or two of longing for the silk hat floating somewhere on the blue waters of the bay. But his eager, energetic host wore a smart fedora with his dinner clothes, and John Quincy knew that he had not disgraced Boston after all.

"Little place I want you to try," Roger explained as they sat down at a table in a restaurant that was outwardly of no special

(Continued on Page 108)

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(Continued from Page 106)

note. "Afterwards we'll look in on that musical show at the Columbia."

The restaurant more than justified Roger's hopes of it. John Quincy began to glow with a warm, friendly feeling for all the world, particularly this city by the Western gate. He did not think of himself as a stranger here. He wasn't a stranger, anyhow. The sensation he had first experienced in the harbor returned to him. He had been here before; he was treading old familiar ground; in far forgotten happy times he had known the life of this city's streets. Strange, but true. He spoke to Roger about it. Roger smiled.

"A Winterslip, after all," he said. "And they told me you were just a sort of—of Puritan survival. My father used to know that sensation you speak of, only he felt it whenever he entered a new town. Might be something in reincarnation, after all."

"Nonsense!" said John Quincy.

"Probably. Just the blood of the roaming Winterslips in your veins." He leaned across the table. "How would you like to come to San Francisco to live?"

"Wha-what?" asked John Quincy, startled.

"I'm getting along in years, and I'm all alone. Lots of financial details in my office—take you in there and let you look after them—make it worth your while."

"Oh, no, thank you," said John Quincy firmly. "I belong back East. Besides, I could never persuade Agatha to come out here."

"Agatha who?"

"Agatha Parker, the girl I'm engaged to—in a way. Been sort of understood between us for several years. No," he added, "I guess I'd better stay where I belong."

Roger Winterslip looked his disappointment.

"Probably had," he admitted. "I fancy no girl with that name would follow you here. Though a girl worth having will follow her man anywhere—but no matter." He studied John Quincy keenly for a moment. "I must have been wrong about you, anyhow."

John Quincy felt a sudden resentment.

"Just what do you mean by that?" he inquired.

"In the old days," Roger said, "Winterslips were the stuff of which pioneers are made. They didn't cling to the apron strings of civilization. They got up some fine morning and nonchalantly strolled off beyond the horizon. They lived—but there, you're of another generation. You can't understand."

"Why can't I?" demanded John Quincy.

"Because the same old rut has evidently been good enough for you. You've never known a thrill. Or have you? Have you ever forgot to go to bed because of some utterly silly reason—because, for example, you were young and the moon was shining on a beach lapped by southern seas? Have you ever lied like a gentleman to protect a woman not worth the trouble? Ever made love to the wrong girl?"

"Of course not," said John Quincy stiffly.

"Ever run for your life through crooked streets in the rowdy quarter of a strange town? Ever fought with a ship's officer—the old-fashioned kind, with fists like flying hams? Ever gone out on a man hunt, and when you got your quarry cornered, leaped upon him with no weapon but your bare hands? Have you ever ——"

"The type of person you describe," John Quincy cut in, "is hardly admirable."

"Probably not," Roger agreed. "And yet those are incidents from my own past, my boy." He regarded John Quincy sadly. "Yes, I must have been wrong about you. A Puritan survival, after all."

John Quincy deigned no reply. There was an odd light in the older man's eyes. Was Roger secretly laughing at him? He appeared to be, and the boy resented it. But he forgot to be resentful at the revue, which proved to be witty and gay, and Roger and he emerged from the theater at eleven the best of friends again. As they stepped into Roger's car the older man gave the chauffeur an address on Russian Hill.

"Dan's San Francisco house," he explained as he climbed in after John Quincy. "He comes over about two months each year and keeps a place here. Got more money than I have."

Dan's San Francisco house?

"Oh," said John Quincy, "the errand you mentioned?" Roger nodded.

"Yes." He snapped on a light in the top of the limousine and took an envelope from his pocket. "Read this letter. It was delivered to me two days ago by the second officer of the President Tyler."

John Quincy removed a sheet of note paper from the envelope. The message appeared to be rather hastily scrawled. He read:

"*Dear Roger:* You can do me a great service—you and that discreet lad from Boston who is to stop over with you on his way out here. First of all, give John Quincy my regards and tell him that he must make my house his home while he is in the islands. I'll be delighted to have him.

"About the errand. You have a key to my house on Russian Hill. Go up there—better go at night, when the caretaker's not likely to be around. The lights are off, but you'll find candles in the pantry. In the storeroom on the top floor is an old brown trunk. Locked, probably—smash the lock if it is. In the lower section you'll find a battered strong box made of ohia wood and bound with copper. Initials on it, T. M. B.

"Wrap it up and take it away. It's rather an armful, but you can manage it. Have John Quincy conceal it in his luggage; and some dark night when the ship's about halfway over, I want him to take it on deck and quietly drop it overboard. Tell him to be sure nobody sees him. That's all. But send me a guarded cable when you get the box, and tell him to send me a radio when the Pacific has it at last. I'll sleep better then.

"Not a word, Roger. Not a word to anyone. You'll understand. Sometimes the dead past needs a bit of help in burying its dead. YOUR COUSIN DAN."

Solemnly John Quincy handed the letter back into Roger's keeping. The older man thoughtfully tore it to bits and tossed them through the car window, open beside him.

"Well," said John Quincy—"well ——" A fitting comment eluded him.

"Simple enough," smiled Roger. "If we can help poor old Dan to sleep better as easily as that, we must do it, eh?"

"I—I suppose so," John Quincy agreed.

They had climbed Russian Hill and were speeding along a deserted avenue lined by imposing mansions. Roger leaned forward.

"Go on to the corner," he said to the chauffeur. "We can walk back," he explained to John Quincy. "Best not to leave the car before the house. Might excite suspicion."

Still John Quincy had no comment to make. They alighted at the corner and walked slowly back along the avenue. In front of a big stone house Roger paused. He looked carefully in all directions, then ran with surprising speed up the steps.

"Come on," he called softly.

John Quincy came. Roger unlocked the door and they stepped into a dark vestibule. Beyond that, darker still, was a huge hall, the dim suggestion of a grand staircase. Here and there an article of furniture, shrouded in white, stood like a ghost, marooned but patient. Roger took out a box of matches.

"Meant to bring a flashlight," he said, "but I clean forgot. You wait here. I'll hunt up those candles in the pantry."

He went off into the dark. John Quincy took a few cautious steps. He was about to sit down on a chair, but it was like sitting on the lap of a ghost. He changed his mind, stood in the middle of the floor, waited. Quiet, deathly quiet. The black had swallowed Roger with not so much as a gurgle. After what seemed an age Roger returned, bearing two lighted candles. One each, he explained. John Quincy took his, held it high. The flickering yellow flame accentuated the shadows—was really of small help.

Roger led the way up the grand staircase, then up a narrower flight. At the foot of still another flight, in a stuffy passage on the third floor, he halted.

"Here we are," he said. "This leads to the storage room under the roof. By gad, I'm getting too old for this sort of thing. I meant to bring a chisel to use on that lock. I know where the tools are; I'll be gone only a minute. You go on up and locate the trunk."

"All—all right," answered John Quincy.

Again Roger left him. John Quincy hesitated. Something about a deserted house at midnight to dismay the stoutest heart—but nonsense! He was a grown man. He smiled and started up the narrow stair. High above his head the yellow light of the candle flickered on the brown rafters of the unfinished storeroom. He reached the top of the stairs and paused. Gloom—gloom everywhere. Odd how floor boards will creak even when no one is moving over them. One was creaking back of him now.

He was about to turn when a hand reached from behind him and knocked the candle out of his grasp. It rolled on the floor, extinguished. This was downright rude!

"See here," cried John Quincy, "wh-who are you?"

A bit of moonlight struggled in through a far window, and suddenly between John Quincy and that distant light there loomed the determined figure of a man. Something told the boy he had better get ready, but where he came from one had a moment or two for preparation. He had none here. A fist shot out and found his face, and John Quincy Winterslip of Boston went down amid the rubbish of a San Francisco attic. He heard, for a second, the crash of planets in collision, and then the clatter of large feet on the stairs. After that he was alone with the débris.

He got up, thoroughly angry, and began brushing off the dinner coat that had been his tailor's pride. Roger arrived.

"Who was that?" he demanded breathlessly. "Somebody went down the back stairs to the kitchen. Who was it?"

"How should I know?" inquired John Quincy with pardonable peevishness. "He didn't introduce himself to me." His cheek was stinging; he put his handkerchief to it and noted in the light of Roger's candle that it was red when it came away. "He wore a ring," added John Quincy. "Damned bad taste!"

"Hit you, eh?" inquired Roger.

"I'll say he did!"

"Look!" Roger cried. He pointed. "The trunk—lock smashed!" He went over to investigate. "And the box is gone! Poor old Dan!"

John Quincy continued to brush himself off. Poor old Dan's plight gave him a vast pain—a pain which had nothing to do with his throbbing jaw. A fine nerve poor old Dan had to ask a complete stranger to offer his face for punishment in a dusty attic at midnight! What was it all about, anyhow?

Roger continued his search.

"No use," he announced. "The box is gone, that's plain. Come on, we'll go downstairs and look about. There's your candle on the floor." John Quincy picked up the candle and relighted it from Roger's flame. Silently they went below. The outer door of the kitchen stood open. "Left that way," said Roger. "And see" he pointed to a window with a broken pane—"that's where he came in."

"How about the police?" suggested John Quincy.

Roger stared at him.

"The police? I should say not! Where's your discretion, my boy? This is not a police matter. I'll have a new glass put in that window tomorrow. Come on, we might as well go home. We've failed."

The note of reproof in his voice angered John Quincy anew. They left the extinguished candles on a table in the hall and returned to the street.

"Well, I'll have to cable Dan," Roger said as they walked toward the corner. "I'm afraid he'll be terribly upset by this. It won't tend to endear you to him either."

"I can struggle along," said John Quincy, "without his affection."

"If you could only have held that fellow till I came ——"

"Look here," said John Quincy, "I was taken unawares. How could I know that I was going up against the heavyweight champion in that attic? He came at me out of the dark, and I'm not in condition ——"

"No offense, my boy," Roger put in.

"I see my mistake," went on John Quincy. "I should have trained for this trip out here—a stiff course in a gymnasium. But don't worry. The next lad that makes a pass at me will find a different target. I'll do a daily three dozen and I'll take boxing lessons. From now on until I get home I'll be expecting the worst." Roger laughed.

"That's a nasty cut on your cheek," he remarked. "We'd better stop at this drug store and have it dressed."

A solicitous drug clerk ministered to John Quincy with iodine, cotton and court plaster, and he reentered the limousine, bearing honorably the scar of battle. The drive to Nob Hill was devoid of light chatter.

Just inside the door of Roger's house a whirlwind in a gay gown descended upon them.

"Barbara!" Roger said. "Where did you come from?"

"Hello, old dear," she cried, kissing him. "I motored up from Burlingame. Spending the night with you. I'm sailing on the President Tyler in the morning. Is this John Quincy?"

"Cousin John," smiled Roger. "He deserves a kiss too. He's had a bad evening."

The girl moved swiftly toward the defenseless John Quincy. Again he was unprepared, and this time it was his other cheek that suffered, though not unpleasantly.

"Just by way of welcome," Barbara laughed. She was blond and slender. John Quincy thought he had never seen so much energy imprisoned in so slight a form. "I hear you're bound for the islands," she said.

"Tomorrow," John Quincy answered. "On your boat."

"Splendid!" she cried. "When did you get in?"

"John Quincy came this morning," Roger told her.

"And he's had a bad evening?" the girl said. "How lucky I came along! Where are you taking us, Roger?"

John Quincy stared. Taking them? At this hour?

"I'll be getting along upstairs," he ventured.

"Why, it's just after twelve," said Barbara. "Lots of places open. You dance, don't you? Let me show you San Francisco. Roger's a dear old thing—we'll let him pay the checks."

"Well, I—I ——" stammered John Quincy.

His cheek was throbbing and he thought longingly of that bed in the room upstairs. What a place, this West!

"Come along!" The girl was humming a gay little tune. All vivacity, all life. Rather pleasant sort at that. John Quincy took up his hat.

Roger's chauffeur had lingered a moment before the house to inspect his engine. When he saw them coming down the steps he looked as though he rather wished he hadn't. But escape was impossible; he climbed to his place behind the wheel.

"Where to, Barbara?" Roger asked. "Tait's?"

"Not Tait's," she answered. "I've just come from there."

"What? I thought you motored in from Burlingame?"

"So I did at five. I've traveled a bit since then. How about some chop suey for this Boston boy?"

Good Lord, John Quincy thought, was there anything in the world he wanted less? No matter. Barbara took him among the Chinese.

He didn't give a hang about the Chinese; nor the Mexicans, whose restaurants interested the girl next. At the moment he was unsympathetic toward Italy, and even toward France. But he struggled on the international round, affronting his digestion with queer dishes and dancing thousands of miles with the slim Barbara in his arms. After scrambled eggs at a place called Pete's Fashion, she consented to call it an evening.

As John Quincy staggered into Roger's house the great clock in the hall was striking three. The girl was still alert and sparkling. John Quincy hastily concealed a yawn.

"All wrong to come home so early," she cried. "But we'll have a dance or two on the boat. By the way, I've been wanting to ask. What does it mean—the injured cheek?"

"Why er—I ——" John Quincy remarked. Over the girl's shoulder he saw Roger violently shaking his head. "Oh, that," said John Quincy, lightly touching the wound. "That's where the West begins. Good night. I've had a bully time." And at last he got upstairs.

He stood for a moment at his bedroom window, gazing down at the torchlight procession of the streets through this amazing city. He was a little dazed. That soft warm presence close by his side in the car—pleasant, very pleasant. Remarkable girls out here. Different!

Beyond shone the harbor lights. That other girl—wonderful eyes she had. Just because she had laughed at him, his treasured hatbox floated now forlorn on those dark waters. He yawned again. Better be careful. Mustn't be so easily influenced. No telling where it would end.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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[illegible] — Hastens
[illegible] — The Broadway Department Store
[illegible] — Wetherby Kaiser Shoe Co
Oakland — H. F. Anderson
[illegible] — Tate-Reynolds Co.
Pasadena — Wetherby Kaiser Shoe Co.
San Diego — [illegible]
San Francisco — City of Paris Dry Goods Co.
[illegible] — The Emporium
[illegible] — Queen Quality Boot Shop
[illegible] — The White House
Santa Barbara — Herold Shoe Co.
[illegible] — Michel A. Levy
[illegible] — Tremonth's, Inc.

COLORADO
[illegible] — Hardy-Stuart Co.
[illegible] — The Vrchlan Shoe Co.
Denver — Denver Dry Goods Co.
[illegible] — The Fashion Shoe Co.
[illegible] — L. Cohen Shoe Co.
Pueblo — Cohen Shoe Co.

CONNECTICUT
Bridgeport — [illegible]
[illegible] — The Hendrick Lace Goods Co.
Hartford — [illegible]
New Haven — [illegible]
[illegible] — The Edwin W. Burt Co.
Norwich — The Shannon Co.
Stamford — The Bootery

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington — Palais Royal
Queen Quality Boot Shop

FLORIDA
Tampa — O. Davis Department Store

GEORGIA
Atlanta — Byck Bros. Co.
[illegible] — Cable Piano Co.
[illegible] — M. E. Grant Co.
[illegible] — J. M. High Co.
Savannah — Levy's Arcade

IDAHO
Caldwell — [illegible]
Carey — Queen Quality Boot Shop
[illegible] — Cook & Hamilton Co.
Idaho — H. F. Merrill
Mt. Carmel — Smith & Taylor

INDIANA
Anderson — Paul B. Wilson
[illegible] — M. A. [illegible]
Indianapolis — The Wm. H. Block Co.
[illegible] — Chas. J. Martin
[illegible] — Robert C. Hanna & Co.
Richmond — Bonbright & Co.
South Bend — Paul C. Ruger

IOWA
Des Moines — Rudisill Bros.
[illegible] — Rasmussen Shoe Co.
[illegible] — Wilson Shoe Co.
Waterloo — Black's Bootery

KANSAS
Emporium — Rosebaum Bonner Dry Goods Co.
[illegible] — Wilson Department Store
Hutchinson — Pegues Wright Dry Goods Co.
[illegible] — The Bootery
[illegible] — The Geo. Gray Shoe Co.
Topeka — The Geo. Gray Shoe Co.
Wichita — The Rorabaugh Dry Goods Co.

KENTUCKY
Ashland — Gray & Page
Danville — Danville Dry Shoe Co.
Louisville — Becker & [illegible]
[illegible] — Bass Boot Co.
[illegible] — Queen Quality Boot Shop

WOMEN'S SHOES

[illegible] — Dubin's, Inc.
Medford — T. H. Campbell & Bros.
Mt. Sterling — J. H. Keller

LOUISIANA
New Orleans — D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.
Gus Mayer Co., Ltd.

MAINE
Bangor — Seavey & Pillsbury

MARYLAND
Baltimore — Hamburger Bros. Co.

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston — Dorothy Dodge Bootery
The F. F. Adams Co.
Quincy Market Cold Storage & Warehouse Co.
The Thorndike Co.
Hingham — The Hingham Shop
Lowell — Bon Marche Dry Goods Co.
Morgenstern's Shoe Store
North Adams — Gale Shoe Co.
Northampton — W. L. Hayden
Springfield — A. Stevens & Co.
Webster — Smith & Dealy

MICHIGAN
Alpena — N. J. La Londe
Detroit — A. E. Burton & Co.
R. H. Fyfe & Co.
Queen Quality Boot Shop
Coldwater — T. A. Hinman
Lansing — McKnight-Hartsuff Bootery
Fair Store & Sons
Saginaw — Hess & Chamberlain Co.
Hess & Wickham
Bearinger & Stone

MINNESOTA
Minneapolis — E. E. Atkinson & Co.
New Ulm — The Golden Rule

MISSOURI
Hannibal — Logan Shoe Co.
Kansas City — Cohen Bootery
Nevada — Will C. Davis
St. Joseph — W. H. Griffith & Son
[illegible] — Brandon's
Brandon's Olive St. Boot Shop
T. J. Reid Shoe Co.

MONTANA
Billings — The Gamble-Kroese Shoe Co.
Helena — [illegible]

NEBRASKA
Omaha — Nelson Bootery
NEW HAMPSHIRE
Manchester — The Barton Co.

NEW JERSEY
Atlantic City — Scheidenhes Dry Goods Co.
Newark — Bedford's
Passaic — J. Abbott & Son
Perth Amboy — Jos. Brueck & Son
Plainfield — A. K. Willett

NEW YORK
Albany — J. & T. Cluett
Amsterdam — F. Hess
[illegible] — J. M. Hartley
Dudley's Shoe Store
Mayer & Hamburger
Binghamton — H. W. Rockwell Co.
Buffalo — Lattner's Shoe Shop
Elmira — Gager Parlor
New York — Queen Quality Boot Shop
[illegible] — [illegible]
[illegible] — John Wanamaker
Yonkers — Hannigan's Shoe Store

NORTH CAROLINA
Raleigh — Boylan-Pearce Co.
Herbert Rosenthal

OHIO
Bucyrus — Smith's Shoe Store
Canton — Hood & Claffey
[illegible] — H. C. Baetzhold & Co.
[illegible] — Jacobson's
[illegible] — The H. & S. Pogue Co.
Cleveland — Chisholm's Boot Shop
[illegible] — The Fair
[illegible] — Pfeifer Shoe Co.
[illegible] — Stone & Thomas
[illegible] — The A. I. Root Co.
[illegible] — Dunn & Co.
[illegible] — Stone Bros. Co.
[illegible] — The Spencer Bootery
[illegible] — The Stambaugh Co.
[illegible] — Ideal Shoe Store
Chas. O. Eagle & Son
A. J. Bernhard
[illegible] — Rosenberg-Wright
[illegible] — H. Lautenslager
[illegible] — Lang Co.
[illegible] — Stone & Co.
[illegible] — Dunn & Co.

OKLAHOMA
[illegible] — The Bootery
[illegible] — Rucker's Department Store
Oklahoma City — The Bootery Shoe Co.
Kerr Dry Goods Co., Inc.
Rorabaugh-Brown Dry Goods Co.
Okmulgee — The Paramount Shoe Co.

OREGON
Portland — Meier & Frank Co.
Olds, Wortman & King

PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown — F. P. Brown Co.
Altoona — Scott Shoe Co.
Bethlehem — Quigley-Leonard Co.
[illegible] — J. Frank
Easton — E. S. Nagle
Harrisburg — Bowman's
A. M. Myers
Hazleton — W. J. Reis
Johnstown — H. J. Lee
Lancaster — Pfeiffer Shoe Store
Philadelphia — J. & T. Cousins
W. H. Stargeon Boot Shop
Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh — Vandervort's The Big Store
Queen Quality Boot Shop
York — P. Weiser's Sons

RHODE ISLAND
Providence — Callender, McAuslan & Troup Co.
Sullivan Co.
Woonsocket — Regal Shoe Store

SOUTH CAROLINA
Charleston — Kennerly's

TENNESSEE
Chattanooga — The Parson's Smokers Co.
Frank Bond Shoe Co.
Knoxville — John L. Kennedy, Inc.
Memphis — The Bootery
Bry Block Mercantile Co.
Richard Spain
Nashville — Cummer-Knott Dry Goods Co.

TEXAS
Dallas — A. Harris & Co.
Sanger Bros.
[illegible] — Schoellkopf Co.
Waco — Waco Bros.
Houston — Foley Bros. Dry Goods Co.
San Antonio — Frank Brown
Sanger Bros.
Waco — [illegible]

VERMONT
Rutland — The Bowen Shoe Co.

VIRGINIA
Richmond — The Cohen Co., Inc.
Thalhimer Bros.

WASHINGTON
Seattle — Tourist Shoe Co.
Spokane — Spokane Dry Goods Co.
Tacoma — Meyer-Gunn Shoe Co.

WEST VIRGINIA
Charleston — A. W. Cox Department Store Co.
Clarksburg — R. & G. Bootery, Inc.
Huntington — Main Shoe Co.
Logan — [illegible]
Madison — Madison Shoe Store
Parkersburg — H. Haas & Son

WISCONSIN
La Crosse — J. B. Hamilton
Milwaukee — The Boston
Wausau — C. B. Mayer Shoe Co.
Plumb & Schlueter

MEN'S SHOES

ALABAMA
Birmingham — Odum Brown & White

CALIFORNIA
Los Angeles — [illegible]
San Francisco — The Emporium
[illegible] — [illegible]
New Haven — The Fox Boot Shop

FLORIDA
Miami — Seminole Bootery Co.

GEORGIA
Atlanta — Polack & Berg
[illegible] — [illegible]
Des Moines — The Globe

MAINE
Portland — Maine Shoe & Rubber Co.

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston — Chas. E. [illegible]
Springfield — The Clement Co.

MICHIGAN
Detroit — Carrington, Inc.

NEW JERSEY
Atlantic City — M. E. Burt Co.
Newark — Wm. P. Dorsch, Inc.

NEW YORK
New York — Peters & Hunter, Inc.

NORTH CAROLINA
[illegible] — Nunn-Shuford Co.
[illegible] — B. W. Gore & Bros.
Winston-Salem — Brown & Hancock

OHIO
Cincinnati — The [illegible] Keiser Co.
Cleveland — The Wm. Taylor Son & Co.

PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown — Furr Bros. Co.
Bethlehem — Furr Bros. Co.
Easton — Furr Bros. Co.
Philadelphia — Strawbridge & Clothier
Reading — Furr Bros. Co.

RHODE ISLAND
Providence — Sullivan Co.

TENNESSEE
Memphis — Cook & Love

TEXAS
[illegible] — Shotwell's
Abilene — Femby Clothing Co.

VIRGINIA
Norfolk — Cox-Webb Shoe, Inc.

WEST VIRGINIA
Clarksburg — Haymond Bros. & Core

CUBA
Ciego De Avila — [illegible]
Havana — [illegible]
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Puretest preparations for health and hygiene, Kantleek rubber goods, Jonteel toilet articles, Klenzo dentifrice and mouth wash, Rexall products, Firstaid sick room supplies, Symphony Lawn stationery, Liggett's chocolates and pure food staples—each class made in its own manufacturing unit.

These products can be purchased only at a Rexall Drug Store.

The entire effort of The United Drug Company—its world-wide command of resources—its benefits from quantity buying—its short-cuts in direct selling—the skill of its many experts—the price savings on huge sales volume—new products, new methods, new ideas for store management—*all this is centered in your Rexall Store* and passed on to you in every purchase you make there.

Your Rexall Druggist is a local man, chosen for the Rexall partnership because he is honest and progressive. He runs a local business, yet he offers you all the advantages of a great international institution.

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He offers you all that other drug stores sell and many things that can be purchased only at a Rexall Store.

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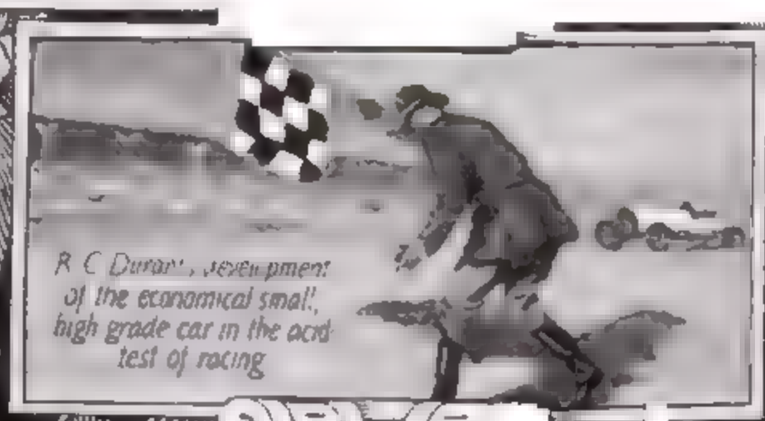


R. C. Durant's development of the economical small, high grade car in the acid test of racing

THE STORY OF IRVING BERLIN

(Continued from Page 7)

no-piece bathing suit. You hid your clothes under the pier in your own particular nook, which you called your parlor. And sometimes, wet and shivering, you had to wait on the Brooklyn side for the coming of dark because the constabulary of the home shore was on the prowl. Of the old gang, his heroes and chieftains and companions at arms are scattered now to the ends of the earth. Some have remained in Cherry Street. Some live in Riverside Drive and employ the children of those who remained in Cherry Street. And others are buried on a hillside northwest of a town in France called Verdun.

It is something of a temptation to Berlin's biographer to suggest artfully that in the days when he dodged the drudgery of selling papers and toting telegrams it was because he knew in his heart he was made for better things. But it would take a quite shameless historian to go back and thus discover aspiration stirring in the head of the little Baline tike who sat nursing his thin knees on the tenement doorstep. You would be wrong if you imagined his suspecting for one instant that that head of his was the home of a thousand tunes, or if you conceived him gazing dreamily into the future and saying, "Some day I will write Alexander's Ragtime Band and then they'll be sorry."

Most of us move by uncalculated tangents. We carom across the board of life, and if we win, it is usually by the accident of blind panic-stricken flight.

It was really such a flight that started the Baline boy on his course out of Cherry Street by Chinatown to Broadway and the Strand. As far as he knew, there was always enough to eat stewing away on the back of Mother Baline's stove. At least there was always enough for him. But he knew, too, that he contributed less than the least of his sisters and that skeptical eyes were being turned on him as his legs lengthened and his earning power remained the same. He was sick with a sense of his own worthlessness. He was a misfit and he knew it and he suffered intolerably. Finally, in a miserable retreat from reproaches unspoken, he cleared out one evening after supper, vaguely bent on fending for himself or starving if he failed. In the idiom of his neighborhood, where the phenomenon was not uncommon, he went on the bum.

On to the Bowery

To the matriarch of a Jewish home like that one in Cherry Street, such a vagrancy was a thing of shame, to be kept from the neighbors as long as possible. When, every now and again in the first few weeks of that vagrancy, a neighbor's kid would shrilly impart the news that her Izzy had been seen at this point or that along the Bowery, she would finish the day's work by trudging painfully to that mystifying and tumultuous crossroads in the vain hope of catching sight of him.

Probably you can picture her standing there many a night on the edge of the unheeding procession, a shawl over her bewildered head, her anxious eyes peering ceaselessly and without reward.

When, long afterward, he stood again in her doorway, she welcomed him with open arms and with no reproaches. There never were any. Even when he came to her at last with the news that he was to marry a girl from among the Gentiles, there were no reproaches. Perhaps she could keep silent in the face of such a violation of her most sacred creed because of a feeling that, after all, his way, whatever it might be, was one he had made for himself and that as the tribe had not been able to help him in the beginning, so it might not rule him now. Probably her heart was more than a little wrung. But she was too loving and too gallant to let her son suspect it.

That, however, was years later. He was only a boy of fourteen when he went on the bum.

It was to the Bowery that the runaway's feet turned—then as now the Great White Way of the lower East Side. It was gaudy and mysterious and adult, and he went to it with his eyes wide and his heart in his mouth. And because he would need at least ten cents to buy himself a bed for the night in one of the blowzy dormitories of the region, his first project was to sidle through the swinging doors of some cheerful saloon, lift his voice in a woeful ballad of the day and see what pennies would shower on the floor around him. Wherefore a little later the beer drinkers at Callahan's that night were deeply affected by an unsolicited rendition of a sour song entitled The Mansion of Aching Hearts. It was not long before the nervous minstrel had enough to buy himself a lodging for the night.

But the sense that he was a loose liver and so close to the park benches as to be quite truly on the bum was so strong in him that when the dingy register was thrust toward him, he scrawled a bogus name on its flyblown page. For reasons now forgotten, he chanced to use the name of a young actress who was shortly to appear in a play of and for the Bowery, a fearful melodrama called From Rags to Riches, in which a Bowery girl turned out to be the rightful heiress to a mansion on Fifth Avenue.

The name which Master Baline chose as suitable for a young desperado on the bum was selected without a conspicuous regard for the inherent probabilities.

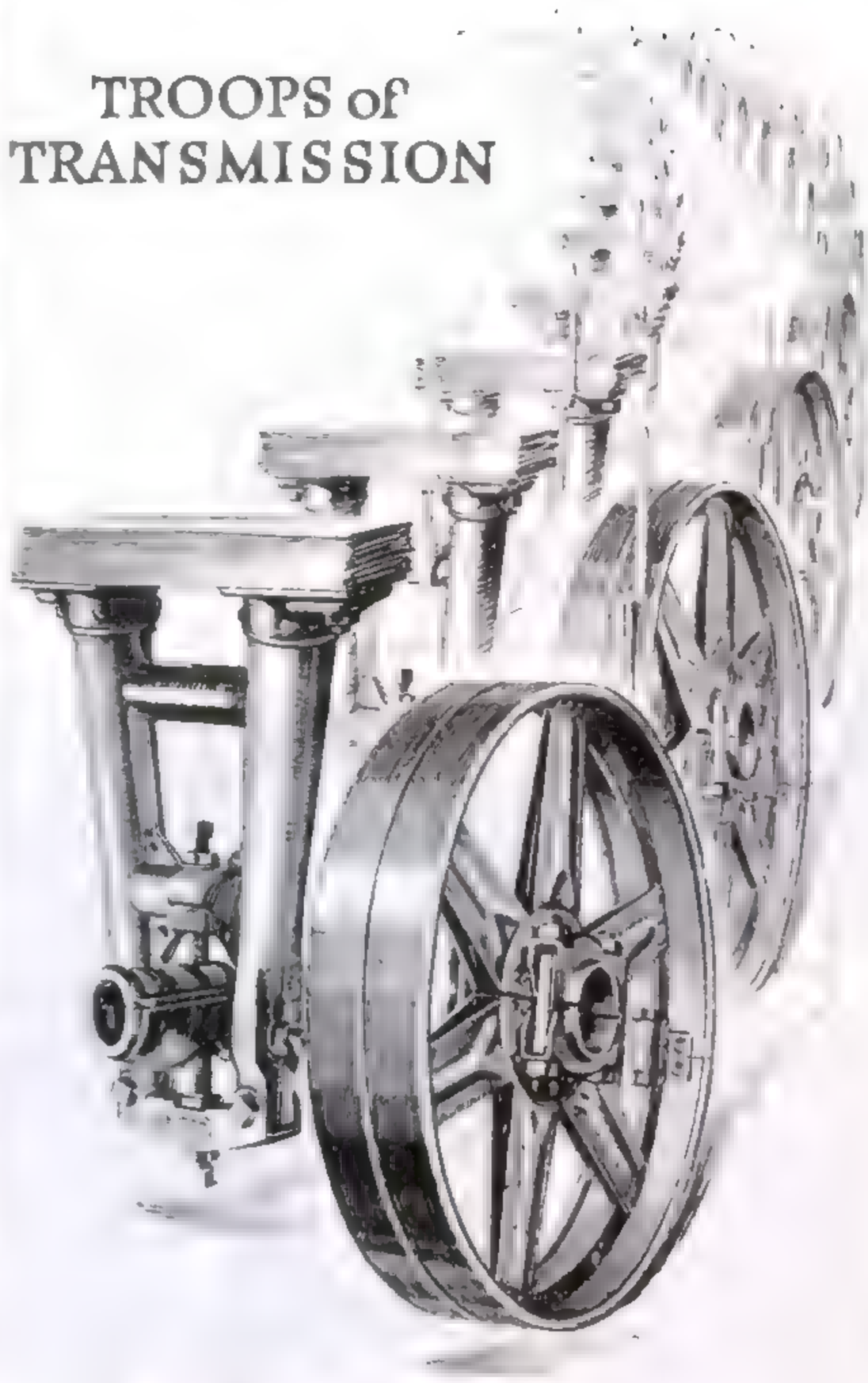
For the name was Cooney. It was doubtless only a coincidence that this actress to whom it belonged dropped it shortly thereafter. You know her now as Laurette Taylor.

The Five-Dollar Lark

That first venture as a hungry troubadour in quest of shelter started Irving Berlin on his career as a busker of the Bowery. It was inevitable that he should have tried his luck first as a wandering minstrel, because such mild and intermittent success in bread winning as he had already tasted was all due to his voice. For instance, there had been a quite regular weekly income of fifty cents for singing of a Saturday night at McAlear's down by the water front. And once in the chorus of a musical show—Ed Rice's The Show Girl—he had got as far as Binghamton, New York, before he was fired. And again he had journeyed to Tin Pan Alley, of which he was later to be the joy and pride and flower. There in the office of Harry von Tilzer, the music publisher, he had been given the job of plugging a song from the balcony of Tony Pastor's music hall in Fourteenth Street, just as it had been one of his tasks in The Show Girl to hurry around front and sing the chorus of Sammie from one of the boxes.

If you are a vaudeville patron you have often heard someone rise in the balcony and sing the refrain of a song that had just been sung on the stage. This impetuous warbling is sometimes managed in a quite spontaneous and impromptu manner. Indeed, if you are not quite bright, you think that such volunteered singing is just the impulse of some lark who cannot resist bursting into the chorus of so infectious a melody. This time the lark was engaged at a salary of five dollars a week to encourage in this manner a song that was being introduced during the act of the Three—Keatons—Three. There was Ma Keaton, ample and gorgeous, who played the saxophone at full tilt; there was Pa Keaton, who obliged with genteel comedy; and there was their patient offspring, who was tossed around by his parents and even bounced against the scenery in a most entertaining manner. This combination of offspring and missile has since come up in the world. He is a wild comic of the screen known the world around as Buster Keaton. His antics are now converted into celluloid on so large a scale that they have incorporated him. It is—or was—possible to own shares of Buster. And something of the inevitable pattern of this narrative becomes visible when you learn that a large number of those shares are in the strong box of the boy who sang in the balcony at Tony Pastor's long ago.

For that boy, therefore, the Bowery was chiefly glamorous as a field for minstrelsy. He went in for busking. If you look in the dictionary you will see that the verb "to busk" still recalls the time in Chaucer's England when it meant "to offer goods or entertainment in public houses." The motley wear, the quaint inns, the sun-dappled lanes and the hawthorn hedges of Merrie England have vanished from its associations; but twenty years ago, at any rate, the customs of these wandering minstrels and the very idiom of their guild



As troops in action, overcoming resistance, carry objective after objective, so do pulleys and hangers, belts and shaft, bearings and couplings transmit power from engine to main line, through department after department, on down to the final objective—the machines that complete the last steps of production.

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survived on the Bowery as they survive today in the concert parties of the English towns.

They still called it busking. The buskers were the American cousins of the comedians you see on the *terrasses* of the boulevard cafés in Paris or on the sidewalks outside the London theaters when the line is forming for the pit. The idle drinker in Paris and the patient playgoer in London are both entertained by floating gentry who will sing songs, swallow flames or swords and perform prodigies of sleight of hand, all on the chance of a few stray coppers. Thus the buskers.

In twos and threes they would appear in the barrooms and dance halls of the Bowery and, in the words of Master Balieff, "sink sat sonks" until the patrons wept and showered down the pennies they had vaguely intended for investment in more beer. The singers would pick up their income from the sawdust. They would pick up their repertory in the offices of Tin Pan Alley, just as now Irving Berlin's own offices are daily turbulent with the youngsters who have come to learn his latest songs for use in the halls of the two-a-day. Or perhaps they would wing a new tune in its flight from the hurdy-gurdies, or capture its refrain from a vantage point in the gallery of the Thalia. That was the newer and gaudier name of the old Bowery Theater which had trembled in its time with so much fine bosom-beating histrionism before the celebrated decline of the stage set in. The Thalia is just another name for the theater built on the site of the Bull's Head Tavern, where General Washington and his officers used to stop for their hot toddy.

Chuck Connors

The most gracious friend of the buskers was Chuck Connors. He was the derelict cockney informally but universally recognized as the mayor of Chinatown. On an intermittent income earned as a guide to Chinatown, he reigned over the conglomerate neighborhood from his ratty house in Doyers Street across the way from the interminable whine of the Chinese Theater. He lived with his sister, and his boon companion was a retired and extremely reminiscent old garroter and river thief whose tales were all of the good old days when the name of the Five Points was enough to send chills up the householding spines of Manhattan.

In Chuck's little brown derby and short green jacket with large buttons there was the lingering accent of Whitechapel. And when in his cups he, too, would sing. He would sing ballads of the Old Kent Road. But for the most part the evening's supply of grog merely induced in him a mild sense of well-being, a faint delusion of grandeur, when he would fancy himself as a patron and arbiter of the arts, the only one in the Bowery competent to decide which of the neophyte buskers should find favor on the Bowery and which would better drop art for laying bricks or picking pockets.

Chuck's chief animosity was reserved for Steve Brodie, the retired pugilist whose odd way of recapturing public attention was to fling himself from the Brooklyn Bridge. In those days Brodie had a saloon in the Bowery and it was a regular stand in the circuit of the buskers. Then, of course, there was the Morgue, as the barroom at Number 25 Bowery was so delightfully called, and McKeon's across the way at Number 20.

Chief of the buskers was Blind Sol, a sightless minstrel whom one of the neophytes was always glad to lead from barroom to barroom, because old Sol's prop could pass unquestioned through all the doors of that somewhat suspicious neighborhood. More often it was one of the streetwalkers of the neighborhood who would take a night off and establish a drawing account with Saint Peter by serving as guide for the blind singer. For his first ventures as a busker, the small runaway from Cherry Hill turned himself into a shabby Lord Fauntleroy for this battered Dorincourt and trudged from saloon to saloon with the lean hand of Blind Sol clamped to his shoulder. Thus he himself became known, and though he always had to split his takings with the piano player in each place, he would usually have as much as fifty cents jingling in his pockets by the time dawn crossed the East River.

On such an income you could buy yourself a roof and a quite regular supply of food. The roof, no doubt, was one you had to share with a good many of your fellow citizens; but then the residents of Cherry Street are not pampered in this matter. Besides, if you had fifteen cents you could have a room to yourself, and if you had a quarter you could wallow in the extra luxury of sheets. The bed, to be sure, was occasionally verminous and the bathing facilities were not calculated to arouse enthusiasm. Indeed, your bath, if any, was obtained in the boiler room of the basement; but there was also a place there where you could wash your shirt and wait for it to dry by the heat of the furnace, all of which made for convenience and economy.

Even the meals left something still in the pocket. A wandering minstrel, he, but nothing of shreds and patches. Not while basements in the side streets off the Bowery still offered for sale at most reasonable rates garments with which the original owners had parted, willingly or unwillingly, while there was still health in them.

330 Cherry Street, the Airy Tenement in Which the Baline Family Lived

When, at sunup, the buskers would drift together for their principal meal in one of the restaurants along Park Row, the menus may have been flyspecked, but they offered striking bargains in provender. You could let your fancy range through such choices as these:

Regular Dinner, 13 cents.
Chicken Fricassee, 8 cents.
Chicken Potpie, 10 cents.
Beefsteak Pie, baked in a pan, 5 cents.
Porterhouse Steak, with fried potatoes and onions, 20 cents.

In the way of artists the world over, the table talk would be of the low tricks of this or that busker to get effects; of how good the audience had been at Callahan's that evening—how quiet, with not a glass dropped or a bum thrown out during any of the songs; of how a guy named Georgie Cohan—a Jewish boy, they opined—had just written a peach of a song; and how two adventurous buskers had ventured the night before as far along the Bowery as Harry Cooper's at the corner of Houston Street, a tour into the provinces comparable only to the annual trek of the Metropolitan Opera Company to Atlanta.

What the Garrick Club in London was to Beerbohm Tree, what the Round Table of the Algonquin means as a forum to some of the younger players in New York today—that's what the dawn dinners in Park Row meant to the Bowery buskers twenty years ago. And their hero—the lad who was the pattern and the ideal in the secret heart of every one of them—was this same Mr. Cohan, whose newest song was always the shining number in their repertoire.

Since those days the buskers have fared variously. One, for instance, is fiddling now as he fiddled then, having hit upon so elegant a *nom de guerre* as Violinsky. You have probably danced to some record of his in your time. And there was another who, even as a boy, could dance such a breakdown as made you want to get up on the bar and yell with simple pleasure. That was George White, who, after years of nimble stepping in company with that mischievous morsel, Mistress Ann Pennington, has set himself up in the world as an impresario. You probably know George White's Scandals wherewith he annually challenges Mr. Ziegfeld as master of revels for these United States.

Even in his present grandeur, George White can never quite forget that Irving Berlin was the uppity and highly critical waiter at Nigger Mike's to whom he had to go, hat in hand, for permission to step his steps on the coveted floor space of that most celebrated café in Chinatown.

It was as a busker then that George White of the artful feet began his profitable and engaging goings on. It was as a busker that Irving Berlin learned the secret of the honkey tonk which he has carried with him like a talisman ever since. It was as a busker that he began to pick up his first scraps of musical education, although it should be recorded that of musicianly knowledge he has even now only about as much as the writers of folk songs have been wont to have since the world began.

The biographer of such a composer as Arthur Sullivan can tell how that great master of sweet tunes was learning his trade while he was also learning to walk, how his father was the bandmaster at Sandhurst, and how the composer of H. M. S. Pinafore and Onward, Christian Soldiers could, at the age of nine, play every instrument in the parental band. He was one whose folks cleared the way for his gift. He was only eighteen when he was conducting his own oratorio in Leipsic, with his heart thumping away violently under his waistcoat, you may be sure.

The biographer of Irving Berlin, however, must point out that when he was that age he was not conducting his own oratorio. To be more precise, he was a waiter in a Chinatown restaurant. The biographer should also report that, after twenty years, he is not yet much of a musician. For example, he cannot begin to play the piano as George Gershwin or Silvio Hein or Rudolph Friml can play it. In compensation, of course, these untaught pianists can sometimes play with an accent that escapes those of more orthodox education. Like most men who play only by ear, Berlin is a slave of one key. Since he always plays helplessly in F sharp, he has had to have a piano especially constructed with a sliding keyboard, so that when he wants to adventure in another key he can manage it by moving a lever and rattling away on the more familiar keys.

A Musical Paradox

To the man who has written more than any one man's share of the songs this land has liked, the hieroglyphics of written music are still a trifle baffling. That incongruity is more striking to those of us who spent all our youth in the rough-and-ready company of textbooks. It might not be amiss for the likes of us to reflect from time to time on the fact that a not unsuccessful poet named Homer was, in all probability, unable to read and unable to write.

Of all the Berlin legend, as it has taken form in the minds of the generation brought up on his measures, the most persistent part is, oddly enough for a legend, quite true and quite significant. It is by this time a pretty generally circulated fact that the man who wrote the only American composition which John Alden Carpenter cared to name in his list of the world's great music has far less musicianly knowledge than poor Minnie Spinks, the faded spinster who still teaches piano lessons in your home town.

Indeed, the fact is so thoroughly established that when Berlin occasionally plays on the stage and, for the purpose, employs all his fingers instead of only one, the public is vaguely disappointed.

It was in keeping with this tradition that Chico Marx, on hearing one day that Berlin had sliced away part of a finger while making himself a midnight sandwich, observed in withering accents, "Well, that won't interfere with *his* piano playing." And though nowadays he does, as a matter of fact, use all his fingers when he plays, he is still sufficiently conscious of his shortcomings as a pianist to bring along an accompanist whenever he suspects he is going to be asked to sing.

There is not enough humbug about Berlin to make him want to pretend to be taken blushingly unawares by such an invitation. Thus when he was asked to a supper party to meet a certain distinguished visitor from England who was known to be fond of ragtime, and in whose honor he composed an unpublished song called His Royal Shyness, or some such title, it did not occur to Berlin that he had been asked because of his social position or his drawing-room wit or his personal beauty. So he took along a pianist. That would be a little difficult to manage if he were one of those musicians who feel in honor bound to affect surprise when called upon.

A Hazy But Familiar Yarn

I was always tremendously sympathetic with James K. Hackett in the days when it was his whim to compose tunes with which a private orchestra of sixteen pieces used to gratify his ear. When, as sometimes happened out at a party, he was asked to play some little thing of his, it took a bit of doing to create the illusion that he had just happened to have his orchestra with him. It was really a more difficult rôle than Macbeth.

It is quite true then that Berlin can neither read music nor transcribe it. He can only give birth to it.

And when a fellow of such little schooling as Shakspere then writes the loveliest poetry his language knows, the scholarly mind, in recoil from so blinding a fact, takes refuge in the troubled pretense that it is not true.

But to turn back hastily from so handsome an analogy to Irving Berlin and his melodic gift, you can imagine, even if it has never happened to reach your ears, how persistent is the story that he does not write his songs at all. The story is always a little hazy in outline and invariably omits one highly interesting detail. It invariably omits the identity of the obliging, self-effacing genius who seems content that Berlin should enjoy the fame which rightly belongs to himself.

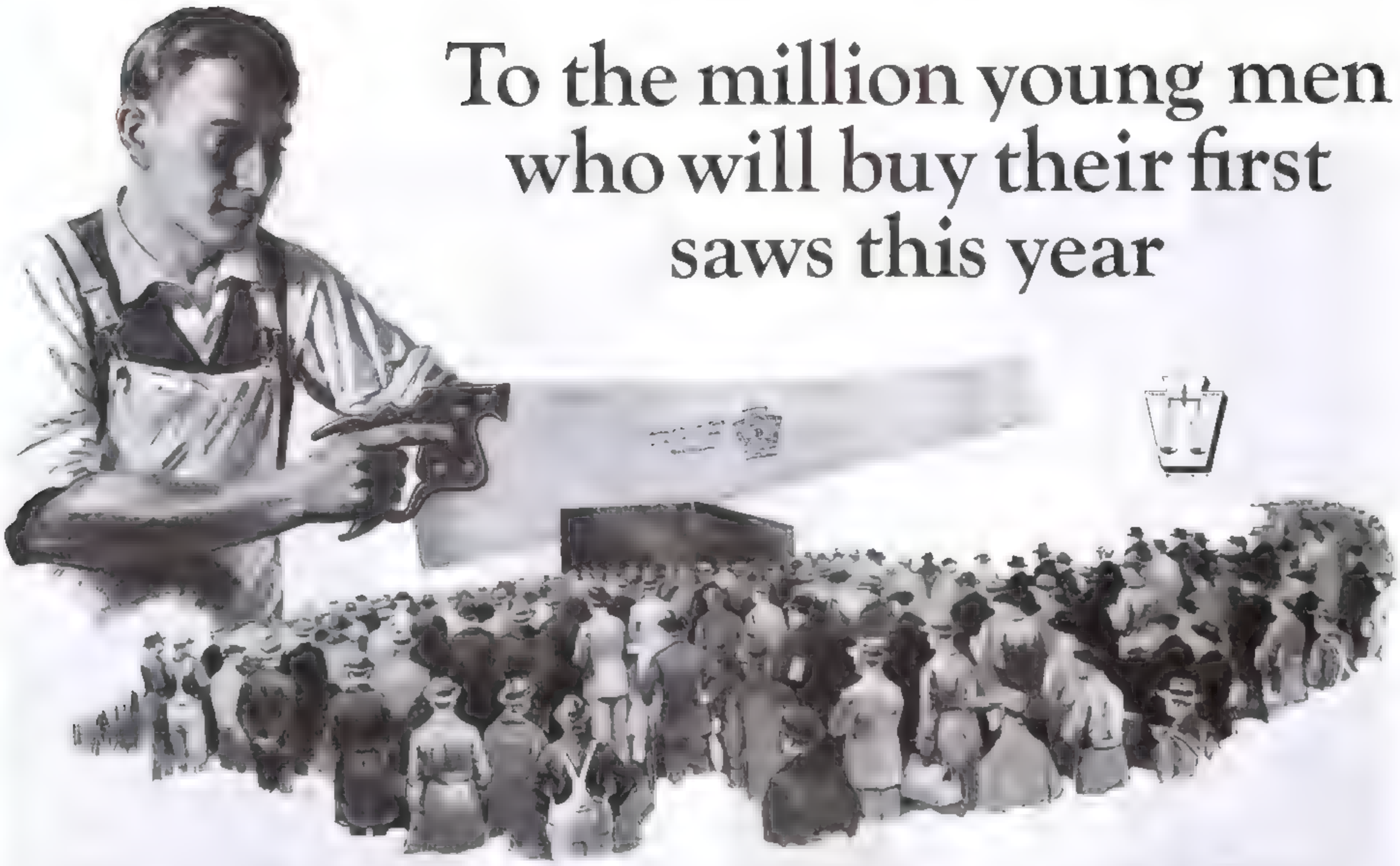
One cannot help wondering what would have happened if some benevolent soul, divining the talent in the Bowery busker, had pounced upon him, washed him and sent him off to Lawrenceville and Princeton. Probably in that event this tale would never have been told. Probably there would have been no tale to tell.

Berlin's present piano then is a fearsome structure which faithfully makes amends for the lapses in its boss' education. His first piano was a somewhat battered instrument which stood in the back room of a saloon in the Bowery. This back room supplied light refreshment to the footsore streetwalkers who, when they were young and pretty, may have flourished in the comparative elegance of Union Square, but who, by this time, had drifted downhill so far that they were trudging the Bowery every night on the watch for such sailors from far ports as might still think of that waning thoroughfare as the very avenue for high jinks. With their temporary swains, these forlorn damsels would come to this saloon for a parting glass of beer. But by daylight they would vanish from sight, they and all the customers. Then, before the door could be closed, there would be an empty time while the waiter was piling the chairs on the tables and swabbing the floor.

In that interval Izzy Baline would loiter at the piano and pick out painfully on its black keys the tunes he had heard the day before on the barrel organs of Chinatown.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Woollcott. The next will appear in an early issue.

To the million young men who will buy their first saws this year



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A good saw speeds good work; a poor saw makes a bungler.

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For the Disston Hand Saw cuts true to the line, because it is true itself—smithed and tensioned on the anvil by a master of the craft.

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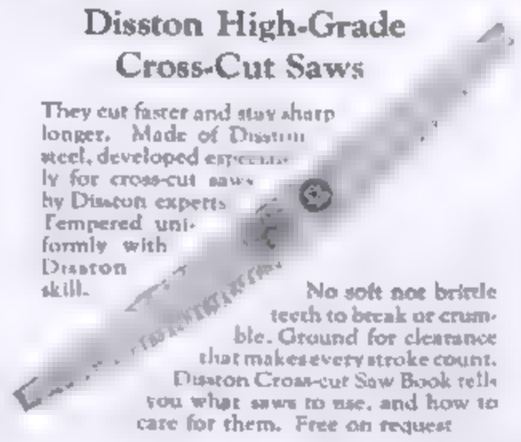

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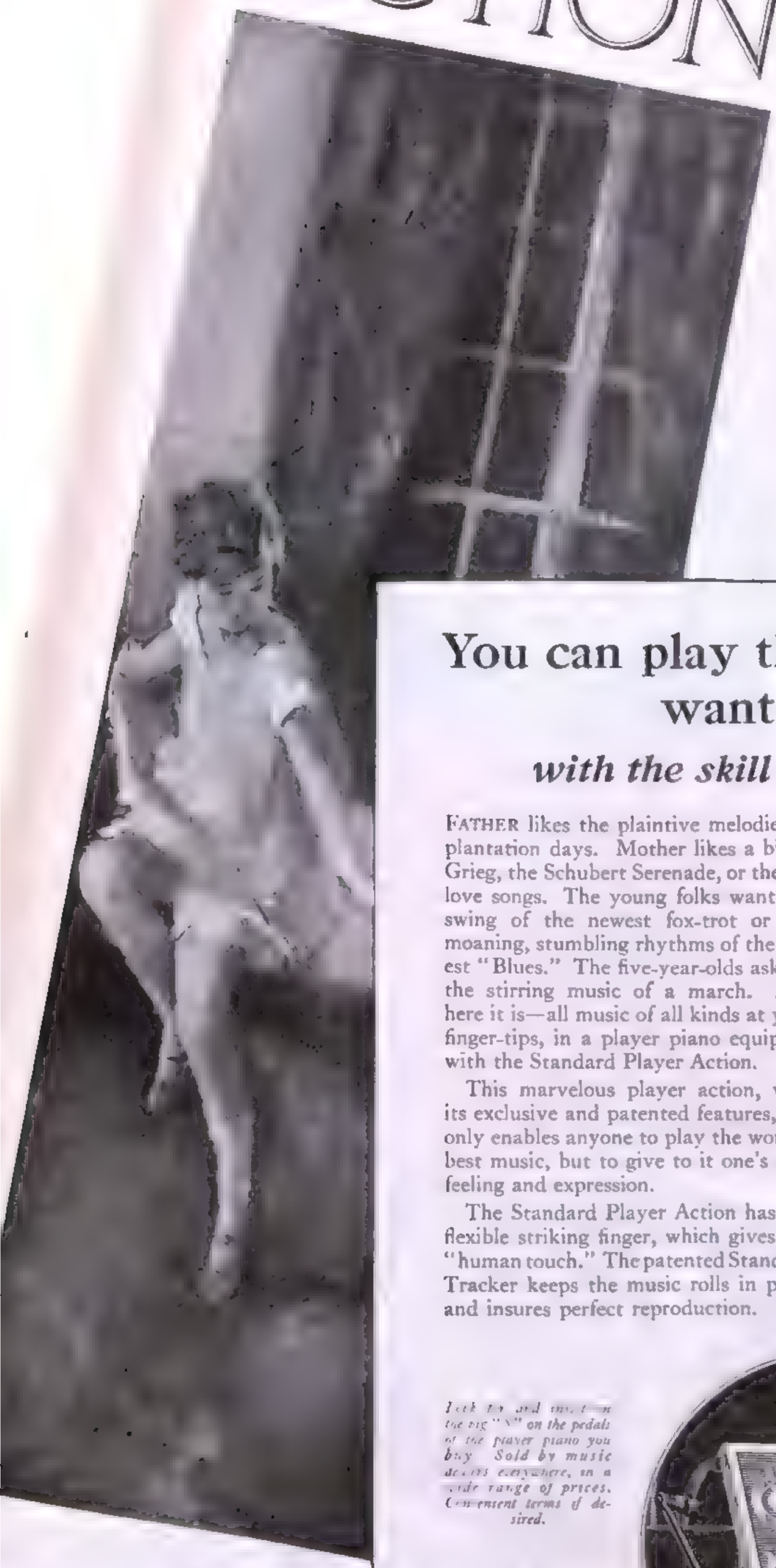

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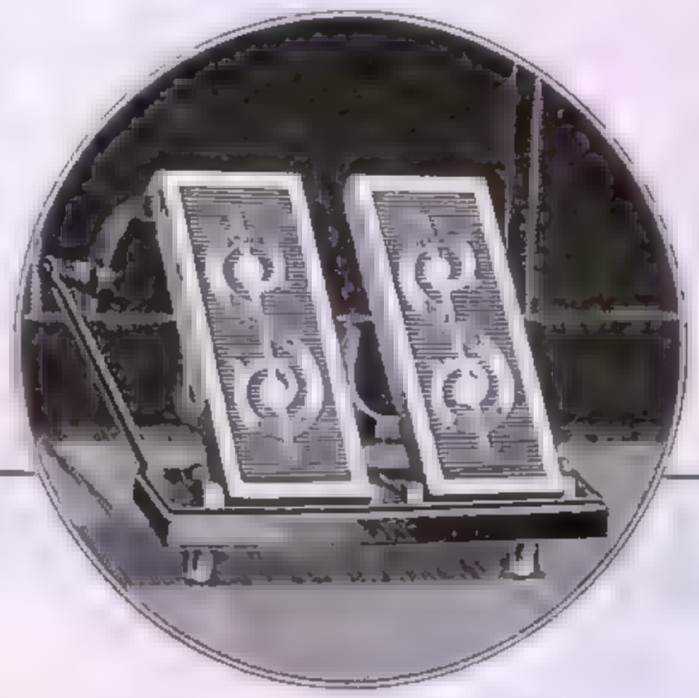

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GALLOPING DONKEYS NO GOOD

(Continued from Page 19)

Close beside her padded the ragged donkey boy, with an arm half round Miss Rankin's waist, ostensibly to guard against her falling off, but in reality to tickle the donkey by stealth, for she was always warning him fiercely not to worry the beast and he pretended great surprise when it broke into a gallop. Ona insisted that the boy also tickled Miss Rankin now and again, but this seems hardly credible.

"That Old Ironsides would never feel it," she argued. She seemed to have taken an odd dislike to the Worcester woman, although they had never exchanged a word.

"Get that, will you?" she said to Asa as Miss Rankin heaved into view at a curve in the banked road. "Look at her doing the hula-hula."

A. B. laughed, but deep down there stirred a faint resentment. Why did Ona persist in making fun of all her traveling companions? That was common. And after all, whatever else she might be, Miss Rankin was assuredly a gentlewoman.

"One of these days," continued Miss Shane, "she's going to fall off that donkey and hurt her ankle. Gee, wouldn't you like to see it?"

"No," said Asa.

One evening he sat with the moving-picture party in the smoking room at the cocktail hour. It had been a hard day of sightseeing—a long hot ride over dusty trails to the tombs of forgotten Pharaohs, and then climbing down and up interminable stairs. Ona was growing fed up with the trip; these temples and tombs were merely repetition. Statues and hieroglyphics and rock engravings had lost their power to stir any response, she never wanted to see another cartouche, and she was pining for the buzz of interest from crowded hotel lobbies or the promenading idlers at the fashionable resorts.

"When you've seen one tomb you've seen 'em all," she declared. "Gosh, what do I care about all those old guys? They're dead. And I roast all day and freeze at night."

"Sure," agreed the publicity man. "Your cartouche ought to be a hot-water bag with two cold feet on it, Ona."

Said Asa, "Well, suppose we cut out the trip tomorrow and stay on the boat. I'll read to you, Miss Shane. The trouble is you've tired yourself out riding those donkeys."

"All right. Maybe I'll do that very thing."

The Prince Dadapopoulos turned pale. He hastily gulped his cocktail and when the party rose to go to their cabins to dress for dinner—the English have imposed this blighting custom on Nile travel—he stepped close and blew in Asa's ear. Yes, he hissed him. It was a terrible thing to do and without a doubt called for certain ceremonious reprisals in the prince's own home town. It provoked no such response from Tilly.

"What the mischief did you do that for?" he inquired good-naturedly, shaking his head to relieve his ear. "Got the asthma?"

The prince retorted with another sibilant sound, and bestowing a furious look on his rival, darted down the stairs to his cabin. Asa remained where he was, dumfounded. Not knowing what was expected of him in this emergency, he did nothing.

"Why didn't you wallop him?" inquired Tom Camp in deep disappointment.

"Did you see what he did?"

"Sure. You're the third man he's done that to, and he thinks he can get away with it. Great stuff, hey? That'd go big in Madison Square Garden."

"But what's the matter with him anyhow?"

"He's stuck on Ona."

"What's that got to do with me?" asked A. B. weakly.

The publicity man laughed shrewdly. "Go on and take a swing at him," he urged. "It'd help jazz up the party."

Asa continued to rub his ear.

"Aren't you going to paste him one? I bet if you went up to that guy and rumpled his hair, he'd crawl, Asa."

"No, I ——"

"You ain't afraid of him, are you?"

"No, but ——"

"Then knock his block off. No American ought to let anybody get away with a thing like that."

"But it would get my name in the papers."

"Get your name in —— Say, brother, they'd give you a half column. It's good for the front page if you work it right."

"But I don't want to be on the front page."

The publicity man's eyes grew round. "Say, do you like bedtime stories?" he asked.

The incident ended there, for the time being. Asa did nothing, even though Tom Camp and several of his gang whom he rallied to the cause sat and argued prayerfully with him in his cabin a solid hour after dinner. In vain they pleaded that this matter involved his personal honor and the honor of his country.

"You can't kid me," said Asa sagely.

They tried once more. What would his friends in Chicago think if he allowed a European to walk up and blow in his ear without so much as asking why? Hey? He owed it to his manhood to swing one from the hip on the jaw of the Prince Dadapopoulos. Couldn't he see that?

"No, I can't," A. B. retorted. "The whole thing's ridiculous. I believe he was stewed. And I'm not going to make a monkey of myself just to get on the front page, either, Tom. So forget it."

That gave them pause.

"The fight's off," opined Tom regretfully. "And we'll never get another chance like it. What'll we do now?"

They went out and left Asa alone. For a while he sat on his bed, thinking it over. And he grew miserable. What a position to be in! There was nothing to be done now—he would appear less ridiculous by ignoring it than by making a belated effort to assert his dignity—yet he smarted under the childish affront. Why hadn't he mussed the fellow's hair or twisted his nose when the thing happened? But that was always the way; Asa could never think of the snappy retort or energetic action an emergency demanded until it was too late. Usually he thought of them hours afterwards, lying in bed.

After a while he decided that a drink would hearten him, and went to the smoking room. Ona was sitting in a corner with some of her company and Prince Dadapopoulos. A. B. pretended not to see them, and she did not call him over, as was her wont. As for Dada, he gave a careless nod when he caught Tilly's eye; on his face was a superior, sardonic smile. One of the younger members of the movie company, who had always called him Mr. Tilly, now shouted from another table where he sat with several companions, "Hey, Peace-at-Any-Price, willst join us?" And Asa had to ignore this cheap familiarity too. He saw Ona lower her head; her shoulders shook with a fit of laughter. Red in the face, he gave his order in an unnecessarily loud tone and with such a fierce manner that the native waiter quailed.

He sat there all alone for an hour, sipping Scotch and soda. Asa could never toss it down like hardier men. Tom Camp and his cronies were playing poker in the card room. Nobody came near him.

At last he rose and strolled to a remote part of the deck where he could sit and gaze at the moon, and gloom in peace. The steamer was tied up to a landing place for the night, and an armed guard stood sentinel on the platform. Squatted on the steep bank above him were scores of dim figures, natives from the village, silently watching the lights and movement aboard the boat.

"For two pins I'd take another drink," muttered Asa, "and go in there and smear that guy all over the Nile Valley."

However, he made no move to do it. Mrs. Gilbert and Miss Rankin passed him several times on their usual walk before turning in, but they could not see A. B. where he sulked in the shadows. Then George Gatas, the dragoman, came along in his best robes and Asa called to him. George sat down with a sigh. He, too, had had a hard day, and the memory of a Kansas man's query whether there had been Christians in Egypt before the time of Christ still rankled.

"Well, Mr. Tilly," he remarked, "you do not enjoy yourself tonight? Hey? Perhaps you have not been careful in your food. Often tourists are affected to the stomach uncomfortably just at first."

"No, it isn't that. But ——" He broke off, afraid of an impulse he felt to tell George all about it. The dragoman was eying him intently.

"Hark to the words of a very wise man," he said. "Such is the instruction of Ptah-Hotep, vizier under King Isosi, who flourished about 3550 B.C."

"Shoot," said Asa.

"Wheresoever thou goest, beware of consorting with women. No place prospereth wherein that is done. Nor is it prudent to take part in it; a thousand men have been ruined for the pleasure of a little time, short as a dream. Even death is reached thereby; it is a wretched thing."

"That old guy said a mouthful," Asa agreed. Somehow it failed to strike him as odd that the dragoman should hit so close to the cause of his worries.

When the boat reached Luxor the moving-picture party went ashore to put up at the hotel. Asa went, too, but avoided them. He thought he detected a difference in their manner, and he resented it. That was nothing but imagination, but imagination makes reality for its victim.

The moon was nearly at the full and parties of tourists drove out every night to see the colossal ruins of Karnak. A. B. engaged a carriage and a guide. About the time he was ready to set out, Mrs. Gilbert and Miss Rankin came downstairs into the lobby, wearing capes.

"Going to Karnak?" inquired Asa.

"Yes. You, too? Then supposing we go together?" Mrs. Gilbert suggested.

She was peeved with A. B., but she was also a practical woman, and a man is a useful thing to have around at night in a remote and desolate place like Karnak. So A. B. sent the two guides ahead in his own carriage and squeezed into the little seat of the other.

"This," thought Asa, drawing a deep breath as the majestic wonder of the ruins burst on his sight, "is what I came for."

He found himself walking with Miss Rankin, Mrs. Gilbert having appropriated one of the guides and disappeared somewhere to view a heathen idol. Not a word was said. Miss Rankin was not given to loquacity at any time, being of reserved mien and a crisp curtness of speech, and now the untold centuries that seemed to stir and murmur all about them induced a rapt silence. Once he glanced at her face when they emerged from the shadows of the columns into open moonlight. A deep spiritual exaltation shone there; the soft light made the outline even tender. Why, she was beautiful!

After a while they began to talk, fitfully, in snatches. Still Mrs. Gilbert did not rejoin them—there was a friend, tried and true! And when they had made the circuit of the vast place and climbed to the top of the walls to view the sleeping country, the two sat down on a great slab of stone to rest. How it happened Asa could not explain later, but he suddenly found himself unbosoming his troubles to Miss Rankin. He started lightly enough, in a half bantering tone, and did his best to treat the matter as a joke throughout, but earnestness and intense misery kept creeping in.

"So I've just decided to forget it," he concluded lamely. "It's so darned silly. Don't you think I did the right thing?"

She did not answer for a minute or two. At last, "How do you feel about it? Does it worry you? Do you feel all right with yourself?" she asked.

"No, I don't," he admitted frankly, turning a haggard face toward her. "The wretched business has made me feel worse than—than something really serious. Sometimes—I know I'm a fool, but sometimes I feel sort of ashamed of myself."

Miss Rankin nodded and poked the stone thoughtfully with her stick.

"I think," she said judicially—"I think I would have slapped him. Yes, I think I would."

A. B. gulped. Presently they rose and went to find Mrs. Gilbert, who was waiting for them in the carriage.

"Do you stay on here at Luxor?" inquired that lady.

"For a while—yes."

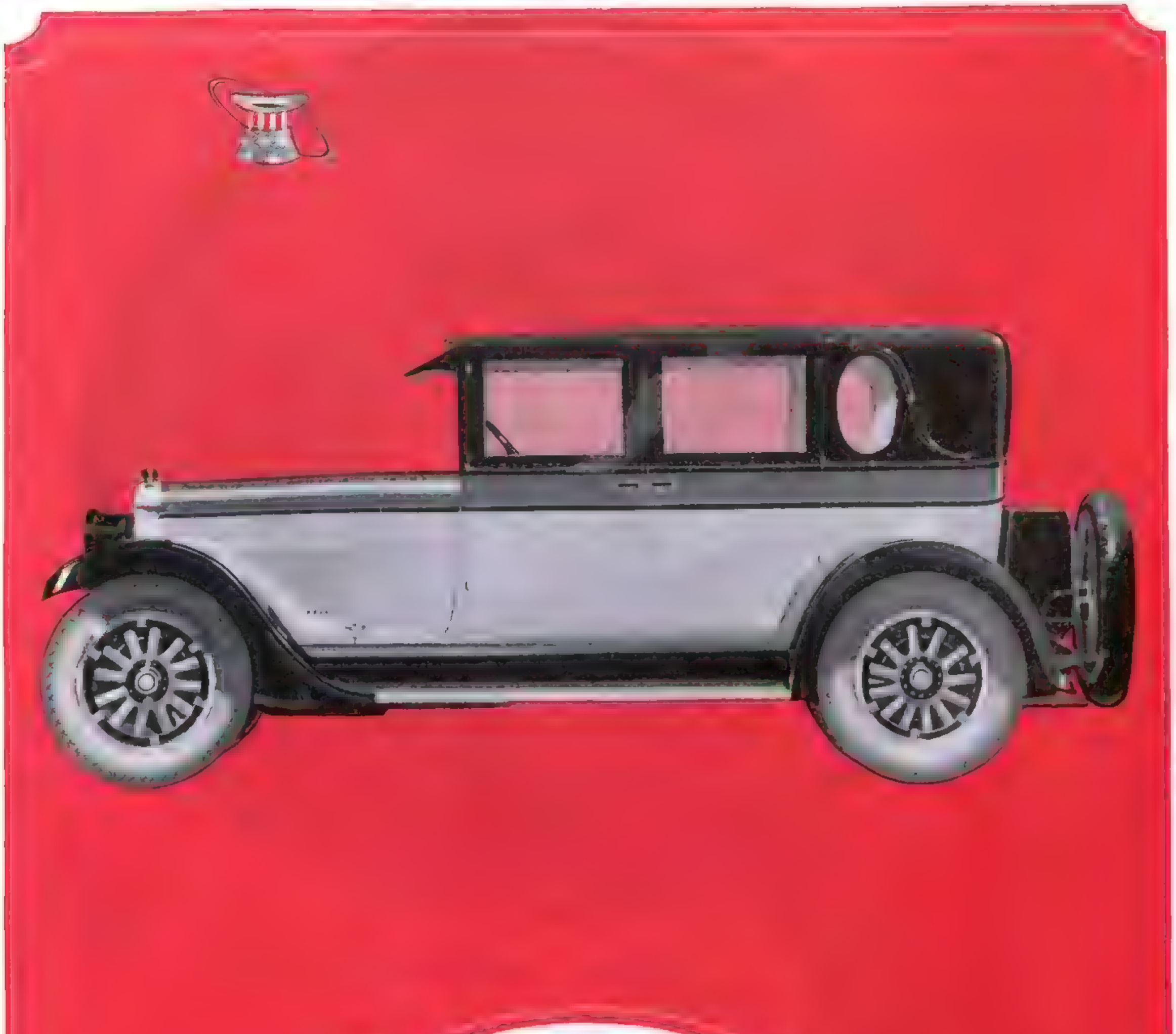
"We," said Mrs. Gilbert, "are going to Jerusalem."

"When?"

"Next week. We take the train back to Cairo tomorrow."

He bade them good-by when they alighted at the hotel, and felt an odd loneliness at the parting. It had evaporated next morning, however, for the sun was sparkling and

(Continued on Page 121)



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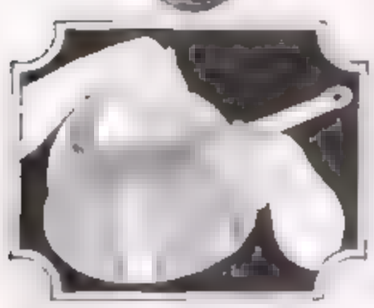

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(Continued from Page 118)

all Nature seemed to smile and beckon. Asa determined to invite Ona to go to the races, and she accepted with alacrity. In fact, she was particularly nice to him, and even urged him to hire a donkey and ride in the visitors' race to beat the prince, who had entered with a fast one called Chocolate, but he firmly declined.

The prince gained no credit from his sportsmanship, however; more than speed enters into a donkey race. Just before the start a ragged backer of Chocolate rushed out from the crowd of native spectators and seizing the beast by the bridle, bit him fiercely on the nose; another well-wisher among the donkey boys, who had risked three piasters, took a hearty nip at his tail; but despite these aids to good luck, which are also designed to rouse a donkey from his usual sluggishness to pep, Chocolate finished in the ruck. Well in the lead at the three-quarters mark, he struck a dust hole and the prince fell off. A. B. hoped he had broken his neck, but he rose uninjured and tried to catch his mount, which had wandered from the track.

"How would you like to see the snake man?" A. B. inquired as they drove back to town.

"Oh, yes, we must! I've heard so much about him."

"Well, I've arranged to have him come tomorrow afternoon, so if you and your friends will be on hand at half past two we'll make it a party."

It is a curious performance this snake man gives. He wanted to take them to Karnak; there were many cobras—big ones—out there, he urged.

"Do we have to go to a place you pick out?" demanded Asa suspiciously.

"Any place you say, sair, if it is not too public."

Asa remarked that surely there must be a quiet garden somewhere, and the snake man escorted them to the grounds of a vacant hotel

"Or," said he, "any other place you like."

The spot struck them as well adapted to the exhibition. The grounds were extensive and contained considerable underbrush and clumps of tall grass. Hundreds of carrion birds wheeled silently amid the trees.

With the snake man came an attendant carrying a small wicker basket. What was inside? They were permitted to look. It was empty.

"Now follow me and do not be afraid," said the native, rolling his sleeves to the shoulder and grasping a heavy stick. Tittering, they trooped after him.

He began a strange, wild incantation as he prowled about the grounds. Sometimes he stopped in front of a clump of shrub or a hole in the garden wall, and in passionate accents adjured the occupants to come forth. His eyes rolled, his incantation broke into short commanding barks. Nothing happened.

"Wait. We will find him," he declared. "Me, I smell something. Cobra? No."

He moved to a patch of dense grass and his voice rose again in the weird gibberish of his act. There was a cadence to it, obtained by repeating certain words over and over, with the same emphasis each time. The incantation soared louder and louder.

"Ah, you in there!" he cried, and taking his stick, pushed back a tuft of grass.

The audience, peering over his shoulder, descried a large scorpion with its terrible stinger curled over its back. The creature seemed to be staring up at the snake man in trepidation. Suddenly his voice sank to a low note and the words came sharp. And that scorpion began to walk slowly toward him through the grass. When it was within reach he made a swift stab and seized it close to the head and popped it into the basket the attendant held for him.

"I never knew," said Tom Camp, "that you could tame a scorpion."

"If it was planted there, why didn't it run off? It wasn't tied."

"And he couldn't plant them all over Luxor. Remember he offered to go anywhere we chose," another reminded him.

"Hides 'em in his sleeve," said the publicity man, whose profession made him peculiarly skeptical.

"But his sleeves are rolled up and his arms bare."

"Well, anyhow, it's a good act. Lead on, Mahomet. Dig up a snake or two."

The snake charmer led on. He went prowling about the grounds, chanting his stuff and occasionally giving a whack to a likely bush. His audience followed at a respectful distance—all this might be buncombe, but they didn't care to get too near. Suddenly he stopped and sniffed.

"I smell him," he said. "Cobra."

There was a hole in the wall in a dusty corner of the garden. He strode toward it and, standing close, began to declaim again. For several minutes he kept up the chant. The audience waited breathlessly. Ona was standing on the left of the line, close to a clump of tall grass filled with rubbish.

The snake charmer's hand darted into the hole and was jerked back again. Twice he repeated this maneuver, all the while keeping up his flow of jargon. Once more he reached in, and with a triumphant gesture flung a large snake into the open.

Shrieks from the ladies; the men laughed, but trod on one another to get out of reach. The cobra started to wiggle toward the clump where Ona stood. The snake man barred the way and the reptile reared to receive him. It spread its hood and began to weave from side to side.

Fixing it with his eyes, the native talked to it, with his hand outstretched. Now his voice rose harshly, again it sank to coaxing tones. Once he stuck out his stick and the cobra struck like a flash of light. He made a sweeping motion and tossed the reptile back a good ten feet. Then he advanced toward it and resumed his incantation.

Slowly he approached, nearer and nearer. The cobra continued to sway from side to side, its hood distended. The native held out his hand, his tones grew curt and commanding. Suddenly the snake lowered its hood and let its head sink into his palm. He promptly grabbed it by the neck and stuck it into the basket.

A burst of applause from the spectators was shattered by a wild scream from Ona. She was standing with her chin grasped in both hands, staring in horror. There, a short distance away, swayed a huge cobra, its wicked head poised for the stroke.

The attendant let out a yell and bolted for a place of safety—this snake was not on the program. Prince Dadapopoulos bowled over two of the party in his headlong dash for the gate. And the native stood rooted to the spot.

For once in his life Asa acted promptly. He threw himself in front of Miss Shane and with a despairing sweep of his heavy cane knocked the cobra into the tall grass. Her knees gave way then and she crumpled up. Tilly took her in his arms and half dragged, half carried her out of the grounds. The others accompanied him in disorder, making futile efforts to appear of service. The party was over.

In an effort to reëstablish himself in the eyes of those who had seen his flight, Dadapopoulos pushed forward and would have helped lift Ona into the carriage, but A. B. shoved him away.

"You run away and hide," he said with a fierce exultation, and the Levantine swallowed the taunt.

The report of this affair spread among the tourists in Luxor, and Tilly attained a measure of fame. This meant nothing to him, however, compared with his feeling of restored self-respect.

"Feeling better, yes?" inquired George Gatas.

"Well," said A. B., who was now wearing the false modesty of a man who feels he has done something pretty fine, "it was a good thing I was there, I guess. The others got rattled."

The dragoman grinned.

"This prince, as he calls himself"—George had no delusions on that score—"you want to watch out, Mr. Tilly."

"If he tries any funny business with me," replied A. B., "I'll knock his block off."

He sang blithely as he dressed for dinner; the world was very fair and life tasted sweet. When he went downstairs numbers of acquaintances who had heard the story wanted to buy cocktails, and Asa courteously downed them. Also, he helped kill a magnum of champagne which an enthusiast from his own bailiwick insisted on setting up at dinner for the glory of Chicago, so that when A. B. emerged from the dining room to keep an engagement with Ona, his feet didn't seem to touch the ground at all. He was miles above it, strong and sure of himself.

She still looked shaky and she greeted him with an odd timidity. He had never thought her capable of softness, but now, pale and with a wan smile, the beautiful creature actually seemed to lean on his manly strength. It stirred Asa to the depths of his soul. He longed to protect her.

(Continued on Page 123)

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(Continued from Page 121)

Ona was very silent, which was also unusual. They walked in the gardens together under a lovely moon. Asa did all the talking, and felt he was going good. Arriving near the tennis courts, they stopped. A faint rustling in the bushes near them made her shiver, and with an involuntary movement she leaned against him. At the contact Asa's muscles grew taut and then he began to shake like a leaf. His arms went around her and he mumbled something in a strange, strangled voice. What he said probably did not matter much, for her overwrought nerves got the better of her. She started to cry, and she clung to him.

Next morning he woke with a raging thirst and a sense of disaster. What had happened? Suddenly he remembered and sat up in bed. He was engaged to Ona Shane.

Now he had been dallying with this idea for a week or more, but the accomplished fact brought him no elation. Love triumphant ought to make the heart sing, but here was Asa plunged in gloom and dire foreboding. He would have given a thousand dollars to be back in Chicago playing a ten-cent syndicate with Frank Jester and Chris Weichsel and Harry Albright. Perhaps it was the booze he had taken. He sprang out of bed and filled the tub with cold water.

Tom Camp came to his table at breakfast.

"Say," he said, "I'm afraid you've insulted the prince."

"Yeh?" answered Tilly. "How can anybody insult that bird?"

"He says you put a public affront upon him, and he wants satisfaction."

"He'd best watch out or maybe he'll get it."

"Well, I'm afraid there's going to be trouble. I believe he means business."

"Oh, dry up and talk sense. I don't feel like a joke this early in the morning."

He finished his meal and went out into the garden. There the publicity man ran him down.

"Say," he began, "I've just had a talk with the prince. And he won't listen to reason. He says you've got to fight him."

"All right. There's a dandy place just inside the temple down the street."

"But he doesn't mean that kind of scrap. He means a regular duel."

A. B. laughed, although it hurt his head. "Well, I'll go and buy a pea-shooter then."

"No, but no kidding. This isn't America, you know. These guys have different ideas."

"I'll stick to my own," said Asa.

He saw no more of Tom until the afternoon, and then the publicity man did not refer to the subject. He kept hovering around the chairs where A. B. and Ona sat, gaping at them. Plainly he was nonplused.

It had been Ona's habit to tease Asa, but she did not try it any more. As for A. B., no man ever looked less like a victor. He had a silly expression on his face and seemed to find it hard to meet Ona's eye.

A short distance away Prince Dadapopoulos leaned against a tree, watching them. He was paler than usual and smoked incessantly. Perhaps he read the story in their changed attitudes, for he did not venture to break up the tête-à-tête.

After dinner he sent an emissary, however; Tom Camp again.

"He says you've got to fight him."

"Talk sense."

"Now, listen, Asa. It's not a bad sporting proposition when you look at it right. The prince proposes that you two fight a duel, and the one who loses retires from the field."

"From where?" said Asa.

"The field."

"We don't need a whole field to fight in," observed the Chicago man. "Besides, what good would that do?"

"No, no, you don't get me. The prince agrees that the man who loses will beat it and give the other one a clear field with Ona."

"Oh, he does, does he?" Rage swelled up in Tilly. "So that brilliantined pup thinks he's disposing of Miss Shane's affections, does he? You can tell him from me that Miss Shane and I ——" And then he stopped. An idea had struck him, and he laughed. "Convey my respects to the prince," he said ceremoniously, "and tell him that the customs of my country don't include a duel with pistols, rapiers, broadsword or battle-ax. We have been known, however, to fight with fists, and, in emergency, even to employ carafes and chairs. I'll be pleased to take him on with bare knuckles."

Much elated with this chivalrous proposal, Tom departed.

"Nothing doing," he reported dejectedly half an hour later. "The prince, he no makes the box-fight. He wants pistols."

"They might be loaded," objected Asa. "You never can be sure. You go back then and tell the prince I'll take him on in a form of combat once much esteemed among the fathers of our glorious country."

"What's that?" inquired Tom.

"Knives," was the reply. "Bowie knives. Each of us will take a-holt of the corner of a handkerchief with our teeth—the same handkerchief, you understand—and fight to a finish."

The publicity man considered this proposal.

"Well, that seems fair enough," he remarked, and went gladsomely to the prince

"Well?" queried A. B.

"It took us ten minutes to revive him."

"Then I'm afraid your duel's off."

"Aw, listen, Asa—be a sport. This party is going to flop unless we jazz it up. Come on. Fight some kind of a duel, anyhow, just to oblige me."

"You know there's nothing I wouldn't do for you, Tom," replied Asa, "but I've absolutely made my last proposition. Now let's hear from him."

But Dadapopoulos seemed devoid of inspiration. All he could think of was pistols.

"I tell you what," said Asa, who had taken counsel with some other guests, "you go back to the prince with my compliments and say that this is my final word."

"All right. Make it snappy."

"Tell him to jump into the river"

Tom surveyed him a while in silence. "I'll do that same," he said, and left Asa much puzzled.

When he returned it was to ask, "Will you jump in with him?"

"What on earth are you driving at?"

"The prince proposes that you jump in together, and fight it out in the water."

"All is now plain," said Asa.

"How?"

"Why, I bet that guy earned a living as a boy diving for pennies in the harbor when the boats came in. I've got a better scheme than that," A. B. continued. "You tell the prince that we'll both jump in, but at different points. And the man who comes up first loses."

"That doesn't sound like good sense to me," remarked Tom doubtfully.

"Sure it is. It's front-page stuff. You go and tell him."

The publicity man went away and was gone for a long time.

"He didn't seem to like it," Tom reported. "He acted sort of suspicious. I think he thinks you want to get him under water and stab him, maybe, or choke him to death."

"Not at all," said Asa.

"That's what I told him. Then he up and said, well, supposing he stayed under too long and didn't come up at all?"

"That's his lookout."

"But the man who came up first would win then, don't you see? And the prince says that wouldn't be right, for the other would be the braver."

"Well, that's my proposition. He can take it or leave it."

When he received the ultimatum, Prince Dadapopoulos elected to accept this trial by water. A. B. was utterly flabbergasted.

"What? Do you mean to say he takes it seriously?"

"He sure does!" exulted Tom Camp. "And you've got to go through with it now, Asa. Golly, what a story it'll make!"

A. B. moaned aloud in his anguish. He had only intended a little fun, never dreaming that mortal man could regard it otherwise. And now the tables were turned against him—no matter what he did he would be a laughingstock. He was tempted to take a train and let them think what they liked, but there was Ona to be considered. Also, Tom Camp had spread the news among the hotel guests, partly from love of a joke, partly to arouse public anticipation and bring additional pressure to bear on Asa if he showed signs of weakening. Everywhere Tilly moved he was greeted with jovial shouts. Men felt his muscles and gravely discussed whether he ought not to quit smoking so as to improve his wind.

He fled from these ribald persecutors and took refuge in his room. Ona had gone to bed, complaining of headache. Asa sat in a chair beside the window, staring into the garden and wishing he were dead.

The tension of the life he had been leading was becoming more than he could bear. Suddenly he realized that ever since he joined the movie party he had been under a strain. They did everything to jazz time, they seemed always keyed up to high pitch. And like a fool he had called this artificial excitement and thrill of novelty, seeing life. And Ona—a species of panic seized him with the thought that he might be doomed for the remainder of his days to such mode of existence. He couldn't go through with it—he couldn't!

A memory of the tranquil voyage from New York to Naples smote him. What a happy family party they had been! He recalled the quiet games of bridge, and Miss Rankin singing at the piano; and he cursed himself for a fool. Yet as he dwelt upon those recollections he became calmer; they were like a fresh gentle breeze in a room reeking with the stale odors of wild night. And at last he fell asleep in the chair.

Early next morning Tom Camp informed him that all the formalities had been arranged and a suitable spot selected. Tom was most zealous in the business. He urged Asa to go down and practice in some quiet place and see how long he could keep his head under water. He and a few friends would accompany him to time the trials. No? He didn't like that idea? Then suppose he try it in his bathtub, and they could time him there just as well. When A. B. also repulsed this suggestion the publicity man urged that he should give the affair serious attention so that he might do credit to his country and his fellow nationals. For one thing, said Tom, he ought to have a suitable bathing suit, so he had taken the liberty of buying one for Asa. He assured him it was a knock-out and would easily lay it over any color effects the prince might try to spring.

"Oh, go and sell your papers," said Asa, losing his patience, and Tom saw that he had been goaded far enough.

"I believe he'll go through with it, though," he told everybody he met.

The event was timed for the next afternoon at five o'clock, and the male guests of the hotel spent a busy and pleasurable day laying bets on the outcome. There were so many possibilities to the affair that the more enterprising made books on it and did a flourishing business. Supposing, for instance, that Asa should pop in and pop right out again and calmly announce "Well, I lose"? This was Tom Camp's contribution to the thought on the subject, and in it he pretty accurately forecast A. B.'s intention. Or supposing that Dada should grapple his foe under water and drown him? There, too, they struck close to what was in the heart of one of the combatants. Moreover, what did Miss Shane say to all this? There were many pleasing contingencies, and the hotel lobby hummed with excitement.

As for Ona, she said nothing about it because she knew nothing about it. Tom Camp had given orders that none of the members of the company should tell her, and she contacted nobody else. In fact, Ona appeared to be still suffering from the experience with the cobra. She even avoided Asa and seemed worried and fretful. When he solicitously inquired what was the matter she gave a snappy answer, then apologized and replied that she wasn't feeling well; she guessed it was the sun or some green salads she had eaten—anyhow, she felt punk. And with that she left him and, fearful he might try to join her if she started out on a round of the bazaars, went to her room and to bed.

Left to his own devices, and anxious to escape the loud-mouthed rabble who pestered him, A. B. decided to ride out to the temple of Karnak again. He hired a donkey and set forth. There was no reason for haste, but of course the donkey-boy whacked the beast forward and they went galloping along the tree-lined road which leads from Luxor to the ancient glories of Amon-Ra. They had just reached the first of the sphinxes along the route when his donkey struck a loose stone, came down on its nose, and Asa pitched forward into the dust.

When he rose his face was a smear. Even Achmed, the donkey boy, accustomed as he was to seeing tourists battered up, was impressed by the damage. He expected revilement and possibly a beating, so stood afar off, ready to run. And Asa's first impulse

(Continued on Page 126)

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Please send the travel facts about South America and full information about the ships of the Pan America Line.

If I go, date will be about_____

There will be_____persons in my party.

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Do you want to make money after school hours—$1.00 to $5.00 a week? It's easy to find customers to whom you'll deliver *The Saturday Evening Post*. To get 5 copies for a "starter" with our help in selling them, just write your name in the margin, cut out this ad and mail to—

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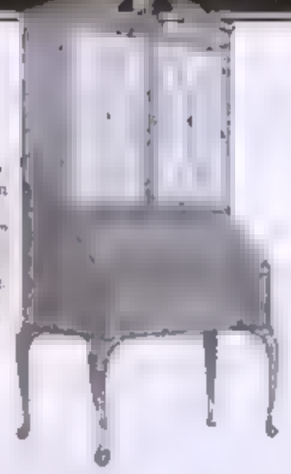
WANAMAKER'S NEW YORK

No. 100 Early English Combination Walnut Dining Room Suite. 10 pieces. Reg. price $438.50. **Feb. price $292.** Piece prices at Feb. prices: Sideboard $77. China Cabinet $56. Serving Table $36. Extension Table $53. Arm Chair $15. Side Chair $11.

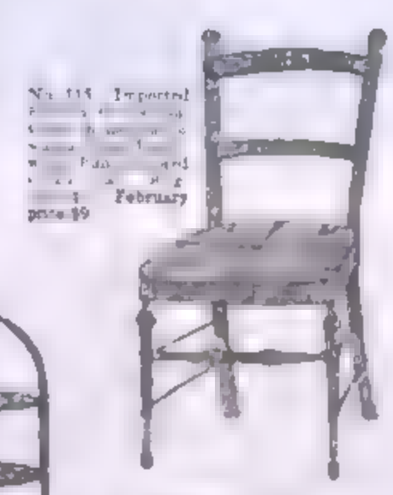
No. 116. Secretary Colonial design in Combination Mahogany. 80 inches high. Has bevel plate desk. Compartments inside. Reg. price $90. Feb. price $67.50



No. 114 English Fireside Wing Arm Chair. Plain or figured velours and ... February price $57.50

No. 112 Solid Mahogany Tilt Top Table in antique brown finish. Reg. price $5.75. Feb. price $3.25

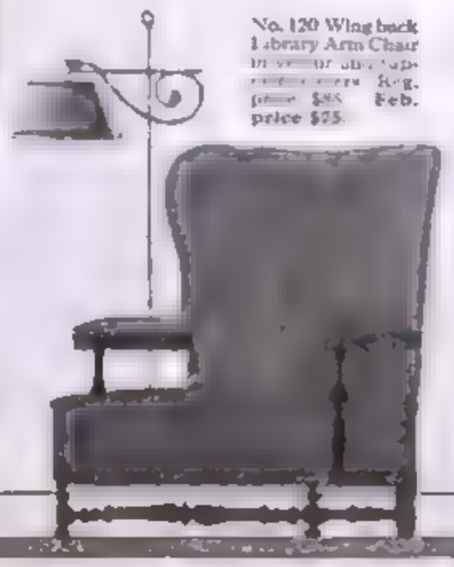
No. 106 Combination Mahogany Tea Wagon, with solid mahogany tray 24x17 inches deep and removable glass tray, rubber tired wheels and durable rubber ... Reg. price $33. Feb. price $24



No. 115 Imperial ... February price $9

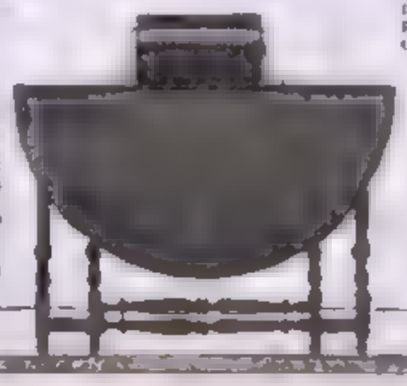
No. 124 Muffin Stand in Solid Mahogany. Reg. price $15. Feb. price $10.

No. 103 The Martha Washington Work Table in Solid Mahogany except drawer bottoms. Regular price $25. February price $19.50. ... brass knobs $1 more

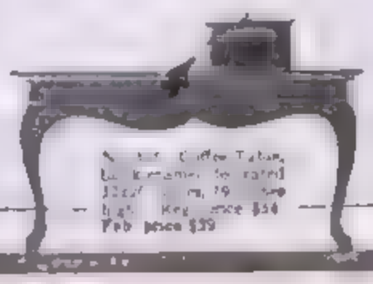


No. 120 Wing back Library Arm Chair in ... Reg. price $85. Feb. price $75.

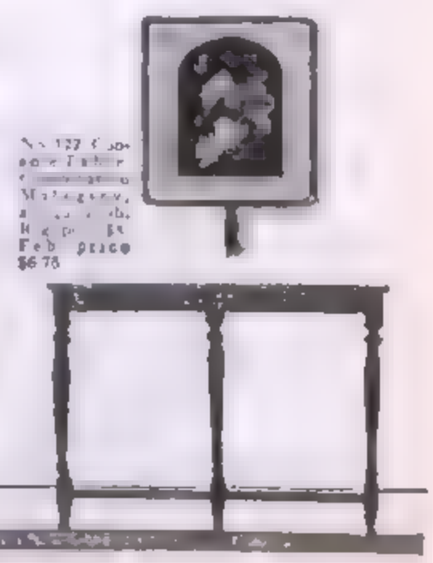
No. 107 High Boy ... Mahogany ... Feb. price $187.50.



No. 117 ... Feb. price $17.50.



No. 111 Coffee Table, ... Reg. price $54. Feb. price $39



No. 127 ... Mahogany ... Feb. price $6.75

Facts about this Sale

1. It is thirty-four years old.
2. More than four million dollars' worth of furniture reduced 10 to 50 per cent; the average reduction one-third.
3. We prepay in the United States all or a liberal part of the freight charges on furniture, according to distance.
4. All furniture new and perfect—guaranteed by John Wanamaker.
5. Living-room suites $158 to $3500. Bed-room suites $95 to $4500. Dining-room suites $165 to $3500. Single pieces $5 to $1000 or more.
6. The complete stocks in both New York & Philadelphia Stores on sale—even the fine Belmaison reproduction furniture.
7. Mail orders filled. Please use numbers.
8. All purchases available on deferred payments.

"I'll burn up my Furniture Stock," said John Wanamaker, "If I can't get Better Furniture than that!"

Mr. Wanamaker was talking to his Furniture Chief a short time after adding furniture to his famous store, "The Grand Depot," which made such a sensation when it opened in Philadelphia during the Centennial of 1876.

"America *must* make better furniture than that"—he added. And America did—largely through the stimulation of the Wanamaker Stores.

"We now have GOOD *furniture," said Mr. Wanamaker in 1891, "let's see if we can't sell it at lower prices."*

So, he originated the February Sale. "You have dull seasons of the year," he said to the manufacturers. "I'll keep your factories going if you'll sell me furniture at lower prices. In turn, I'll sell it to the public at the same economy."

It was done, and for 34 years the February Sale has proved its usefulness to the communities it has served.

Last year furniture from this Wanamaker Sale went into every state in the Union and into 15 foreign countries including South Africa, Australia, South America, China, and Europe.

Now, having become national in scope, the Wanamaker Sale, through the medium of the Saturday Evening Post, invites all America to share in its service and economies.

John

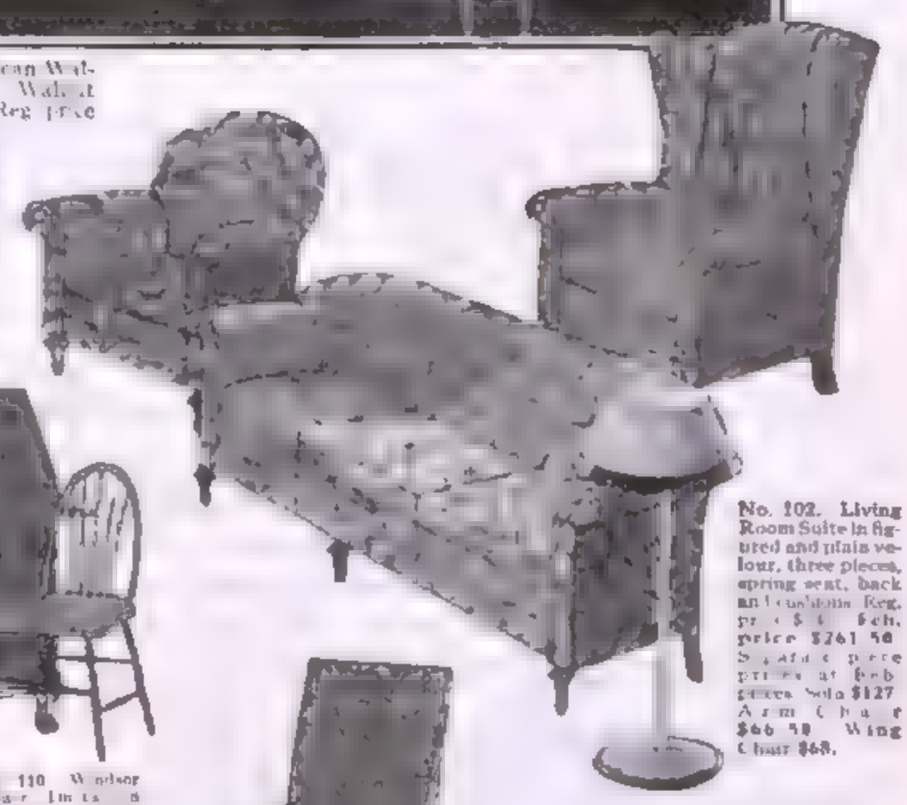
NEW YORK

Wanamaker February Furniture Sale

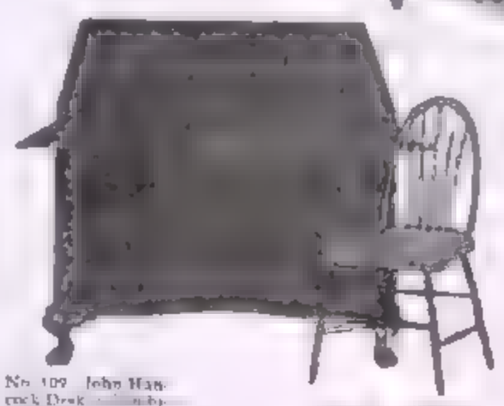
Philadelphia & New York

WANAMAKER'S PHILADELPHIA

No. 101. Combination American Walnut Bedroom Suite. French Walnut finish, gold striped. 4 pieces. Reg. price $344. Feb. price $296. Piece prices at Feb. price. Dresser $88. Chiffonette $60. Vanity Dresser $88. Single or Full Size Bed $60. Chiffrobe $68. Night Stand $16. Bench $16. Chair $16.



No. 102. Living Room Suite in figured and plain velour, three pieces, spring seat, back and cushions. Reg. price $[illegible]. Feb. price $261.50. Separate piece prices at Feb. prices. Sofa $127. Arm Chair $66.50. Wing Chair $68.



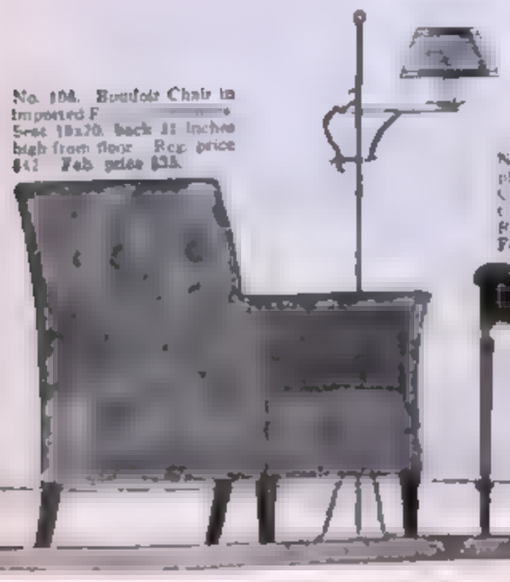
No. 109. John Hancock Desk [illegible] in Mahogany, 4 drawers, [illegible]. Reg. price $120. Feb. price $90.

No. 110. Windsor Chair. Limited to Mahogany and [illegible] finish. Reg. price $8. February price $5.75.

No. 133. High back formal Arm Chair. Walnut frame richly carved. Figured wool tapestry. Reg. price $95. Feb. price $62.50.

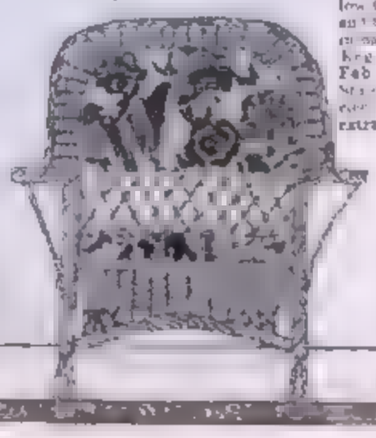
No. 125. Imported French Cabinet. Drawers and book compartment in Rosewood and Mahogany. 40 inches high. Reg. price $96.50. Feb. price $72.

No. 101. Combination Mahogany Nest of four tables. Reg. price $25. Feb. price $18.75.

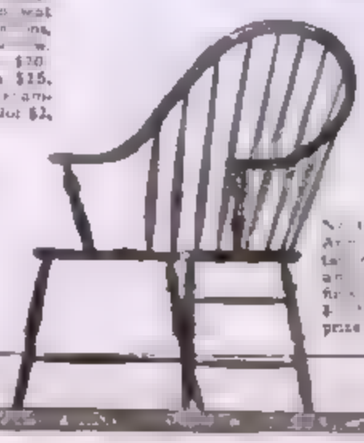


No. 104. Bonfoix Chair in Imported F[illegible]. Seat 18x20, back 31 inches high from floor. Reg. price $47. Feb. price $35.

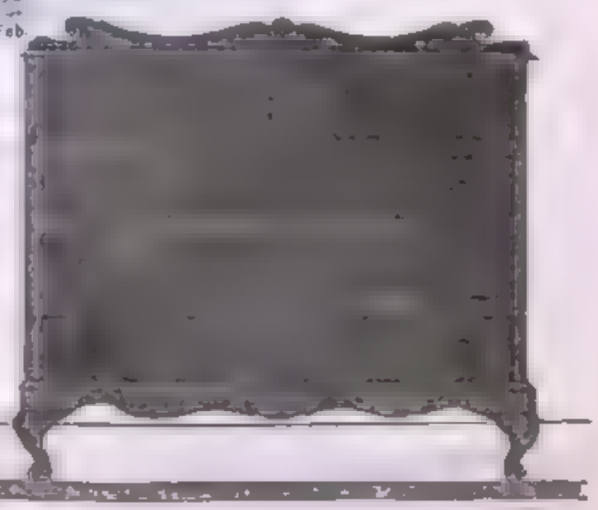
No. 113. Telephone Table and Chair [illegible] Mahogany. Reg. [illegible] $26. Feb. price $18.



No. 121. Wicker Arm Chair [illegible] loose cushion seat and back cushions, [illegible]. Reg. price $30. Feb. price $15. Material to cover any color $2. extra.



No. 111. Colonial type Low Boy [illegible] Mahogany [illegible]. Reg. price $44. Feb. price $29.



No. 104. Windsor Arm Chair [illegible] Mahogany, [illegible]. Reg. price $30. February price $20.

"How can I come to Wanamaker's Sale?" you may say at first. "I'm too far from New York and Philadelphia."

...But, think again... that is not exactly true. If you need only a chair or a table, you will make worth-while savings. On the other hand, if you need to furnish a room or a home you will save hundreds of dollars—even thousands. And you will get the finest furniture in the United States, the best in the world—the kind that gives a lifetime of service, that will become heirloom furniture, the antiques of the future.

Free Delivery By Freight

We prepay in the United States all or a liberal part of freight charges on furniture, according to distance.

Visitors to New York and Philadelphia, and especially new home-makers will cover the cost of the trip, or more, by buying at the Wanamaker February Sale. Savings as great as 50 per cent.

Even the Fine Reproduction Furniture Included

Look over the furniture illustrated on these pages. Then try to imagine 19,000 other units—all conveniently arranged in the world-famous Wanamaker buildings—all priced so you can buy them at great savings. The Wanamaker February Furniture Sale is a National Institution—for every home, in every State in America.

Wanamaker

PHILADELPHIA

VISIT THE *Home that Budget Built*

Two cosy homes built right in Wanamaker's, completely furnished with two purposes in mind—beauty and economy! Show you how little it really costs to decorate a home in good taste and offer the following suggestions:

1. Individual budget.
2. Family budget with special suggestions for those about to marry.
3. Home furnishing budget.
4. Itemized list of furniture required in the home.
5. Price guide for clothing budget.
6. Financing the home purchases by deferred payments.

The *Speed* of Trained Lightning

The pace that kills the ordinary typewriter is just a normal gait for the Electrite!

Let nimble fingers challenge—and quicker than the eye can follow, keys are back in place ready to spring again!

But more gratifying still is the ease of operation.

Electricity does the work; not you. The faintest touch brings the motor into play and like a flash each character is imprinted—as smooth, as clear, as even as any printing could be.

When this new kind of typewriter comes into your office, out goes careless, slighted work; out goes the pile-up of unfinished letters; out goes the 4 o'clock fatigue which is the bane of existence to every typist and stenographer.

The Woodstock Electrite is a standard typewriter in every way—standard in size and structure, standard in appearance, standard in keyboard. It is the natural development of the standard Woodstock machine, which has made such an enviable record in the business world and which is regarded by experts as the finest typewriter made. Write today for booklet describing both these superior machines.

WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER COMPANY
216 West Monroe Street • CHICAGO

WOODSTOCK

Electrite

THE MODERN TYPEWRITER POWERED BY ELECTRICITY

(Continued from Page 123)

was to fall upon him and choke him to death. Instead, he wiped the blood from his face as well as he could, remounted, and ambled back to Luxor. And when he paid the wondering Achmed off at the door of the doctor's house he gave him an Egyptian pound.

The native was thunderstruck; it confirmed him in his conviction that all Americans were mad.

"Hully gee, what's happened?" exclaimed Tom Camp when he glimpsed him. "Fell off the temple?"

"Donkey," said A. B. shortly, passing on. The publicity man kept pace with him.

"Is it broken?" he inquired.

"Is it? Smashed all up. Doctor says I'll never look the same," growled Asa through his bandages.

"Well, I wouldn't worry, old man," said Tom in a kindly tone.

The other stopped and seemed struggling to thank him, but the difficulty of conversing through the gauze over his face prevented. He walked sternly toward the elevator.

"Oh, by the way," Tom remarked, "the duel's off."

"Hey?"

"I said the duel's off."

"Why?"

A trace of confusion showed momentarily on the countenance of the publicity man. He had played up the Prince Dadapopoulos in many a hot story for the press, and it hurt a little to say it.

"Well, they've pinched him."

"Pinched him? What for?"

"Search me. I did hear ——"

"Yeh?"

"I did hear," said Tom, hesitating no longer now that the plunge had been made—"well, it seems like this bird isn't a prince at all."

"What is he then?"

"A crook—and not even a first-class crook at that. A guy just told me he heard the police want him for robbing an old blind woman in Naples who ran a fruit stand. What do you know about that?"

"Come on up and have a drink," exclaimed Asa cordially. Verily all things were working together for good!

"Where's Ona?" he demanded as he touched the bell.

"In her room, I guess. You aren't going to let her see you like that, are you?"

"Why not? I can't help it."

"I wouldn't let a woman see me looking like that for ten dollars," Tom declared earnestly. "No, not for twenty dollars."

"Well, I never traveled on my beauty," mumbled Asa through his puffed lips. "So this oughtn't to make any difference."

"But, man, take a look at yourself. You're a sight!"

A. B. obliged him. He gazed in the mirror at the horrible reflection, and something approaching a grin distorted his messed features.

Just before the tea hour he sent up his card to Ona, and she returned word that she would meet him in the garden in ten minutes. He waited until he saw her sit down in a secluded spot, and then sallied from the hotel.

"Good gracious! Asa!"

Horror and repulsion were in her voice, and horror and repulsion in her face as he came nearer.

"Donkey," he blurted out.

She shrank away, yet continued to stare at him as though fascinated. A. B. calmly took a seat beside her and stretched out his legs with a sigh of satisfaction. His profile was even worse than the front view.

"Asa," she protested weakly, putting out her hands as though to blot out the sight, "I simply can't stand it. It makes me ill." He rolled a swollen iodined eye at her. "If I stay here I'll faint!" exclaimed Ona in breathless tones. "I—I can't stand it!"

She sprang up, holding to the back of her chair. For a moment Asa thought she was going to faint. Then she seemed to gather strength, and went on, without looking at him, "Anyway, I couldn't have gone on with it. The very next morning —— I was tired and shaken when —— There's such a difference in our ages ——

Now if she had only left out that last crowning insult A. B. would have done the chivalrous thing and allowed her to depart with the sweet delusion of a broken heart; but there she touched him on the raw.

He cackled horribly and said, "Oh, run along. I'm satisfied if you are."

He kept to his room for several days until his injuries had healed sufficiently to permit of his walking in the street without causing commotion. Then he put on a new suit of flannels, stuck a straw hat at a jaunty angle on his head, and went forth to mingle with the world.

About the first acquaintance he met was Tom Camp, who stood surrounded by members of the movie party. The publicity man wore an air of hurry and stress.

"Leaving tomorrow," he explained; "and of course everything's left to me to do at the last minute. Leary went and got stewed. Say, Asa, coming to the party tonight? Big doings!"

"What party?"

"The one Ona's giving."

"No, I guess not. What's the occasion?"

"Why her husband blew in yesterday. Didn't you hear?"

"Husband?" cried Asa, going weak at the knees.

"Sure. No. 2."

"No, this is No. 3, Tom," corrected one of the company.

"I guess I know which one it is," retorted Tom belligerently. "Ain't I kept track of 'em. This is the bird she married when we were on location at Balboa, ain't it?"

"Sure."

"Well, he's No. 2. That guy from Denver was No. 3—don't you remember?"

The other admitted that his memory had played him a trick.

In a voice he strove to keep steady, Asa inquired, "But how many has she had?"

"Just three," Tom replied; and then he laughed. "But I knew all the time she was in love with Bill. They had a fight and broke up, and she went and married this Denver bird for spite, but ——"

"I've got to be going," Asa cut in.

"What's the rush? Stick around and I'll introduce you to Bill."

"No, thanks. Got to send some telegrams."

He hurried away. Five minutes later he handed in a telegram to the concierge.

"Rush that," Asa told him. "And here, take this."

"Thank you. Thank you. Thank you," said the concierge.

When A. B. had departed, the concierge put on his glasses and read the message. It puzzled him sorely.

MISS KATHERINE RANKIN,
Semiramis Hotel,
Cairo.

Will meet you in Jerusalem next week Galloping donkeys no good

ASA B. TILLY

Roosevelt Elk in the Olympic Mountains, Washington

This Essex Six Coach $895

Freight and Tax Extra

The Finest Essex Ever Built

The easiest driving and riding Essex ever built.

The finest Essex in materials and workmanship ever built.

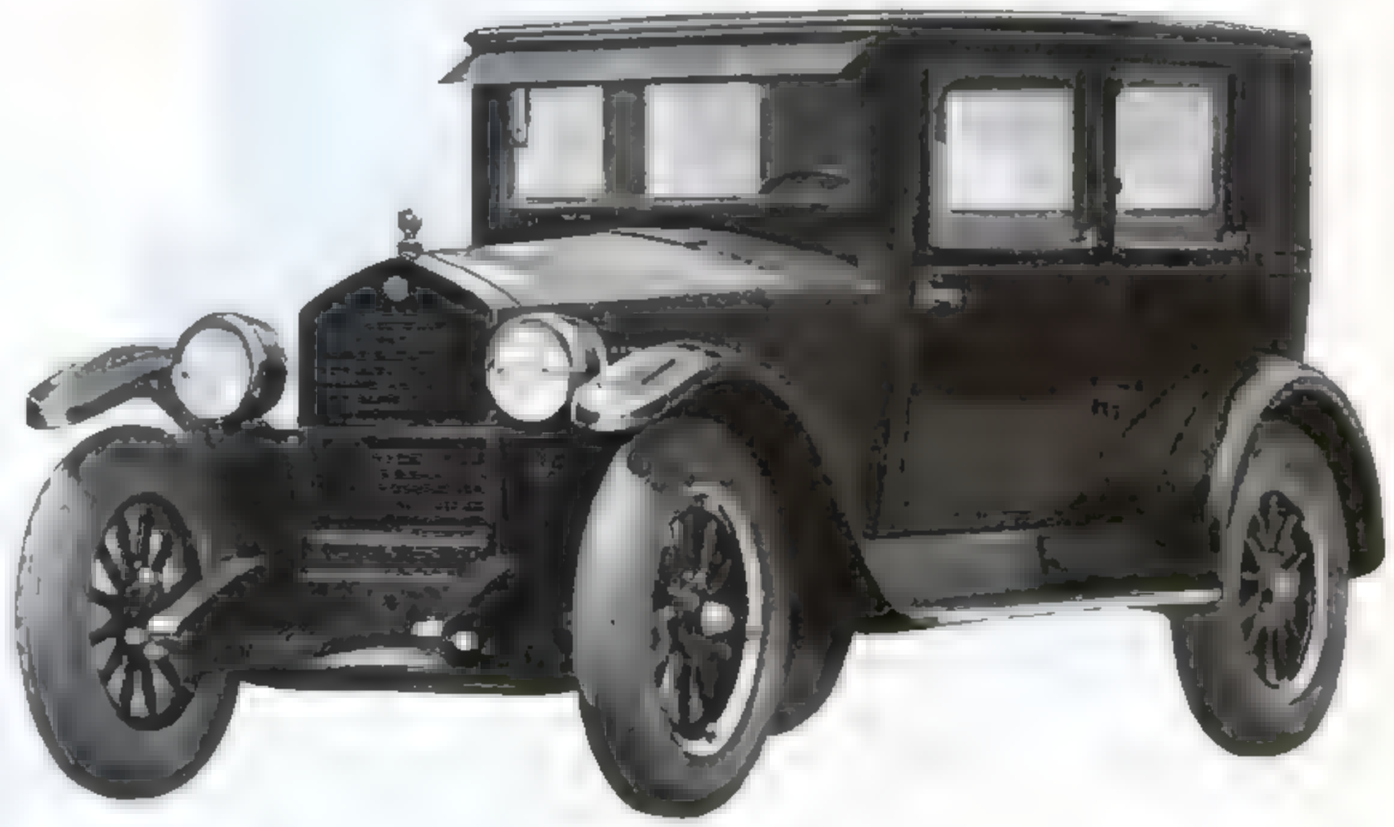
The smoothest, most reliable Essex ever built.

A car you will take pride in owning.

It is better looking and better arranged.

It gives freedom from tinkering and frequent repair costs.

Its price—$895—is the lowest at which Essex has ever sold. You cannot get comparable performance and reliability in any other car within hundreds of dollars of its price.



Its Greatest Values Cannot Be Copied

The Chassis Is Patented

No one ever excuses or apologizes for Essex appearance or performance.

It is the car for everyone.

You see it before the entrances of exclusive clubs and at the doorways of the finest homes. You also see it in the hard daily service of business and family.

You will enjoy driving it for the smooth vibrationless performance of its quiet motor. It is so easy to steer and so comfortable to ride in that even over long journeys and rough roads it gives a satisfaction that heavy, costly cars do not provide.

Essex requires little attention to keep it in top condition. It retains its new-like qualities in the quiet, responsive, squeak-and-rattle-free character of its performance.

Surely you cannot be satisfied with anything less than Essex offers. Its cost is but little more than cars of the lowest price.

Two of every three Essex cars are bought by those whose former cars were chosen principally because of their low cost.

No wonder Essex sales lead all in its class.

As its Coach Body has changed the whole trend to closed cars

So Essex Chassis likewise forecasts the mechanical design of the future

Essex provides stability without unnecessary weight. It has economy without sacrifice of performance.

It is low priced without disappointment in looks or reliability.

It is more than up-to-date in design. It is in advance of any car with which its price can be compared.

It is built on the Super-Six principle, by Hudson workmen in the Hudson shops.

In quality Hudson and Essex are alike. The patents which make the Super-Six the most enduring, smoothest motor and give it advantages sought in eight cylinders, prevent any from copying its chassis as has been done in copying the Coach body.

Essex Holds Its Own in any Company—in any Service

SELLERS

KITCHEN CABINETS

BONDS TRIUMPHANT

(Continued from Page 16)

investor. The act of exchanging command over present comforts for a promise to pay in the future is beset almost daily with new complications and added bewilderment. What then can be said to the investor, other than the wholly trite and hackneyed, that will aid or at least enlighten him in making his choices under these new and changing conditions?

It seemed to the writer that useful and profitable information might be obtained by putting to those who deal in investment securities a series of questions, such as: "What peculiarities of the investor most often arouse your attention and interest? What sort of person is the investor anyway? What is his psychology? Are there too many salesmen in your business? Is the competition for new securities too strong? Is it true that the bond salesman has taught the bond investor to be a speculator and trader? Above all and finally, what I am most interested in is what to say to the investor for his own guidance. What you have told about your business is most valuable. It is of great help in writing the article. But you have talked from your side of the fence almost entirely. You have talked as a bond man with bonds to sell. Now won't you put yourself in the investor's place? You must have learned a great many things in your business that would be of help to him. What would you say to him if you were in my place?"

Altogether something like thirty-five persons engaged in the bond business were interviewed. A number of these conversations were brief and casual. But in twenty or twenty-five cases the interviews were substantial, a few running to nearly an entire afternoon, and consisting of a long series of questions and answers.

Among those from whom information was sought were partners in large and small firms, sales managers, star salesmen, members of the departments which buy bonds for their firms to sell, and members of the trading departments. Not only did I seek the smallest as well as the largest firms and institutions, but different types of houses, handling different grades and classes of securities. Some of the men at or near the head of firms had formerly been salesmen; others had never had a day of sales experience. Some were inside and others outside men.

It was the writer's expressed intention to quote no one, in order, if possible, to elicit a more frank and full discussion than can ever be the case where a supposed authority knows that he is to be quoted or his identity indicated. It is far more enlightening to know what a person really thinks than what he decides after mature consideration the world ought to suppose that he thinks.

Bonds as Merchandise

The result may be far from complete or wholly satisfactory, but it ought at least to be refreshing. It is first-hand, and not what some publicity man thinks the bond man ought to say under the circumstances. Nor is it a mere rehash of what the present or some other financial writer has already said on the subject.

By way of introduction it may be mentioned that most of the answers to my questions had about them a cold, almost cynical quality that would astonish the occasional bond buyer whose only contact with the business consists of more or less irregular calls from exceedingly polite, friendly and well-dressed salesmen.

The bond men who described their business did so in nearly all cases in strictly impersonal terms. They talked of bonds, and not of the flesh-and-blood human beings who buy the bonds. This was true even when they were describing the investor himself. They talked about this or that issue as having gone sour as coolly as a doctor describes an intricate operation to a colleague, or a mining engineer figures on how to treat a vein of ore.

But I do not think that this cold, impersonal approach to the subject should arouse any resentment on the investor's part or result necessarily in any criticism of the investment banker. The bond business is very far from having a professional status or attitude, but even if it were as professional as medicine, the human element would always be just so much raw material, as it is among doctors themselves. Physicians may have a nice, friendly bedside manner with old ladies and children, but when they discuss disease with one another they must needs be cold, businesslike and impersonal

Any business or occupation has about it to the outsider a certain glamour born of ignorance, and it is usually to the interests of the business to keep that glamour intact. What matters inside, as we all know of our own occupations—whether it be the selling of bonds or groceries, the raising of wheat, treating sick people or writing articles—is a knowledge of and attention to the mechanics of what one is about. Any line of work, once you are in it, is a game whose rules must be followed, rather than a form of polite personal solicitude, sentiment or romance.

The first response, however, which came from most of the bankers in reply to the questions asked, was an attempt to classify investors as such. This, I am certain, was as much to clarify their own thoughts and for their own mental satisfaction as for my enlightenment.

"What is the psychology of the man who buys an automobile or who goes into a department store?" countered one banker in reply to my inquiry concerning the investor's psychology.

"'Investor' is a much abused word or phrase," said another. "It is as much abused as the word 'psychology' itself. First you have got to classify. Who is the man you seek to cover? What do you mean by an investor?"

"What is the investor like?" repeated still a third. "He is as varied as the weather."

The Middle-Sized Bear

Now there are many diverse standpoints from which investors may be classified, and doubtless any and every conceivable grouping must lead to the same goal in the end—namely, the degree of speculation involved in the attitude displayed and the purchases made; that is, the extent to which the buyer is motivated by the search for profits rather than for mere security of principal and interest

But no classification so surely opens up the subject as one which may seem at first blush childishly and ridiculously simple. It is nothing more or less than Goldilock's division of the three bears into small, medium size and large.

The value of this classification is that it will enable us after a comparatively short inspection to eliminate both the large and the small investor, the little bear and the big bear.

As a result a much clearer and more detailed picture will be had of the subject matter. "But by what right," asks the surprised reader, "do you so airily wave aside the large and the small investor? Have we not been told that one of the most worthwhile results of the Liberty Loans was to interest the little fellow in sound securities? Does not every corporation in the country talk about its great numbers of small stockholders? Do not the bond men themselves tell about the decreased unit of sale?"

All of which is more or less pertinent, but not so much in point as the fact that the bond business as organized in this country is geared for the middle-sized bear, for the five-bond man, to use the technical phraseology, or at least for a unit which approaches five bonds in size.

It is true that no feature of financial development has been more commented upon in recent years than the decreasing unit of bond sale. Twenty years ago about the only buyers of bonds, aside from insurance companies and savings banks, were what might be called the originators of the same, people like the Goulds and the Vanderbilts, who controlled railroads and owned great blocks of bonds in their companies as well as stock. Most of the few bond houses that then existed had started merely as bidders for and buyers of municipal bonds. There was no general bond business

Few bonds were available aside from those of railroads and municipalities, and there were few people to buy such as could be had. But with the increased distribution of wealth, with an expanding industrial organization, with the spread of financial education, and finally with the war, there has come a far more widespread demand

AFTER shaving, especially in cold weather, your face ***demands*** *Aqua Velva*

How a Coast Guard protects his skin from bitter Arctic winds

A COAST GUARD, at sea in the north Pacific Ocean, writes: "After shaving, the protection afforded to one's face in these cold Arctic Ocean winds by Aqua Velva is very noticeable."

Aqua Velva will protect *your* face, too, wherever you are. But this protective quality isn't its only good feature.

Aqua Velva *conserves the natural moisture of the skin.* It keeps the face from getting rough, chapped, drawn and tight.

If the skin is left *unprotected* these things will happen no matter how perfect your shave may have been. And powders, so often used after shaving, absorb moisture and so tend to dry the skin. Aqua Velva keeps the face like *velvet* all day long.

Pleasant, scientifically effective, expressly made for after shaving:

—it tingles delightfully when applied
—it gives first aid to little cuts
—it protects the face from cold and wind
—it prevents face shine
—it delights with its man-style fragrance

Try the FREE test bottle. Use the coupon or say "Aqua Velva" on a post card. The large 5-ounce bottle costs 50 cents (60 cents in Canada). *By mail, postpaid, on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it.* Costs almost nothing a day—only a few drops needed.

Williams

Aqua Velva

for use after shaving

By the makers of Williams Shaving Cream

For FREE test bottle

Address The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 41-A, Glastonbury, Conn. (If you live in Canada, address The J. B. Williams Co., St. Patrick Street, Montreal)

Send me the FREE test bottle of Aqua Velva

_____

for such investments. Naturally, therefore, the average unit of sale has decreased in size.

It has been stated very frequently since the war that the average bond sale is about $3000, and figures recently made public by Mr. Morrow, of the Morgan firm, appear to establish definitely the accuracy of these estimates. His firm has managed syndicates which floated issues of both Austrian and Japanese bonds. Twenty-three firms that were members of both syndicates were asked to tabulate their sales to see whether bonds are bought primarily by large or by small investors. The twenty-three houses had 2975 customers who bought Austrian bonds and 8212 who bought Japanese bonds. The Morgan firm, it should be explained, is a wholesale house only and sells to dealers, not to individual investors.

The average retail sale of the twenty-three distributing houses was slightly under $3000 in the case of one issue and $3660 in the other. But the significant fact is that in one case only 15 per cent of the bonds, and in the other only 10 per cent, were taken by persons who bought in amounts of $1000 or less. But if the limit be raised to $5000 we find that in one case 62 per cent and in the other 44 per cent of the total amount is accounted for. Between $5000 and $10,000, 20 per cent and 16 per cent are accounted for; and above $10,000, 17 per cent and 39 per cent.

Whatever else these figures may prove, they certainly show that the small investor—he who buys $1000 or less—is a relatively small factor. The big investor is a large factor, but less important than the medium size, who may be said to range from $1000 to $10,000. Naturally the business is geared to the man in between, and while the average sale may fall slightly below $5000, everyone in the business itself recognizes a block of five bonds as a good practical working unit.

In the spring of 1922 in gathering material for a series of articles for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on the subject of protecting the small investor, the writer interviewed officials of prominent life-insurance companies, savings banks, commercial banks, the United States Treasury, the Investment Bankers Association and the New York Stock Exchange.

Advice to the Little Bear

Mr. Cromwell, then president of the Stock Exchange, expressed the opinion that a man with a few hundred dollars should stick to the savings bank, and Howard F. Beebe, then president of the Investment Bankers, said that he had advised hundreds if not thousands of persons who had less than $1000 to put their money in a savings bank instead of trying to buy securities.

In going among the bond men in the summer of 1924 I could find no change of opinion in this respect. Time and again the partners of firms in describing the qualities of salesmen employed by them in terms which were by no means always flattering, spoke eulogistically of a particular salesman because he had the good sense and honesty to direct his smaller clients to a savings bank rather than into the bonds which he himself happened to be selling. In the business itself this seems to be a mark of integrity.

"The $500 investor should keep away from bonds and stocks," was the extreme statement of the head of a small firm, himself a salesman of long experience. "For such the savings bank never stops working. Sit in at a meeting of savings-bank trustees, who incidentally give their services for nothing, and watch them throw out ninety-nine out of a hundred of the loans which are offered to them, and then figure whether the $500 widow is better off in the savings bank or trying to make her own selections from the offerings of a salesman whose standing and that of whose house she is in no position to judge. It is nobody's function down here in Wall Street to protect the small investor."

The writer can agree but partly with the broad generalization that the $500 investor should never buy bonds or stocks. This question was discussed in detail in previous articles, and has changed but little in the past few years. The essential fact is that the reputable merchant in legitimate securities cannot afford to cultivate intensively the $500 buyer. The case is admirably summed up in this statement by a representative of the largest concern engaged in selling bonds:

"Direct solicitation of the small investor is too expensive. We try to reach him by national advertising, and of course follow up the inquiries received. We hope that he has friends, and we are always trying to educate him and his friends not to throw their money away on get-rich-quick ventures, with the idea that such people may be developed into medium-size investors. We hope they will become the great middle class. I believe that houses like ours are making some progress in educating the people in safe investments. But it is a slow process.

"With the small investor the strings are always pulling against making a safe investment for the reason that interest on small sums amounts to so little. He says in substance, 'What's the use? I'd better take a chance.' Of course we stress the fact that over a period of twenty years a sure 4 per cent or 5 per cent is better than one chance in a thousand of making a killing. Even if he does hit it right, the winnings will only lead to further speculation and ultimate loss. But it is easy to see why the small investor is the foredoomed prey of sharks. Slow accumulation doesn't seem worth while to him."

Trade in Tax Exempts

"While all generalizations are false, even this one," said the manager of another bond institution, "I am always struck with the curious faculty possessed by the small investor to scorn securities with a low rate of interest. He of course is the very one who should take the low rates, yet the smaller he is the more he wants."

So much for the little bear; now for the big bear. Except so far as the increasing confinement of the really large investor to tax-exempt securities has necessarily forced a hothouse development of the bond business among the medium-size investors, it can be said in all fairness that the very rich have less to do with this frantic expansion of Wall Street's activities than is commonly supposed.

Persons with incomes pretty regularly in excess of $50,000 a year are forced to buy tax-exempts, such as municipals, farm loans, joint stocks, and the like. There is very little analysis of the security or study of the investment as such. Salesmanship and profit have nothing to do with the case. It is mainly a question of the rich man being able to get enough of the very few types of bonds that will serve his purpose. Often he will take an entire issue if he can get it.

One is reminded of the first large buyer of municipals, a pawn broker who left a fortune of $12,000,000. This old gentleman bought for security of principal, and long before the income tax had added so fabulously to the attractiveness of this type of bond.

Whenever a municipal bond salesman entered his office and mentioned the name of a city whose securities he had for sale, the old man raised a warning finger and whispered, "Hush!"

If the salesman was wise he remained quiet, while the aged capitalist pulled from the top of his desk a book, which gave the population, location and other pertinent facts about the city in question. If he liked what he read he bought great quantities of the bonds on the spot; if not, all the blandishments of the most accomplished salesman were in vain.

If the rich investor is well advised he knows all about the very few limited groups of securities that will serve the purpose of reducing the Federal and state income taxes and making it possible to pay the state and huge Federal inheritance taxes. There is nothing new which the house of issue or its salesmen can tell him about the safety of the bonds, and there is nothing else to tell. Banker and salesmen they are the merest errand boys in situations of this description.

"I have a client," said the head of a banking and brokerage firm, "who feels he can buy nothing except what is exempt from both the Federal and the New York state income taxes, and that limits him to just a few classes of securities I don't have to sell him He comes to my office and mournfully inquires if I have anything that qualifies for $900,000 lying idle in the bank. It is solely a question of whether I have enough of the few available bonds."

There are some large investors who irk unceasingly under these ironbound restrictions. Others figure on a speedy reduction in the surtax rates. Still others regard it as the part of patriotism not to shun the ordinary run of securities, even if the surtax does cut a 5 per cent return to 3 per cent. One must respect their honesty if not their mentality.

An elderly gentleman retired just after the war with a large fortune made in the oil business. At that time the maximum taxes on very large incomes exceeded 60 per cent. The old man felt that there was something a little unpatriotic about buying tax-exempt bonds to reduce his taxes, and so to make up for the loss in income he went into a lot of speculative building enterprises which ultimately cost him a full quarter of his entire fortune.

The largest and most important investors, of course, are not the rich men at all, but the life-insurance companies. These are what might be called the institutional or professional buyers, and with them are to be classed the savings banks, large and small, the general run of commercial banks and trust companies, the fire-insurance companies, the charitable institutions and the large family trust estates, which are essentially institutional in their methods of investment.

Possibly the smaller country banks are neither very professional nor institutional when it comes to purchasing bonds, and might in many cases be excepted from the foregoing classifications. They often behave more like the general run of individuals.

Now it is not my contention that the professional and institutional investors are always wise or successful in the choices they make. The life-insurance companies have had losses on paper in a single issue of railroad bonds of more than $40,000,000, owing to the fact that bonds bought at par have sold down to 60.

Perhaps, too, the insurance companies have been unduly slow in taking up public-utility bonds, or inducing the legislatures to change the laws to permit them to do so. "The old fossils who run the insurance companies and won't buy utility bonds are worse than the small-fry fool traders who lose their money in Wall Street bucket shops," was the angry and probably inaccurate remark of a banker who admittedly has this type of bond for sale.

But old fossils or not, the professional, institutional investors are incomparably more successful to date in fulfilling their purpose than the average individual investor. Yet, despite this and the further fact that they form in a sense the backbone of the bond business, they fit but slightly into the scheme and purpose of these articles. For one thing, they cannot make unlimited choices as the individual can, and while the business of catering to them is very important, it is restricted within narrow limits.

Professional Buying

Different states have different laws regulating these investments, and they differ not only as between savings banks and insurance companies but as between fire-insurance and life-insurance concerns. On the whole, perhaps, the fire-insurance companies in New York, being permitted to buy stocks, have done better than the life-insurance companies, which can purchase bonds only. Massachusetts permits certain institutions to make call loans on stock-market collateral, which is not allowed in New York, but is probably one of the safest investments in the world.

But we cannot pause here, and must hasten on, calling attention to the very important fact that the professional, institutional investor usually knows as much and very often far more about the bonds which are offered for sale than the issuing houses or salesmen themselves. When the bond houses or the bond salesmen deal with a professional investor they are approaching a very different sort of animal from the ordinary, individual investor, and well aware are they that such is the case.

The underlying principle which governs the professional, institutional investor is oceans removed from what seems to motivate the ordinary individual. The professional and institutional buyer is interested only in security of principal and assurance of interest. The only question which this type of buyer asks—and the same is true of the rich individual who follows the cold, passionless, professional method—is: "What's my average income over a period of years going to be?"

This question assumes, of course, that the principal is safe. Such an investor buys essentially for permanence, and sells only when a particular company or industry threatens to go bad. The supreme, controlling principle with the professional and institutional investor is to play safe, and this is true whether it be the Astor estate or the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Such a form of investing money is as cold, passionless and mechanical as the law of averages.

The professional, institutional investors—which group includes such rich individuals as make a real business of getting out their money—are more like brokers and bankers. Usually they expect concessions if they buy from bond houses or salesmen. Sometimes they are actual syndicate members. Many of them are beyond the reach of the average bond salesman, because they are in the business themselves, for all practical purposes.

There are many rich individual investors who become greatly irritated at having scores of bond salesmen call upon them, frequently with the same offering. Many really cannot give up the time required to see so many callers. But the rich investor would probably be wise to provide facilities in the way of secretaries to see all comers, which method the strictly institutional buyer usually follows as a matter of course.

The hard-boiled estate manager or life-insurance treasurer keeps the bond salesman waiting outside long enough to impress the dignity and importance of the institution upon him, and then listens unemotionally to the salesman's story. If he gets a little fresh gossip or new rumors concerning Wall Street developments, he stores them away in his memory, without wasting much time in thanking the salesman. Having listened to whatever his caller has to offer, either in the way of new securities or gossip, the potentate turns to his desk, and dismisses the salesman as he says in an even tone, "Nothing today."

The Five-Bond Men

If the salesman persists in his calls for four or five years, if he proves to be accurate and reliable in his information, and of agreeable personality, the treasurer may finally give him a little business. On the other hand the salesman doesn't have to waste any time in explaining the elements of his subject to this class of buyers. All the mere trimmings and embellishments of his job are saved to the salesman who tackles a professional buyer.

Investing is a matter of course with such. It is part of the everyday business. Money is coming in and it must be put out. No initial fears and timidity need be overcome as with the ordinary individual. The salesman doesn't have to prepare the ground.

It is not a new sensation to the cold-eyed manager of a $50,000,000 estate to buy bonds. It occasions him no nervousness whatever. He knows more about the bonds than the nice young college salesman who stands before him, a bit awed in such a presence.

It is a question first whether the treasurer happens to want that bond at the present moment, and second, and far more important, whether the price is right. If it is right he buys, and the commission to the salesman is infinitesimal because of the low price. If he does not want the bond or if the price is not right the salesman quickly finds himself in the corridor outside.

So much for the big bear, the professional, institutional investor, of whom, after all, there are very few, although their aggregate purchases are large. Let us leave them along with the negligible small investor, and concentrate our attention hereafter upon those who constitute the great middle group.

These are the individuals proper who invest at a time, anywhere, let us say, from $2000 up to $10,000 or perhaps even more, provided they have not attained the rare, professional attitude and method. These are the investors, designated for purposes of convenience in the business itself as five-bond men.

Once in their very numerous and motley company, our subject matter, as it were, somehow breathes a sigh of relief and, with the lid off, stretches out toward infinity.

We have left the very rich, chafing at the bit because perfectly trained secretaries tell them that only Liberty 3½'s and whole municipal issues of the state of domicile are available for them. We have dropped down out of those high, chilly realms where

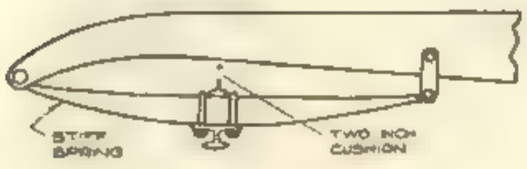
(Continued on Page 134)

Pliant, Deep-Cushion Front Springs

the basis of all motoring comfort

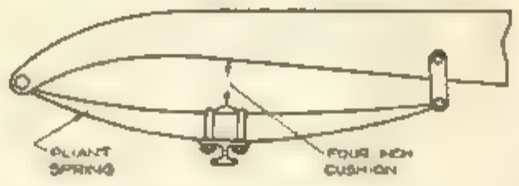
On *one* car two years ago
On *three* cars last year
On *seven* cars today

And before another year on most every car.



Yesterday's Standard
Stiff and Unyielding

How can you pass over a 4" bump without feeling it in the car body if you have between the car body and the bump a cushion of only 2"? And again, if the front springs are permitted to travel only 2" before they strike the car frame they must be made extremely stiff in order to prevent them from striking the car frame continually. Being extremely stiff these springs are totally incapable of yielding to and absorbing small bumps, light impacts,



The Incoming Standard
Pliant and Deep-Cushion

These new-type front springs, known as Pliant and Deep-Cushion, absorb perfectly every bump from the smallest to the largest. They yield readily to the small bumps and light impacts, and they provide an ample cushion for swallowing up the largest bumps. Thus the car mechanism, car body and passengers are cushioned and protected from all road conditions, from the smooth road "jiggle" to the rough road blow.

REAR springs, for a good many years now, have been sufficiently pliant and deep-cushion. But no car can possibly ride as it should until also its *front* springs are made pliant and deep-cushion. That is why car builders are now rushing to this new type. These pliant, deep-cushion springs, however, cannot go unaided. Being relatively "soft", their action is great and their re-action is correspondingly great. And without adequate and accurate control of their greater re-action or rebound tendency, a car cannot be held on the road.

These new springs require a very delicate control when they have been but slightly compressed and their rebound force is mild, and they require a very powerful and instantly-applied control when they have been heavily compressed and their rebound force is violent. And in between these two extremes the rebound force varies according to the distance the spring has been compressed and the control, to be effective, must correspond to each of these variations. Watson Stabilators adequately and accurately control each variation in the rebound force of these springs. Watson Stabilators are the only devices which automatically and unfailingly provide a drag or resistance which is always in proportion to the rebound force.

If you want to know real motoring—velvety smoothness over the smooth roads and perfect control over the rough roads—you should take a ride in any one of the seven famous cars which are coming out this year with pliant, deep-cushion springs, front and rear, especially designed to take full advantage of Stabilator metered control.

Of course, everyone cannot buy one of these advanced Stabilated cars. For one thing, there wouldn't be enough of them to go around. But you can approach these advanced riding results in your present car or in any new car you may purchase by well lubricating the springs (oil is more effective than grease) and then Stabilating all four springs to accurately control their added flexibility. You will find a Stabilator Dealer in your own city, or a letter or wire from your own particular car dealer will bring full information.

$48 for complete set ready to attach—one standard instrument for each spring.

Fords $25 for complete set ready to attach—one standard instrument for each spring.

West of the Rockies
Add One Dollar

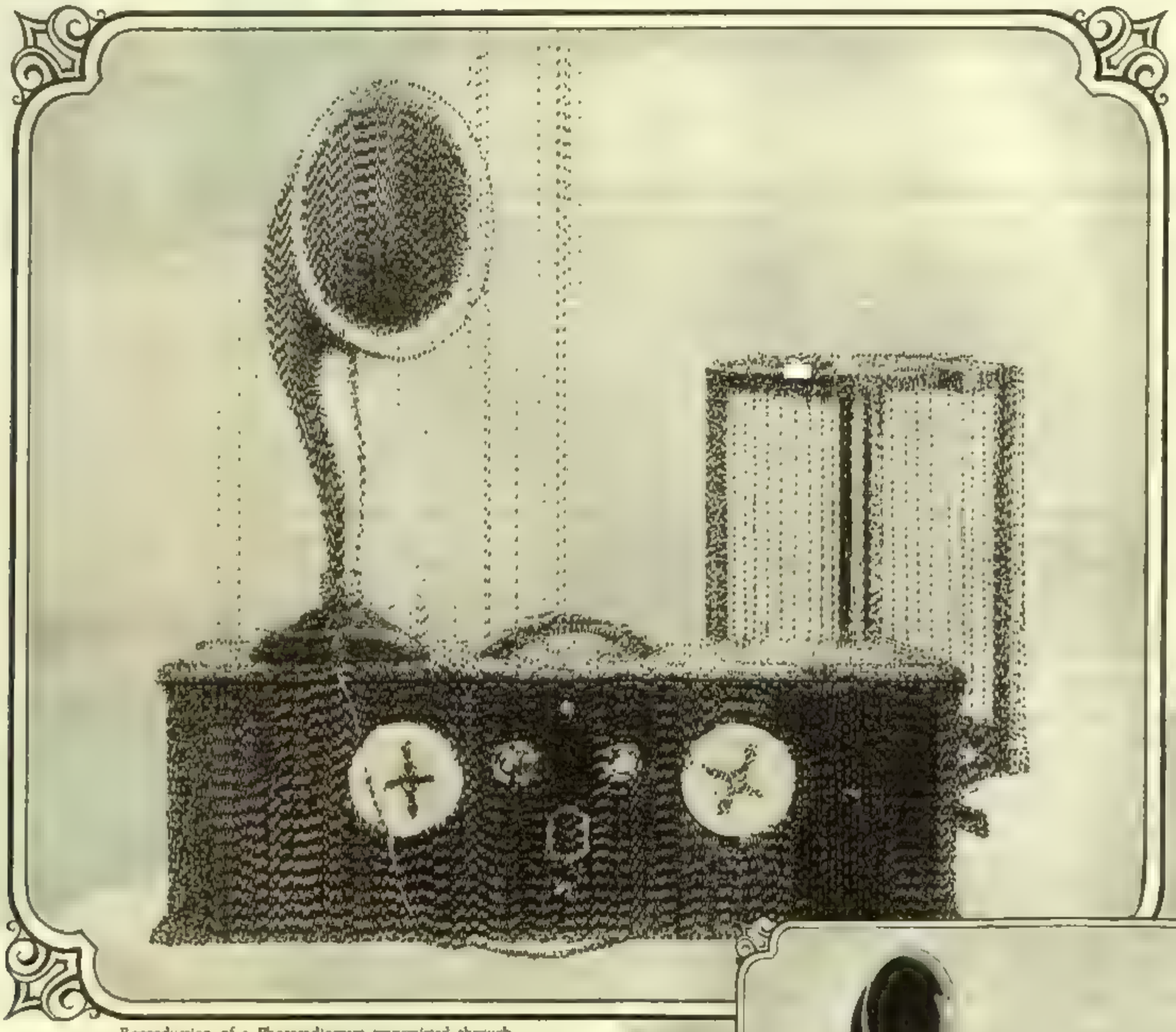
Exhibited at
National Automobile Shows
New York
Chicago
Cleveland
and at your
Local Automobile Show

John Warren Watson Company, 24th and Locust Sts., Philadelphia

WATSON STABILATORS

The Proper Control for Pliant Springs

PACEMAKERS



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Radiola Super-Heterodyne

The Radiola that brings in far stations without ground or antenna—that gets the station you want—gets it always at the same marked spot—gets it simply—clearly! Its tone is as famous as its performance. Complete with six Radiotrons UV-199 and Radiola Loudspeaker . . . . . $269.

RCA

This symbol of quality is your protection

Radiola

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IN RADIO

A PICTURE flashed across the ocean by radio is the *latest* RCA achievement —but not the greatest.

Just as important to the world is the development of Radiolas and Radiotrons. It was the Radiotron that first brought radio with all its new, live interest, into the home. Radiotrons still are the standard of achievement. And Radiolas—improved year by year—have out-leaped imagination in the swiftness of development that has put every home in touch with a world of fine programs—made them close, clear, *real!*

RCA research means as much to you in Radiotrons and Radiolas as to the world in new discoveries of international importance.

"There's a **Radiola** *for every purse"*

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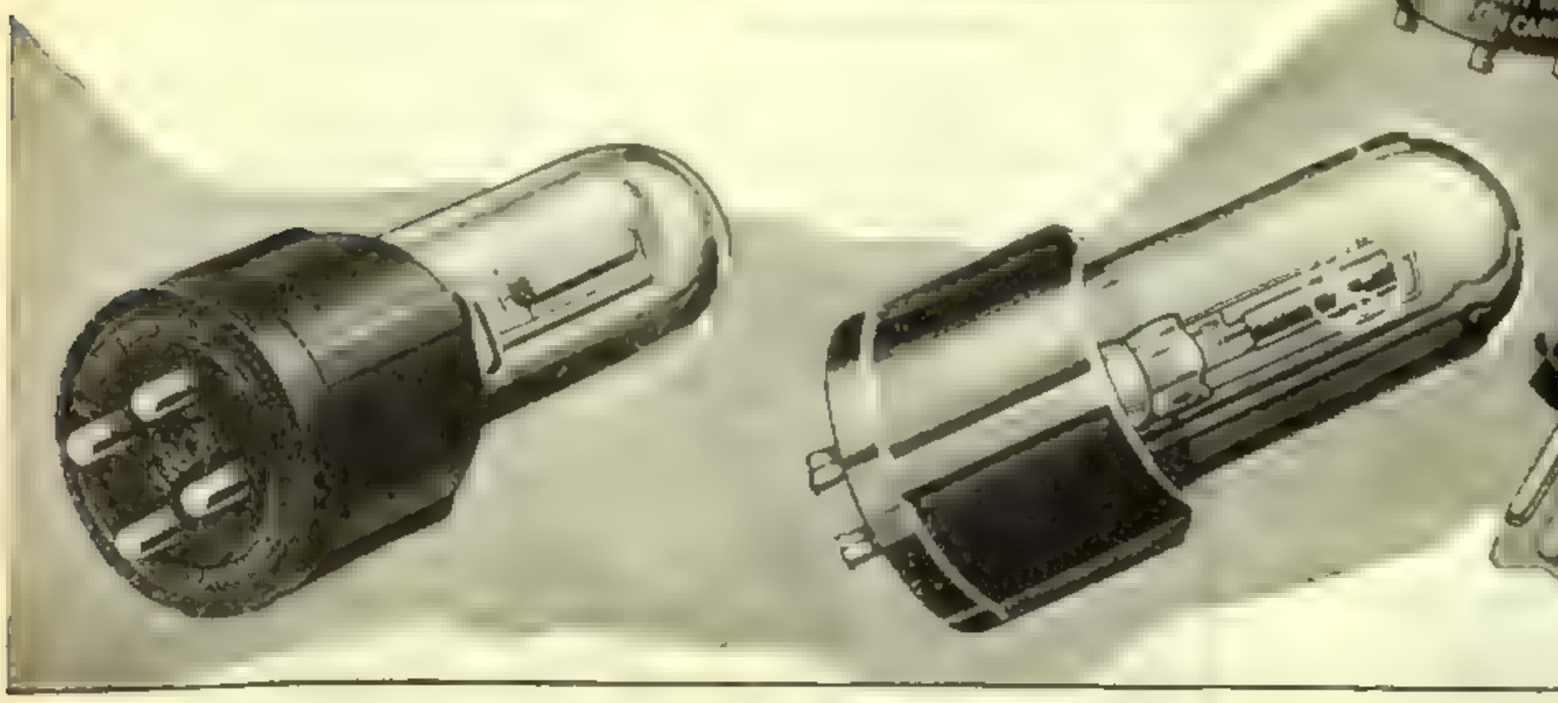

Radiotron

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St. Louis

The City of
OPPORTUNITY

THE American by nature will not stagnate. In pursuit of business success or his family's happiness, he is constantly seeking the gates of fresh endeavor.

Today, it is St. Louis that holds the center of the stage. Commerce finds here the basic means for its economic expansion. Where the business man points on the nation's map is well worth your watching.

Shifting centers of population, rapid changes in the making and sale and transportation of merchandise have given St. Louis its great chance. Quick to realize the new day, St. Louis, through its Chamber of Commerce, through the research organization of its Terminal Railroad Association, and by the courage of its people in approving a bond issue of more than eighty-seven million dollars, is laying the foundation of an unprecedented growth.

It would be interesting and profitable for you to read the whole story of St. Louis of today.

Write for these Free Booklets

"St. Louis as a Manufacturing Center," a book of intense commercial appeal, and "St. Louis — the Home - City," which shows why St. Louis is ***a good city to live in, work in and play in.***

ST. LOUIS CHAMBER of COMMERCE
St. Louis, U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 130)

low-voiced treasurers in inner offices figure on a 5 per cent return for the Billionbucks Estate or the Mammoth Life Insurance Company for the next twenty years.

We have burst the tight jacket that has held us, and are now out where human nature has free play, where are to be found to the full the force and action of diverse personalities upon one another, and the effects of moods, prejudices, fads, hunches, likes, dislikes, shrewdness, cunning, ignorance, cupidity, carelessness, recklessness, fear and timidity; where, in short, variety knows no bounds.

I do not mean for a moment to imply that the great middle class of bond buyers are necessarily and for the most part poor investors. Probably the majority do fairly well. Often indeed the five-bond man is keen and hard-boiled; and every now and then he is successful in combining safety, high yield and marketability. But we have dropped far down out of those regions of unemotional, professional conservatism, into a place where men are nearly always in hot and eager search for high income and profits.

We are now in the class that will buy anything—provided they have a prejudice or hunch in favor of and no prejudice or hunch against. We are dealing with men and women who make possible the vast, confused variety of markets and issues. We are dealing with those who will have nothing but real estate, or nothing but mortgages, or nothing but rails, or nothing but utilities, or nothing but industrials, or nothing but oils, or nothing but steels.

We are dealing with those who never touch bonds, but only stocks, and with those who abhor stocks and buy only second-class debentures, one step ahead of the sheriff.

"Two or three customers come into the office at perhaps the same time," said the manager of a firm of deservedly high standing. "One wants a bond for a particular reason and another doesn't want it for exactly the same reason. One won't have it because the property is too far away, and the other wants it because it isn't near. A salesman may be compelled to give exactly opposite advice to two customers for exactly the same reason."

I asked a salesman who has, as far as I could learn, a typical list of clients, to describe some of them. He is a young man, intelligent, frank and earnest. From the top drawer of his desk he pulled a precious little leather book and, removing the elastic, turned over the pages thoughtfully. He was asked not to discriminate, but I feel sure he omitted the smaller clients as not being worth my consideration. On the other hand he did not appear to have any really professional investors on his list. Most of his clients seemed to have plenty of money but, with one or two exceptions, no particular aptitude for investing.

Assorted Buyers

"Here is a wonderful treasurer of a company, but a boob in his own investments.

"The next made $200,000 in the confectionery business, but you wouldn't think he had five cents to look at him.

"Here is another man, quite rich. He buys both bonds and stocks, but will consider nothing unless it has a chance of appreciation.

"Here is the president of a company who won't buy anything in his own line because of fear of adverse legislation. He is too close to the picture.

"This man is connected with a great corporation, and won't buy anything except in his own industry.

"The next buys municipal bonds, but none in two particular states.

"Here's a chap worth lots of money which he made in the cotton business. He bought 100 shares of what we shall call the Blankville Steel Company, for no other reason except that he happened to have been born in Blankville. He knows absolutely nothing about the company or about the steel business.

"The next man is worth $1,000,000, which he made himself. But he is so ignorant of our business that we could easily take a quarter of his fortune away from him. He buys a class of bonds where a low rate of interest is inevitable. But he is always writing me letters asking if I can't get him an extra 2 per cent. He is a big, good-natured, good-looking chap

"Here is one who doesn't care a rap about the rate of interest provided he always has a good market.

"Here's a woman who wants every bond she buys to go up in price.

"This man made big money in the clothing business. He doesn't buy many bonds from me or anyone else, because he puts most of his money in second mortgages from which he says he averages 20 per cent. He gets this high rate because in addition to the regular interest there is a bonus at the start and a rapid repayal of principal, $500 on a $2000 mortgage every six months, I believe. Thank goodness he's the only one of that kind on my list.

"Here's a woman who inherited $200,000. She speculates all the time and thinks she knows more about Wall Street than the people in it. She loses on the average of $4000 a year.

"One of my most interesting cases is that of an inventor who has made a lot in a company manufacturing his device. He depends entirely on me for his investments, and I take pains to sell him only the best stuff there is. Two years ago I sold him fifteen A. B. & X's. I went to see him a few days ago to tell him about some new developments in that situation. He said he didn't have any of those bonds, had never bought any. I insisted he had. While we were arguing a clerk came in and asked for some blue prints. The inventor pulled them out of his desk drawer, and there lay the bonds, with none of the coupons cut.

Easy Selling

"I was walking along Steenth Avenue one day and noticed that a large number of women were entering and leaving a store which sells an important article of women's wear at a low price, four or five dollars. The thought came to me that a merchant with such a rapid turnover might be making a lot of money. I took pains to return another day, and still a third. Always there appeared to be the same activity. So I went in and asked for the proprietor, who was plainly of foreign birth, and he said he was too busy to talk to me.

"'I've got some Belgian bonds here, 6½'s at 94,' I shot back at him.

"'I'll take five,' he replied, just like that. It was cold-turkey stuff. He's that kind of a buyer, almost everything on the spur of the moment. Later when I became well acquainted with him I saw his list, and learned that he has $400,000 in bonds, mostly good. On many of them he hadn't clipped the coupons, saying that he goes to the bank and clips some when he gets a little tight.

"He says he's going to retire some day. He had never heard of my firm when I went in there the first time, although as you know it's one of the oldest and best-known there is. He explained that he had bought from me merely because I looked honest. You may gather the extent of his educational background when I tell you that he explains his methods of investment by saying that he 'verifies' his bonds, meaning that he diversifies them."

"I take it from what you say," remarked the writer, "that bond buyers do not necessarily constitute the socially élite."

"No," replied the salesman seriously, "they are not necessarily well educated. They are very likely to have made their money in the shoe-string business. The majority of those who buy $5000 of bonds do not look as if they had $5000 to their name."

Another salesman, asked to describe the average investor, waved the inquiry aside with the statement that his clients comprised doctors, lawyers, and men who had made money in the trucking business. A partner in another firm recalled, when the same question was put to him, that a clam digger had once invested $7000 with his house

The sales manager of one of the most conservative houses said: "Of course the great bulk of purchases come from people who are not in any sense Vanderbilts or Astors, from those of the average run of comparatively moderate means. A few big buyers make a spotty business for a house. If we have a great body of those of more moderate means, there is fair regularity to their purchases."

There is much talk about the investments made by bootleggers, but the majority of bond men declare that such reports are exaggerated. Bootleggers, according to those in the investment business, are hard to sell. They are afraid of everybody, rarely retain a permanent residence, and prefer to keep most of their resources

(Continued on Page 137)

Performance

Through the calm, moon-lit silence of the mid-winter night, your Jewett Superspeaker will increase amazingly your ability to reach out and bring in messages you would hear otherwise only through your headset.

But stormy weather is Superspeaker weather too. January blizzards and the hot humidity of July will both find your Superspeaker reproducing faithfully, roundly and without distortion, the sound vibrations brought to it by your Radio Set.

This uniformity of performance is possible because of the Superspeaker's exclusive, patented air-gap adjustment.

With this adjustment you can increase or lessen Superspeaker volume, and can balance accurately the result of any climatic change.

Ensure uniform, year-round Superspeaker performance by the one and only possible method—The Superspeaker itself.

Throat straight as an organ pipe—No crooks or turns to impart bugle effect—Size ample to reproduce band and orchestral music—A big, glossy, substantial, non-vibrating instrument, built complete by musical instrument people who know their business. Sold by leading, established merchants everywhere.

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The

JEWETT RADIO & PHONOGRAPH COMPANY
5684 TWELFTH STREET DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Superspeaker

Trademark Registered

LH

Lockheed Hydraulics Predominate with 32 Adoptions

Only a year ago, the Hydraulic Brake Company presented its equipment to the automotive industry.

A dozen engineering departments had decided upon a dozen different forms of mechanical linkages; but in a single year 32 engineering departments of 32 motor car manufacturers have answered the whole four-wheel brake question with two simple words—Lockheed Hydraulic.

These 32 separate groups of engineers knew the soundness of the hydraulic principle behind Lockheed Four-Wheel Brakes—the old law of Pascal that pressure exerted upon any portion of a fluid enclosed in a vessel is transmitted undiminished equally to all surfaces.

Motordom can now discard the multiplicity of parts required for mechanical hook-ups, in favor of the simplicity of Lockheed—a simplicity that enables an engineer to design a beautifully clean chassis.

All motor car manufacturers may avoid patent controversy by adopting that which has proven itself deserving of a basic patent.

The manufacturer, the engineer, the motor car salesman all appreciate the intrinsic value of Lockheed and the ready acceptance which the public is giving Lockheed.

Only three weeks ago, we suggested that during 1925, 450,000 buyers would choose cars with four-wheel brakes.

Today, by reason of more recent Lockheed adoptions, we can say that 500,000 cars with four-wheel brakes will be sold during 1925.

No one who has driven a car having four-wheel brakes will return to the older idea; *and no man who has driven with Lockheed Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes will thereafter accept anything less.*

For Lockheeds give the maximum of braking efficiency with no demand for lubrication; no adjustment for equalization, which is inherent and permanent by reason of their hydraulic principle.

And Lockheeds—without squeaks, or rattles, or care, or trouble—are designed to outlive the car into which they are built.

Hydraulic Brake Company
Detroit, Michigan

The Answer

LOCKHEED
Four Wheel Brakes
HYDRAULIC

(Continued from Page 134)

in cash. But the fact that several of the salesmen whom I interviewed brought up the subject of bootleggers as bond buyers without my even raising the question shows how eagerly new prospects are being sought, regardless of their standing.

We are nearly all of us governed pretty much by tradition and convention in our thinking. We cannot accustom ourselves to the modern realities of wealth, which are very different from the old, preconceived ideas. There is still a tendency, due to the slowness with which people adjust themselves to new conditions and ideas, to connect the accumulation of money with birth, education and some vague thing known as social position.

The extent to which wealth has become democratized and distributed in this country is so great that most thinking on the subject cannot keep up with the facts. The proletariat, so-called, ride in motor cars, and working girls wear better clothes than the wives of bankers, but our mental processes somehow haven't yet quite grasped these new conditions.

Perhaps at this point a stray radical or two may accuse me of going out of my way to boost the capitalist system. Not at all. I am talking about the bond business, and that alone. To a man who now heads his own firm but has had many years of sales experience, I put the practical question of where bond men get most of their prospects.

"From people you wouldn't think of," he replied. "You might expect undertakers and butchers to be good prospects, and they are. I once obtained twenty new customers in three days, just before a new packing-house note issue was coming out. I wrote a letter to a list of butchers, on plain paper and with only the street address, notifying them that the issue was coming, and briefly referring to the assets and earnings of the company. I ended by saying that if they were interested, to write their name at the bottom of the sheet and return it.

"But you wouldn't think of beauty parlors as bond prospects, yet there are salesmen who do very well in selling to the proprietors of such places. Nothing takes the place of shoe leather. I knew a young fellow who now has a firm of his own, but started as a salesman without any clients. He came from a well-to-do family, and was worth possibly $100,000 in his own right. But all his friends and relatives already had their banking connections, and he couldn't break in anywhere."

A Severe Test of Morale

"He was a persistent cuss, so he started to call at every office in the Woolworth Building. He went to one place three times with no success. The fourth time he called they threatened to have him arrested if he came again, and in spite of his persistence he didn't dare go there after that. But out of the entire building he managed to pick up two or three clients, and that gave him his start.

"Lists of professional men are worked to shreds. I know of one doctor whom eighteen separate salesmen have tried to sell. Yet he is so busy that he hasn't time even to cut coupons on bonds, and therefore never buys anything but stocks.

"I know of one salesman who goes so far as to take down the numbers of all high-priced automobiles that pass a given point, following up the owners from the official records."

One of the most magnificent avenues in New York City was formerly given over exclusively to palatial residences; but the onward sweep of democracy has engulfed all but the very farthest reaches of this boulevard. At noon, workers from the clothing trades swarm upon the broad sidewalks, and five-and-ten-cent stores, soda fountains, confectarias and similar institutions have gained a secure foothold.

At the very point where life and movement reach their crest at one of the choicest corners, rises a great new marble palace, the headquarters of an extraordinarily successful firm that merchandises a popular form of bonds. The main offices are on the second floor, and callers reach them by walking up either one of two grand, sweeping staircases.

One day an elderly, doddering and unkempt man with a long dirty beard and shabby clothes mounted the marble stairs. He was the type that could go unchanged upon the vaudeville stage, the type that comedians love to caricature. He was straight from the Ghetto.

The dignified and impressive floorman watched the bearded old man shamble up the stairs, and noticed also that a package wrapped in a newspaper extended from his rear pantaloons pocket.

Suddenly the package dropped with a thud upon the marble step. The newspaper fell asunder, and upon the wondering sight of scores of salesmen, clerks and stenographers, whose desks fill the main floor, there burst one sandwich and one hard-boiled egg. The sandwich naturally lay where it fell, or dropped a step or two at the most, but the egg described a series of beautiful parabolical movements as it gracefully descended from stair to stair.

Without the faintest glimmering of a smile the impressive functionary, gold braid and all, tore down the steps in pursuit of the egg, which was finally captured. With rapid movements he rescued the remains of the battered sandwich, and with a bow returned the two articles to their rightful owner. The old man thanked him, moved on to a desk where one of the salesmen sat, and promptly purchased $8000 of bonds.

"That was a severe test of the morale of our force," said one of the chief executives in relating the incident. "But I couldn't discover that anyone smiled. As for the floorman himself, we gave him a bonus for his good behavior. We try to make this an agreeable place to do business in, and we seek to overlook no detail. No one who telephones or calls upon even the highest officer is told that he is in conference. Peddlers who come in with lead pencils to sell are referred to the purchasing department."

The Stuff Investors are Made Of

"It is easy for those of us who are connected with a banking house to fall into a patronizing attitude toward borrowers as well as bond buyers. A borrower who wants only $200,000 or $300,000 may seem very small and unimportant to us, and yet very few of us have the assets to borrow that sum. Mighty few bank officers make as much as the small and often shabby-looking merchants and manufacturers who come in to do business with them."

As I sat talking with a member of the sales force of this same firm, I noticed a woman with a young child waiting to see him. A perfectly respectable decent-looking woman in every way, but not one who by the rarest chance would ever be picked out as possessing any mark of distinction. As my eyes wandered in her direction the salesman explained that she was the wife of a man engaged in what many would regard as a humble, almost menial occupation, but that she and her husband had bought $60,000 in bonds from him.

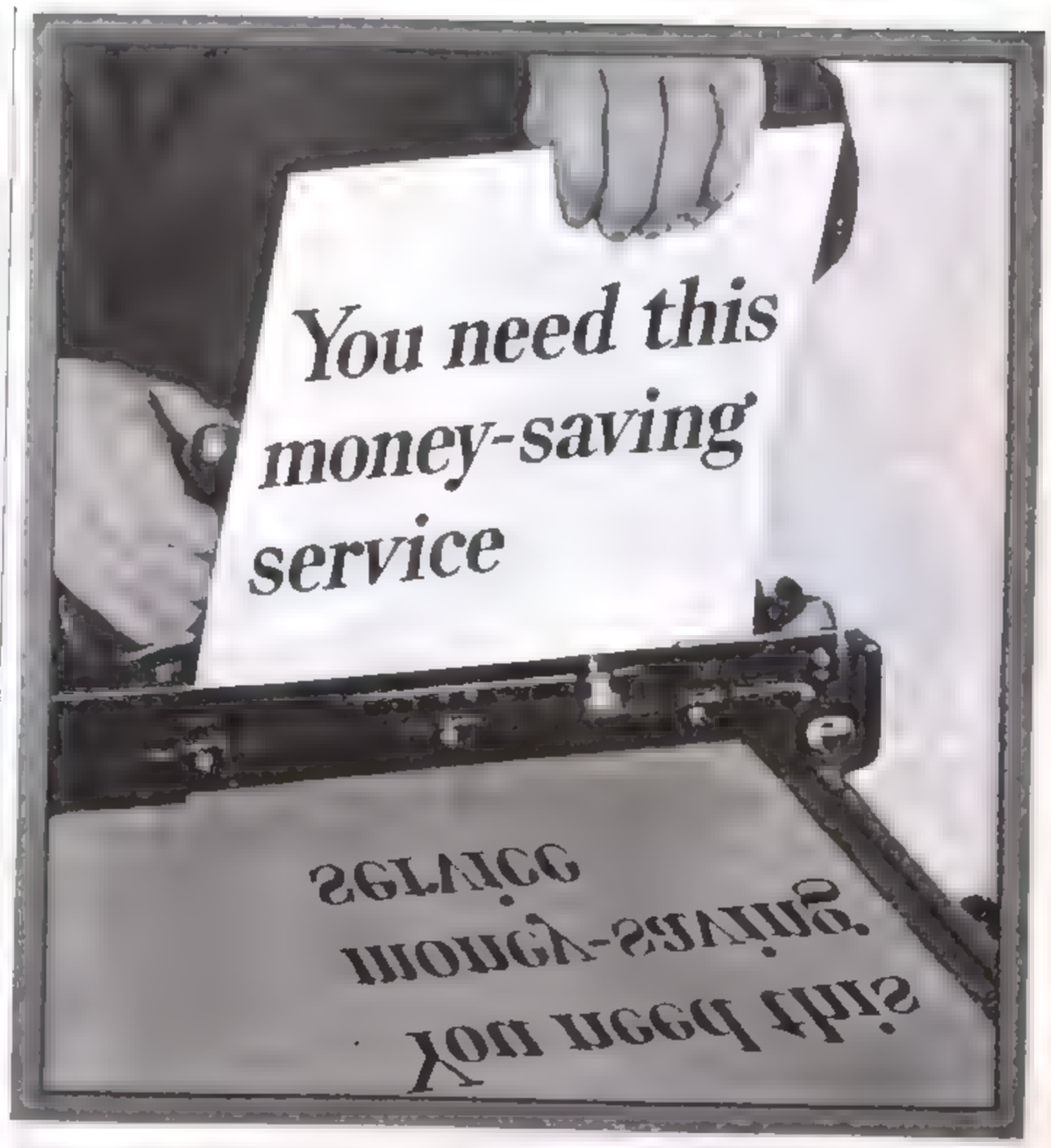
These facts are presented without the least intention of being supercilious. It is indeed fortunate that the doors of opportunity swing open so wide in this country. The chance of acquiring a competence by those who do not always possess the social advantages of an old-fashioned squire of fiction is an integral part of our social and economic system, and a concomitant of American democratic principles.

My point is that those who have written and talked about the investor or bond buyer have conventionalized him too much after the manner of what they think a small or moderate-size capitalist should be. It takes money to buy bonds, and unconsciously the word "money" brings to mind another conception, that of wealth, which in turn almost automatically conjures up ideas of birth and social standing. But the modern bond investor fits into no such formal, regular pattern.

Then, too, the financial writers have concentrated far too much upon finance! They have talked too much about assets and liabilities, mortgages and liens, annual reports and net earnings. They have completely overlooked the very plain everyday human stuff out of which investors are made.

Let us look still more closely at the investor, from the viewpoint of those who sell him his wares. Perhaps it will serve a useful purpose for him to see himself as others see him. What does the successful salesman discover as to how much the investor really knows? Or to get still closer to the core of the subject, what methods does the salesman employ in persuading the investor to buy his offerings?

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Atwood. The second will appear in an early issue.



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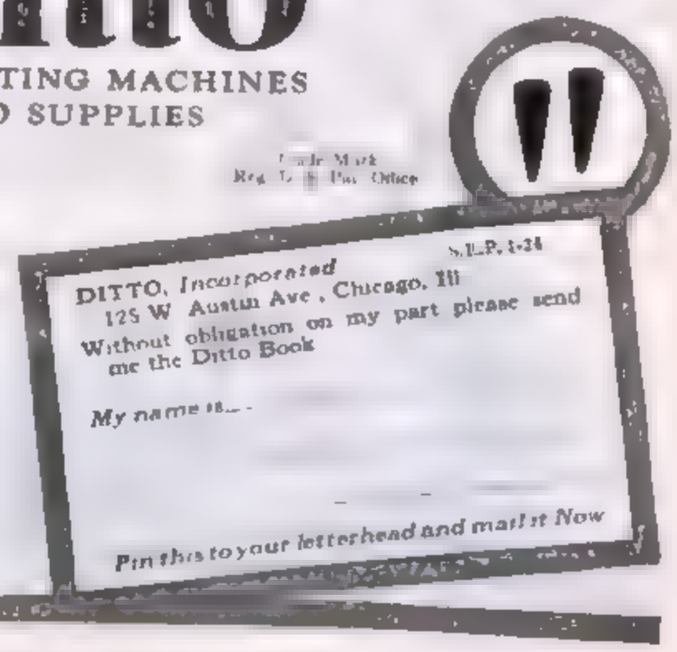
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The Tourist Style S-104

How Leading Car Makers Have Stopped "Gasoline Guessing"

NO longer is it considered safe to put the gasoline gauge on the rear of the tank. "Out of sight, out of mind" is particularly true as regards your gasoline supply. To protect the driver and to stop dangerous "gasoline guessing" an increasing number of leading car manufacturers are now installing the K-S Gasoline Telegage, right on the dash, where the driver can see at a glance just how his gasoline supply stands.

Not until the K-S Telegage was perfected has such an instrument been available. Now, with its scientific accuracy and dependability fully proven, you will see it at the Chicago Automobile Show, as standard equipment on some of America's best-known cars. The drivers of these cars are safe from the danger of "gasoline guessing."

Even if you haven't one of these new cars, you need no longer run this risk. The K-S Gasoline Telegage can be quickly and easily installed on any of the better-known makes of cars by your garage or accessory dealer, price $14.00, or send us name of your car, and we will send you Telegage complete, with directions for installing, on receipt of price. Write for illustrated description and complete information.

KING-SEELEY CORPORATION Ann Arbor, Michigan

Type of instrument used in individual installation.

At the Chicago Auto Show

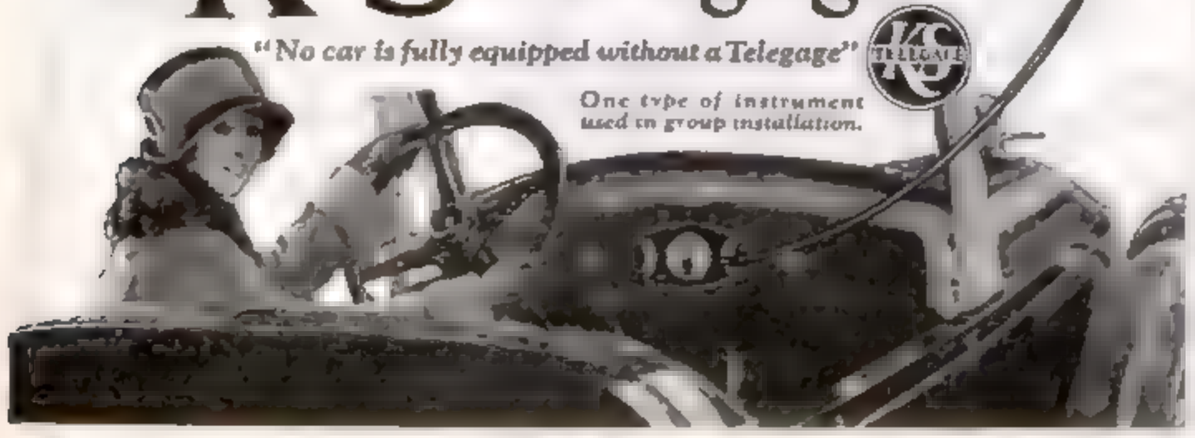
these well-known cars exhibit the K-S Telegage as standard equipment:

FLINT 8
*OAKLAND
*OLDSMOBILE
PAIGE
STUDEBAKER
WILLS STE. CLAIRE EIGHT
*WILLYS KNIGHT

*Standard equipment on de luxe models optional equipment on other models

The K-S GASOLINE Telegage

"No car is fully equipped without a Telegage"



One type of instrument used in group installation.

PILLBECK AND EGGS

(Continued from Page 21)

The road which he followed was a highway as straight as a taut string. On one side it had telephone poles painted at intervals to denote what had once been car stops; on the other it had chicken farms. Here was another phrase of the swan song of variety. In the old days, if a man started a business and his next-door neighbor promptly entered the same line of endeavor, there was generally unpleasantness ending in somebody's funeral. Today, if one man started a chicken farm in a certain district, he wasn't satisfied that his venture was a success until there were other chicken farms crowding him on both sides and as far as the eye could see.

Mr. Loftus sighed at the realization that this new aspect, far from arising through stupidity, was one of the permanent results of educating the farmer in the pursuit of dollars instead of cents. If you grew tomatoes, the thing to do was to get enough neighbors into the same game to fill a car, and then a train, and finally a local cannery. The same thing applied to eggs. Create an egg center. Get the buyers to coming thick and fast, play one against the other, and split the rake-off accruing through shipments in carload lots. At this point Pillbeck stopped short in his tracks. He had seen a vision—a vision of the ultimate city.

What the farmer learns, he always succeeds sooner or later in teaching the town The ultimate city will have its side streets devoted to necessities and its avenues measured off between haberdashery and the arts. There will be consecutive blocks of nothing but shoe shops, or grocery stores, or milliners, or theaters, or butchers, or candy makers. The sunny southeast corners, formerly preëmpted by the malodorous saloon, will all be devoted to drugs, ice-cream sodas and stationery. When you want something, you will know exactly where to go for it, and you will find all others who require the same article headed the same way. In that day, merchandising will come into its own.

Mr. Loftus could not doubt the sureness of his foresight; too often had he had the proof of its uncanny accuracy. He was horrified to think in what cut-and-dried surroundings future generations would be forced to live; at the same time he was conscious of a cheerful gleam of light. He was not a future generation. The city he was now approaching would not yet be very different from the city he had left six months ago. He started on in a more cheerful mood and even stopped from time to time to chat pleasantly with a chicken farmer, to inquire how his hens were laying, and incidentally glean every item of information which might enable him to rival Columbus in the adaptation of the egg to his individual ends.

Upon crossing the ferry early the next morning he did not, however, at once start out in search of the lair of the egg in bulk; instead, he went to the musty room which he hired by the year; shaved, bathed and donned fresh clothes. Out of his discarded frayed trousers he took a wad of bills which had hardened almost to petrification, peeled them apart and counted them.

He found his exchequer in a shamefully plethoric condition. The original two thousand accruing from a deal in Boaconda copper still remained—the very same bank notes. To that roll he had added his wages of two hundred and fifty a month as cemetery superintendent for an even year, during which his living expenses had amounted to five hundred and seventy-six dollars. Then there was his patrimony—that fateful hundred a month from his Grandmother Pillbeck. His winter in the South had cost him ninety-seven dollars and fifty cents. Consequently he now found himself in possession of five thousand five hundred and twenty-six dollars and fifty cents.

He left his room, bought five dollars' worth of flowers and candy, and presented himself at his cousin's house. A strange maid informed him that Mr. Buck had just left for his office and that Mrs. Buck had not returned from taking the children to kindergarten. He was greatly disappointed.

"Will you please put the flowers in water, Tillie, and give the candy to the children when their parents are not around?"

"My name is not Tillie," said the maid severely.

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Loftus, unabashed, "because there's nothing else I'd rather call you in the morning. Tillie has such a cheerful sound and it goes with curly hair."

There is no telling what she would have replied to that, for a fresh voice rang out over her shoulder, "Why, Pillbeck Loftus! Where have you been?"

Mr. Loftus transferred his attention from the maid's trim person to that of Miss Kate Mason. Miss Mason also had curly hair, but hers was real. She had on a smart little hat and was dressed in a tailor-made suit of dark blue piped with black braid. The jacket fitted her shoulders so smoothly that they became a piquant temptation to the arm of man, save that they were guarded by a pair of the steadiest eyes that ever shot a level gaze. The maid fled with her dignity intact, and the parcels.

"Hello, Kate."

"Come in, Pillbeck. You must give an account of yourself."

"I can't. I've got something to do."

"Pill, do you think it's fair for you to clear out for six months at a time and never send a word as to what you are doing, or where, or how you are?"

"Oh, I was all right. Lovely weather. Lots of sun. That sort of thing."

He crept backward, down one step of the stoop. Kate followed him.

"How like a man! It never occurs to you that we have been in the world, too, and that Mr. Buck sprained his ankle the first time he stepped out of the new car, that Margaret almost died of the flu, and that both of the children had to go to the hospital to have their tonsils out."

"Thank heaven I didn't know anything about it," said Mr. Loftus with a troubled frown as he receded one more step.

"Pillbeck, sometimes, for all your gentle ways, I think you haven't any more feeling than a snake. The only thing that brings you to life is wriggling in the grass with the sun on your back."

"Snakes suck eggs," said Mr. Loftus with a far-away look in his eyes. He turned, murmured "So long, Kate," hurriedly descended the remaining steps and walked briskly down the street.

Kate bit her underlip and followed him. She wondered if she had hurt his feelings, but knew she could not find out as long as that absent-minded air possessed him. When he boarded a trolley car she entered and sat down several seats behind him. When he alighted after half an hour, at a corner nearer the water front than she had ever been except to take a ferry, she did likewise. He turned north; she followed. Up to that point she had given no thought as to where he might be going, but her surroundings now gave her pause.

Never had she been in such a street within the confines of her native land. Her nose told her she was abroad, in the thoroughfares of Naples, or the Ghetto of Prague, or the market place of Dakar; her eyes said the same thing. There were imported smells of every variety, arrived with the cargoes of freighters. There were trucks, motors, push wagons, prehistoric buggies, huge drays drawn by live horses, and a lost trolley car, anchored to its tracks, its motorman and conductor napping while they waited for the traffic jam to clear.

There were bareheaded women with shawls and down-pointing Neapolitan noses. There were clots of darkies and swarms of Hebrews. There were stalls running half across the sidewalk, some of them covered with ramshackle awnings, and laden with footwear, notions, vegetables, produce and crockery. There were men of every color under the sun and mothers waddling along with progeny peeping from their skirts like the pouched young of the kangaroo. There were guttural utterances and good-natured oaths.

Kate was a bit dazed; if she had been of any other metal she would have been frightened. Where on earth was Pillbeck headed? What could he be seeking in this outlandish Bedlam? Was it possible that his periods of abstraction were due to addiction to drugs and that he was on his way to renew his supply? Gradually she closed up the gap between them; he turned abruptly.

"Go back," he ordered.

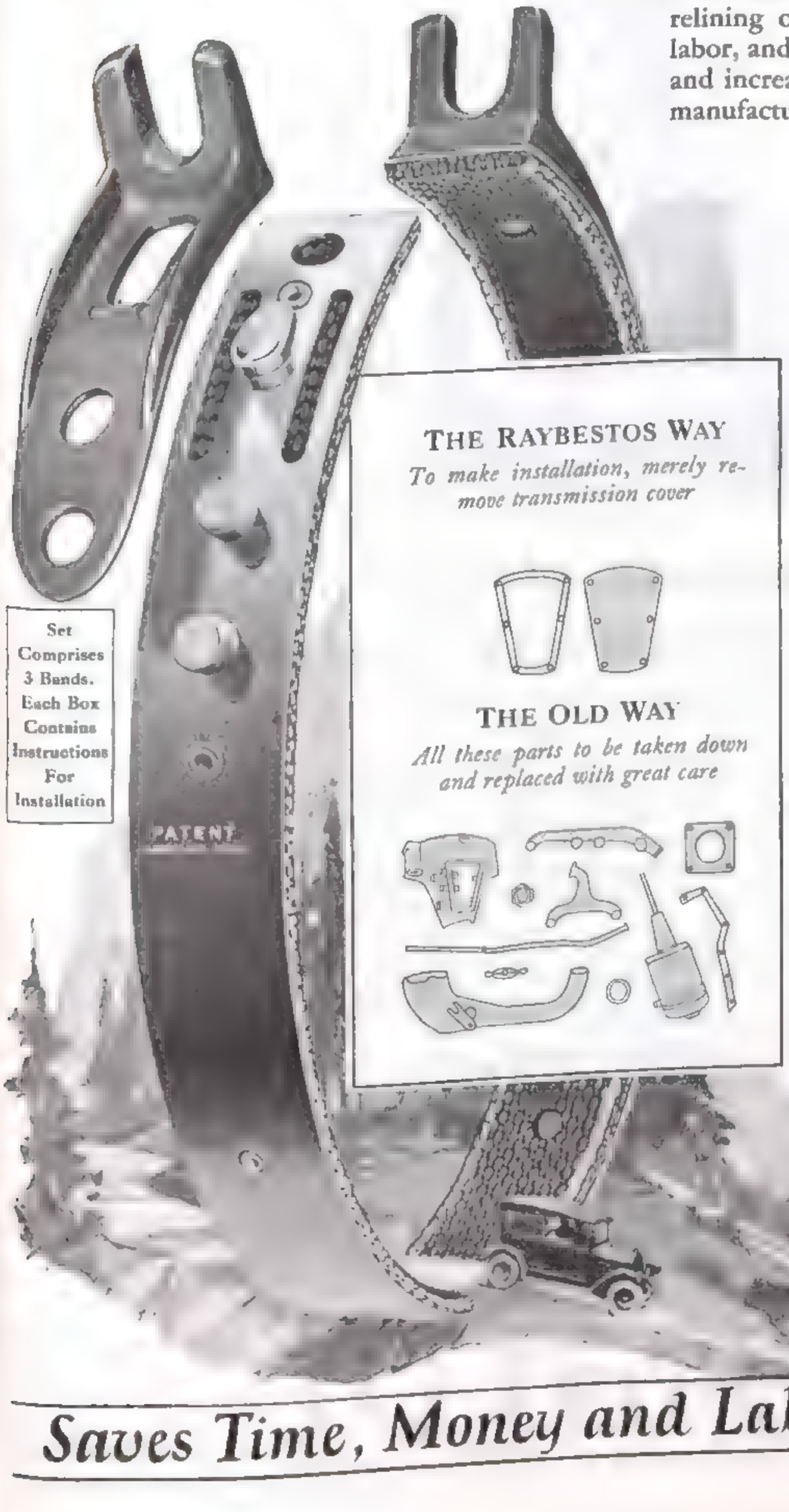
There were times when he was very much awake, and this was one of them. In such rare moments, only the foolhardy would attempt to cross Mr. Loftus. Kate flushed, pleaded with her eyes, opened her lips, but closed them. Pillbeck had gone on. She stood and watched his wavy bare head until

(Continued on Page 141)

FORD OWNERS
-DEALERS~REPAIRMEN

Raybestos Rapid Change Transmission Bands are here!

Patent Applied For



THE RAYBESTOS WAY

To make installation, merely remove transmission cover

THE OLD WAY

All these parts to be taken down and replaced with great care

They bring to the Ford owner real economies which substantially lower cost for upkeep and reduce by hours the installation and relining of transmission bands for Fords. They cut the time, labor, and expense in half. Every Ford owner can save money and increase efficiency by installing these bands—developed and manufactured by The Raybestos Company.

Installed in Half an Hour

These bands are installed and ready for service in half an hour. Think what this means! Later on, when bands need relining, they can be changed in *20 minutes*—a still greater saving. It is necessary to remove only the inspection plate from the transmission cover. Installation is made from inside the car.

Saving Time, Money, Labor

With present bands, 2 to 3 hours are required. You have to get out and get under. Many parts must be taken down and replaced. Often it is a laborious task, disagreeable because of dirt, grease, and dripping oil. Unless great care is observed in removing and replacing transmission cover, bolts, etc., and fitting gaskets, wasteful oil leaks result. These difficulties are now happily eliminated. Installation may be made with an ordinary set of tools.

Raybestos RAPID CHANGE Transmission Bands are made of tempered rolled steel with drop forged "ears." One "ear" is detached so that band may be readily placed around drum. Detached "ear" is then quickly locked to band.

Lined with Raybestos or Chatterless

Raybestos RAPID CHANGE Transmission Bands, lined with either Silver Edge Raybestos (without wire) or "Chatterless" transmission lining, as desired, add much to safety and wear. Initial cost of the 3 bands, installed, lined with Raybestos, $9.00, lined with "Chatterless", $8.50. On re-installation jobs, same bands are used and relined at less than half the original installation cost.

Get These Bands for Your Ford

Every Ford owner will want these new bands. Ask your dealer or repairman to install Raybestos RAPID CHANGE Bands on your car. If he cannot supply you, send the coupon and we will see that you are supplied.

Dealers—Repairmen

These bands are one of the fastest-selling specialties for Fords on the market. Write for prices and complete particulars.

A Silver Edge Raybestos Product

THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY

Factories:

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Stratford, Conn. London, England Peterborough, Ont.

THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Gentlemen: Please send me complete information. Check whether owner or dealer.

☐ Owner ☐ Dealer

My Name_____

Address_____

Saves Time, Money and Labor

Now...the Kelvin-et!

$250

plus transportation from Detroit—installed in your home

Kelvinator and Refrigerator complete

This model for small homes and apartments. Also for larger houses. Kelvinated ice cream cabinets for druggists and confectioners.

A refrigerator with Kelvinator already installed—connect it to an electric socket and it's ready for use

Here, at last, is a Kelvinator at a popular price for the small home or the rented house or apartment. It is made in one unit, every part being enclosed in the refrigerator itself. When it is delivered we simply set it in place and "plug in" the electric connection as you would an electric washer or sewing machine. It is then ready to receive your foods.

If you move, it can be taken with you as readily as a piece of furniture. You can set it wherever you would set any refrigerator, for it requires no more space.

Although low in price—$250—it gives every advantage of the larger Kelvinators. It requires no ice, and so relieves you of the annoyance of ice delivery. It maintains a temperature much colder than that of the ordinary ice box. The cold it maintains is dry cold, crisp and frosty, and the refrigerator stays free from moisture. It freezes cubes of ice for table use just like the bigger Kelvinators.

This new model makes it possible for *every* home to enjoy the advantages of the Zone of Kelvination in which foods keep fresh for many days. It will enable you to "crisp up" your green vegetables in the frosty atmosphere, to mellow your meats and to prepare scores of new and novel delicacies unknown to users of ice.

Its low price includes both the refrigerator and the Kelvinator for chilling it. It costs less to operate than you pay for ice. The food it saves will more than pay its initial cost.

Write us for the name of the Kelvinator dealer nearest you. He will gladly show you the new Kelvin-et and explain in detail its operation. "Kelvinator and Kelvinated Foods"—an illustrated descriptive booklet, will be mailed gladly on request. ©K. C. 1924

KELVINATOR CORPORATION, 2049 WEST FORT STREET, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Kelvinator of Canada, Ltd., 13 Temperance Street, Toronto (108)

Kelvinator

The Oldest Domestic Electric Refrigeration

(Continued from Page 138)

it stopped before a two-storied corner building with grimy windows and a large brass plate on which was engrossed in black letters the legend A. B. Hunnock & Co. He entered.

She hesitated for some time, hoping to see him come out again, but finally she turned back as he had commanded her to do. When she came to the becalmed trolley car she crept into it. In the course of an hour or two it debouched on a respectable and familiar street. She alighted, hurried to a telephone booth, picked up the directory, and turned anxiously to Hunnock. There it was: "A. B. Hunnock & Co., butter and egg mchts."

In the meantime Mr. Loftus was making himself at home in a congenial interior. There were no butter and eggs in sight, but there were several comfortable chairs, all occupied, a couple of unused desks, an array of bell-mouthed spittoons, a manly litter of slips of paper, and a blackboard on the wall lined in squares on some of which were chalked cabalistic figures. The office force was divided into two groups—those who chewed unlighted cigars, and those who worked. Behind the cigars were the brains of the establishment; behind the tense masks of the workers was the snappy machine that never made an error.

The presiding genius was a huge man with a derby hat pushed well back on his snow-white locks. He had a jovial face and a twinkling eye. He was A. B. Hunnock himself, known to all and sundry in the office as the Old Man, and to all others as A. B. He looked at Pillbeck with a mildly surprised and puzzled air, as if Mr. Loftus was the first thing he had seen in a long while which he could not size up at a glance. It was evident that he had no immediate use for Pillbeck, but that he was too kindly to ask him to state his business or get out.

"Do you mind if I sit around awhile?" asked Pill, bringing his most ingratiating smile into play.

"Not a bit," replied A. B. untruthfully. "You can sit on anything until somebody needs it for something else."

Mr. Loftus perched himself on the corner of a desk and listened and watched for a long time. Every half hour or so he got an answer to one of half a dozen questions he might have asked in a string at the outset, and had his curiosity promptly satisfied. But he preferred his own method, because the things you are told are as the grass that is cut, while what you nose out for yourself stays with you until long after the cows come home. Consequently his next remark caused somewhat of a sensation.

"Buy two cars December refrigerators at the market," he murmured, thrusting a hand into his trousers pocket.

"Look here, young fellow," said A. B. as the clerk on the long-distance wire jotted down the order, "far be it from me to stave off any man from following his own hunch, but I'm old enough to have sucked eggs with your grandmother ——"

"Pillbeck," interrupted Mr. Loftus.

"Ann Mary Pillbeck?" asked A. B., astonished.

"That was her whole name," confirmed Mr. Loftus.

"Well, boys," said A. B., glancing around the room, "what do you know about that? I used to sit behind her in old Number 15, and many's the time I pulled her pigtails and wished I hadn't. Girls didn't bob their hair in those days." He turned to Pillbeck. "Having gone to school with your grandmother just puts a kick into what I was going to say to you. Man for man, and all things in proportion, more suckers have gone broke fooling around eggs than ever bleated in Wall Street over their lost wool."

"Don't worry," said Pillbeck. "I won't bleat."

"Worry?" exclaimed A. B., pushing his hat back still farther so that he could scratch more of his head. "Of course I'll worry! I'll worry, whatever happens. I worry when I'm awake, and I worry in my sleep. That's my business. But I'm not crazy to add the load of having Ann Mary crawl out of her grave to accuse me of taking sixty dollars of your money while you were being smothered to death under two carloads of rotten eggs."

"Two long at 23½," reported the clerk at the telephone. "Eight hundred and forty dollars, please."

Pillbeck drew his roll, counted off the sum, and handed it over; then his eyes returned to a slip of paper which he had been studying while A. B. talked. "Oct ref stds 22," he read. "Nov ref stds 22½; Dec ref stds 23."

"Were you listening to what I was saying?" asked A. B.

"No," said Pill, looking up to smile, "but I heard you."

"Son, you're monkeying with a buzz saw. Last spring all the dope pointed to a sure killing on eggs. I figured it out on the basis of statistics and thirty-eight years of experience. It was so good I had to let in a few friends on what and why I thought. Do you want to know what happened?"

"Tell me," said Pillbeck politely.

"I lost nine friends and a hundred thousand dollars while the hands on the clock were going around twice."

"That's what brought me here," said Mr. Loftus with a puzzled frown, waving his hand at the blackboard. "This seems to be a man's size game, and yet I never heard of it before. What happens? Do a million hens dump eggs on a Monday morning and then quit for a week? What makes the saw buzz so?"

"I thought you were green when you came in," retorted A. B., "but I didn't think you were all sap. Hens have nothing whatever to do with the egg market. Why, the last time I went broke I had enough actual eggs in storage to pay my engagements three times over; but I went broke just the same."

"What?" said Pillbeck, rising to his feet.

"I thought that would warm your brain pan. When you toy with futures in eggs, son, you are not dealing with the wonderful laying power of the Leghorns of the land, but with the Chicago Merchanting Board, and that tight little association rules that if eggs haven't been deposited in its warehouses during the months of March, April and May, to all intents and purposes they haven't been laid."

"I never heard of the Chicago Merchanting Board," declared Pillbeck, and at the statement every occupant of the room turned to stare at him.

"Say," said A. B. to one of the clerks, "got a wire to Chicago open?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just ask them what the board's turnover was last year." He faced Pillbeck. "Tell you what I'll do. I'll take over your two carloads without holding out your commission if you'll only take back your money and go play in some other yard."

"No," said Pillbeck. "I like it here."

There was a moment of silence, then the clerk at the wire looked up. "The volume of business last year on future call for butter and eggs was over two hundred million dollars." He paused, and announced laconically, "December refrigerator standards down one point. Now 22½."

"There you are!" grunted A. B. to Pillbeck. "You're out two hundred and forty dollars."

Mr. Loftus peeled more money from his roll and leaned toward the clerk. "Put in my order for another brace of cars at 22."

The clerk looked at A. B. inquiringly. "Sure," growled the old man, "take his margin and make him cover at the tap of the ticker. Take all his cash, and when he's through perhaps he'll have gathered enough sense to start him on the road to an honest job."

Pillbeck smiled. "You're not in the business for fun yourself, are you?"

A. B. eyed him solemnly. "Yes, sir," he said, "I am. It's the only fun I know anything about. I can't get a kick out of golf, or mah jongg, or any other violent form of exercise. All I want in life is a snug place in the country in my wife's name and a car to fetch me here in the morning and take what's left of me back at night. There's just one thing in the world makes my stomach quiver, and you've named it. It's to shoot the chutes—ride up and down on the scenic railway of the price of butter and eggs."

"I like you," said Pillbeck, turning toward the door. "I'll be back after lunch."

He returned not only on that afternoon but on every business day thereafter. Within a month everybody in Hunnock's, from the janitor to the Old Man among the employes, and from the lowest piker to the deepest plunger among the customers, was calling him Pill. However, they gave the humble syllable intonations of affection or respect, never pronouncing it in the halting manner of Mr. Pillbeck Buck, who, by injecting a slight pause before the nickname, made it always sound deprecatory and sometimes opprobrious.

On a morning late in May, Mr. Loftus was riding a high wave. Eggs had been

Patented May 15, 1923

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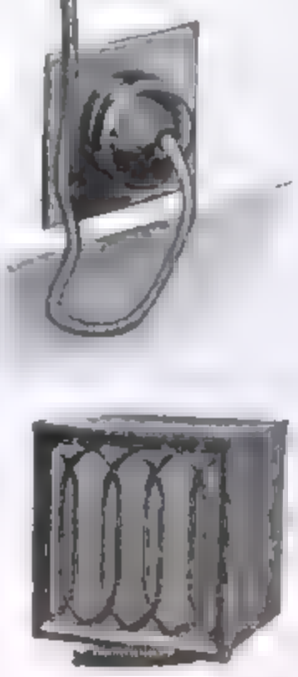

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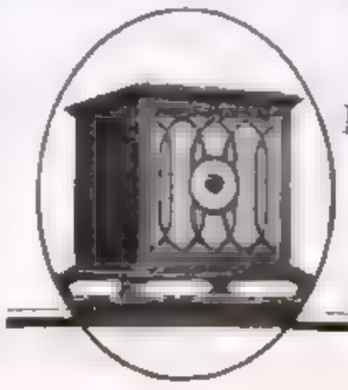

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having their ups and downs in movements which made everyone in the shop feel as if he had been riding a camel through a hurricane, yet none had suffered more jaw-breaking jolts than Pill. By the time the product of the hen had touched low, he had a call on sixteen carloads at a price which averaged twenty-two and a half cents the dozen. If eggs had opened half a point lower the following morning he would have had to borrow a nickel to buy himself a cup of coffee.

But they hadn't; they opened at 23 and rose almost immediately to 23½. As a direct consequence, at ten minutes to eleven, Messrs. A. B. Hunnock & Co. had tendered Mr. Loftus a check for fourteen hundred and forty dollars after a deduction of four hundred and eighty in commissions. This sum he had promptly divided as follows: twelve hundred and sixty dollars went as margin on three more carloads; one hundred and eighty dollars into his pocket. During the next two weeks the price ran up seven points amid great excitement, and by continuing the intricate operation of pyramiding, Pillbeck had succeeded in securing a lien on eighty-four carloads in addition to the possession of sixteen hundred and eighty dollars in cash. In simpler words, he had a right to demand delivery in December of twelve million ninety-six thousand eggs. No wonder he was feeling his oats.

"Pill," said A. B., looking up from a scratch pad and speaking hopelessly from the start, "I don't know how much of a shoestring you began this run on, and I don't want you should tell me. All I got to say is this: You can clean up this minute for sixty-eight thousand and forty dollars, and if you'll do it I'll chuck in the extra nine hundred and sixty out of what I've made on your trades so you can brag you bucked the egg market for a flat sixty-nine thousand, and got away with it. What do you say?"

Mr. Loftus looked genuinely surprised as he studied A. B.'s face as if to determine if if he were speaking seriously. "Why, A. B.," he said, "I thought you understood. I'm out for a fortune."

"Well," demanded A. B., "what do you call a fortune?"

"I guess I don't differ much from other folks on that point," said Pillbeck, deliberately plagiarizing for the first time in his life. "In this country a million dollars is commonly accepted as a fortune."

"A million!" gasped A. B. He turned in dismay to find all eyes directed admiringly at Pillbeck. "Boys, you act as if you didn't hear right. A million, and you look at him as if you thought he was a wonder instead of a wormy nut!"

He faced Pillbeck again and continued violently, "Why, you sparrow hawk, what kind of a chance do you think you have to make a million? Eighty-four cars isn't even a start! How do you get that way? What do you think you are—the long lost son of the Napoleon of finance?"

"You don't understand, A. B.," said Pillbeck soothingly. "I haven't any use for sixty-nine thousand dollars. I'm only interested in a million, or, at least, something that begins to look like a million."

"I give it up," groaned A. B., throwing up his hands. "One of the saddest things in this game is seeing your best friends go crazy one after another instead of marrying and settling down when bull luck hands them the chance."

"It isn't bull luck," protested Pillbeck. "Inside of five days, to all intents and purposes, the hens of this country will have laid off laying eggs until next March. The Chicago Merchanting Board will close the doors of its warehouses on something under two million cases, not taking into account unreported withdrawals. If you studied arithmetic with my Grandmother Pillbeck you ought to be able to figure that inside a week what has happened will have happened, and that if I'm right, I'm right; and if I'm wrong, I'm wrong. My hunch is that somebody's going to have a lot of trouble in handing me over thirty-three thousand six hundred cases of December refrigerators."

"You poor gap!" said A. B. "Do you really think it's as easy as that? Just let me tell you a few things for the sake of hearing myself talk. Nobody ever knows what there is in an egg before it's held up to the light and graded. Sometimes eggs grade heavy into one class and light into another, and you never can tell which horse you're riding till somebody hands you a slip of paper showing you how many thousands you owe. Eggs shrink; did you know that? No; you didn't. They can shrink inside their fool shells like a new pair of flannel pants caught in a freshet."

"Let them shrink," murmured Pillbeck. "That suits me."

"Sure; and because it suits you they probably won't shrink. Besides, five days is a long time in this business and there's plenty of railroads running into Chicago. Did I say five days was a long time? I meant five minutes. Want to hear a story?"

Each man within earshot hitched his chair around; Pillbeck nodded, his eye brightening from everyday affection to lively interest. A. B. slanted his dead cigar to the ceiling and his gaze to the floor.

"It was five years ago," he began. "The doctor told me I had to have a vacation and my wife heard him, so there was nothing to it but go. We got all packed up and I came down here to take one farewell look. It seemed terrible to me to be going out of the game for two whole weeks after thirty-three years. I just couldn't stand it. I felt I had to have a bet to think about and chew on while I was away, even if it was a silly one. So I said to Bill, 'Buy and sell forty cars at the market.'

"He looked up, all fish-eyed. 'Did you say buy and sell?'

"'Yes,' I says, 'that's just what I said, only don't close either one; I'll ride 'em both.' So he bought and sold, like I told him. I fooled around for the best part of an hour and then, just as I was going out of the door for keeps, he shouts, 'A. B., wait a minute! There must of been a stick of dynamite under the market. Eggs are up two points.'

"You can figure it out yourselves, boys. I was in eighty-four hundred dollars net, but still short forty cars. You think, of course, I took the profit to pay for my holiday; but I didn't. I phoned the old lady the bulls were loose and she'd better unpack. In the end I lost my vacation, my wife's respect, and a hundred and twelve thousand dollars."

"Great stuff," murmured Pillbeck appreciatively. "Where you went wrong, A. B., was in having so much to lose. The way to play this game is to begin on next to nothing and ride the tiger over all the jumps. Then if you come back to where you started from, that's where you were anyway, isn't it? All that's happened is that you've had one peach of a dream. You're one fast merry-go-round ride to the good, aren't you? Great stuff."

"Yes; start on nothing, and fall so hard you break all your bones. Put a man on velvet to hear him talk wild. I'll bet if eggs had dropped a measly half point more three weeks ago, you'd of been wiped as clean as a licked platter."

"Just about," admitted Pillbeck cheerfully. "But they didn't, and they won't. They're going to go up. They have to. People are going to eat eggs next winter, just like they did last."

"Can't you get it into your mind that what the hens and the people do is a matter between themselves and has nothing to do with us? When I think a man can own ten carloads of fresh eggs while he owes only five of storage unattractives, and still have to come through with cash or hang, I begin to notice a rotten smell. It isn't right. In the old days a butter-and-egg merchant used to supply produce to hungry people; now he has to crop his eyelids and grow his nails to defend his skin along walks of life that would make a hijacker think twice before he stepped. No, sir. It isn't like it used to be before that Chicago bunch closed the circuit."

"Well, A. B.," commented Pillbeck absently, "I don't know what we can do about it except trim and be trimmed just as long as folks hanker to deal in futures. Of course there's no closed season on wheat or cotton, like there is on eggs, but all the difference it makes is that settlements come in your business, quick, often and snappy. You know exactly when you're going to die, if you do die. There's comfort in that, now, isn't there?"

"Yes," growled A. B. "Just about as much comfort as there is in an old-fashioned razor whirling around on the end of a length of limber picture wire. I don't enjoy dying, no matter what time it is, and what's more I don't enjoy seeing my friends die."

"I wonder if there ever was a poker game where somebody didn't say that from behind a high stack of chips," continued Pillbeck, still abstractedly. "I think you're wrong, A. B.—I mean about how you feel when the other fellow goes under. We tell

(Continued on Page 145)

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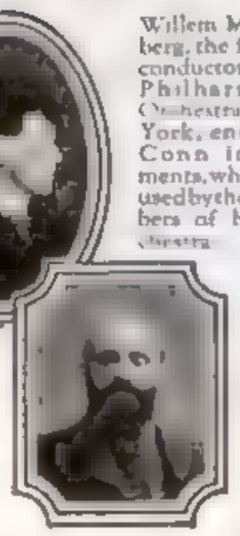

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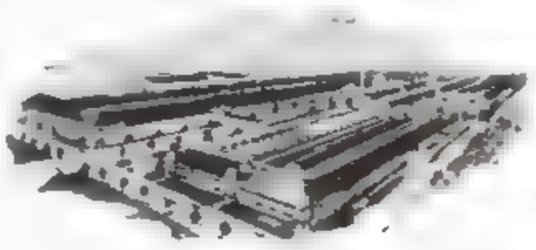

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This illustration reveals the importance of the famous hydraulic expansion process, originated, developed and patented by Conn. The section of tubing at the left in the picture is ready to undergo the process. At the right is the same tubing after being locked in a perfect steel die, and filled with water under tons of pressure. This process expands the tubing to perfect proportions and gives a smooth-as-glass interior, a perfect carriage for sound waves which assures accurate intonation, easy blowing, and pure, beautiful tone.

CULTIVATE YOUR MUSICAL BUMP

(Continued from Page 142)

ourselves not to laugh when our best friend slips on a banana peel, but if there's anything funnier I'd like to know about it."

"Closing prices," announced a clerk, and everybody listened with both ears. "October refrigerator standards at 25½; November dittos, 26; December refrigerator standards off two points to 26½, owing to unprecedented late arrivals."

Everyone looked curiously at Pillbeck. Except that he smiled faintly he appeared to notice neither the attention he was attracting nor the seriousness of the news in regard to eggs.

"There you are, son," said A. B. with genuine concern. "While we were gabbing here about you wanting to make a million, you dropped a paper profit of more than twenty thousand dollars. There's no telling where eggs are going to open in the morning, but I want you should give me an order to sell you out at the market."

Several other voices chimed in. It appeared that nobody present wished to see Pill slip and fall; but he only shook his head from side to side.

"You fellows won't believe," he said presently, "that I really have no use for a few thousand dollars. Leading my sort of life, they'd only be in the way. Besides, eggs are going up."

"Eggs may go up," admitted A. B. gloomily, "but it won't be while you own any. Tomorrow the bears will have every bull up a tree."

"New York report," said the clerk at the telephone, jotting down the last words of a long message.

"Read it," ordered A. B.

"Due to last week's warm spell, hens in all regions, east, south, north and west, appear to have laid a higher average of eggs per minute than ever before in the history of the trade. It now develops that strong bear interests in conjunction with buyers in the field have been rushing huge shipments to Chicago and the first gun of the impending battle was fired ten minutes before closing with a large offering of December refrigerators short at 27½, then at 27 and finally at 26½."

Pillbeck waited to hear no more. He left, but the next day found him back at his post, forced by lack of funds to be a silent partner in a titanic struggle. The bears were on the rampage, and the bulls were making a desperate stand to hold their own for a settling price high enough to consolidate their gains. Two factors had become paramount—the element of time, and the element of panic. If enough holders were pressed to the wall, eggs would hit the toboggan and pile up at the foot of the hill until the actual figures as to carloads actually stored should be made public.

As matters developed, mob psychology turned on Pillbeck Loftus and rended him. He was surer than ever that eggs were bound to shoot up the moment the shouting was over, but in the meantime he was forced to see his holdings melt from eighty-four carloads to his original sixteen. Up to—or rather, down to—that point, he was not called upon to cover, but any further drop would constitute a direct drain on his limited funds; and the drop came.

"December refrigerators, 21½," droned the clerk.

"Have you got it on you, boy?" asked A. B. anxiously.

"Sure," said Pillbeck with a white smile that fooled no one. He drew out his wad, which contained the exact amount required, tossed it on the desk and walked out.

"He's cleaned," murmured A. B., more to himself than to the crowd. "One more point, and the lad's wiped out."

It was a long way with many turnings from Hunnock's to Pill's hired room, yet when he got there he felt as if he had walked as straight and perilous a line as Blondin crossing Niagara Falls on a tight wire. Who knew what the night might bring forth? Perhaps a continuance of the bear raid, perhaps an awakening to true conditions that would open December refrigerator standards at 22 or better, thus saving his piratical hide.

He went supperless to bed, but did not lie anxiously awake. With the feeling at the back of his mind that there was nothing he could do anyway, he slept so soundly that the landlady housekeeper almost abandoned an attempt to drag him to the telephone at 10:30 in the morning.

"The Old Man says he's sorry to bother you, Pill, but Decembers are off one point. He says he'll give you an hour to cover."

Pillbeck was on the point of declaring himself down and out when he heard a noise which at first merely grated on his nerves and then filled him with purposeful rage.

A hen in the back yard was cackling and hooting in that particularly annoying manner which is supposed to announce to the world that one more of an endless string of eggs has just been laid.

"Tell A. B. I'll be there with the money."

Never had he shaved and dressed with greater haste. Upon issuing to the street he went first to Mr. Pillbeck Buck's residence because it happened to be on the way to Mr. Buck's office. There was just a chance that the lawyer also might have overslept. But he had not, and Pill was leaving the door when Miss Mason rushed out.

"Why, Pillbeck," she cried, "what has happened?"

He turned and looked up, surprised. "How did you know anything had happened, Kate?" he asked curiously.

"Of course I know," declared Kate. "I knew the moment I saw your back."

"My back?" he repeated vaguely.

"Yes; but it doesn't really matter in the least how I knew it. What matters is that you're in trouble. What do you need to get you out of it?"

"Money," declared Pillbeck, his eyes wandering.

"How much?" asked Kate.

"One thousand nine hundred and twenty dollars," he replied.

Her mouth fell open. Before she had closed it he was halfway down the block, and before she recovered sufficiently to turn and reënter the house he was approaching the building which sheltered the legal establishment headed by his cousin. Mr. Buck would doubtless have enjoyed forcing Mr. Loftus to cool his heels in the outer office for half an hour, but was not given the chance. Pill encircled the waist of the boy who started to announce him and by a peculiar gyration passed through the rail wicket as the boy passed out.

"Good morning—er—Pill," said Mr. Buck, not troubling to veil his annoyance.

"Good morning, Beck," replied Mr. Loftus, and promptly plunged into what he had to say.

"Let me see if I have seized the points of this extraordinary tale," said Mr. Buck ten minutes later. He placed his stubby fingers tip to tip, leaned back in his mahogany swivel chair and passed his shifty gaze back and forth across Pill's face. "You say you are the nominal owner of sixteen carloads, or one hundred and ninety-two thousand dozen eggs, at an initial and subsequent cost to you of sixty-seven hundred and twenty dollars, plus commissions."

"Right," said Pill.

"You have sunk all your funds in this venture, including over a year's accumulation of the patrimony left exclusively to you by our common Grandmother Pillbeck. You now come to me with a cool request

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for the sum of nineteen hundred and twenty dollars in order to enable you to send my honestly earned money after your chance findings."

"Wrong," said Pill. "Try and get this straight, Beck. It would cost you sixty-seven hundred and twenty dollars to go out and buy a call on sixteen carloads of December eggs at the market. I can't transfer my account to you on the books, but I can let you have it by a gentlemen's agreement. As for me, I'm down and out, but I know eggs are going to boom the minute the present excitement is over. The dope says they are, and so does a hunch of mine, as strong as a Percheron stallion. What I say to you is, put up nineteen hundred and twenty dollars and I'll sign over my title. In other words, you have a chance to buy my equity of almost seven thousand for less than two thousand. If eggs go down, you lose it. But for every cent they rise above the present absurd price, you stand to make exactly one hundred per cent on your investment. Is it worth the risk, or isn't it?"

On every possible occasion Mr. Buck proclaimed himself as being utterly opposed to gambling, but experience had taught him that not to follow his despised cousin's imaginative hunches was to slap Providence in the face. Then there was that word "equity"; to buy an equity in anything at from one-fourth to one-third its value could scarcely be called gambling. He licked his lips nervously and a cold gleam half lighted his opaque eyes.

"As I understand it," he rasped, "I am buying something which is no longer of any use to you. I mean that should the purchase chance to turn out advantageously, I should not be under the slightest obligation to you. Is that assumption correct?"

"It is," confirmed Pill.

"In that case I shall hand you my check in exchange for a written assurance that you will deliver the proceeds of the transaction to me as soon as realized."

"Make it payable to A. B. Hunnock & Co., please," said Pill, as he himself wrote out and signed a transfer of his rights.

Twenty minutes later he was offering the Old Man Mr. Buck's certified check in the sum of nineteen hundred and twenty dollars.

"What's that for?" demanded A. B.

"To cover," stammered Pill. "Has there been another drop or did you sell me out before my hour was up?"

"Boy, do you never read the papers?" asked A. B. commiseratingly. "Here; cast your eye over that." He pointed at a caption over a Chicago date line.

"Baked Eggs New Chicago Rage," read Pillbeck. "Last night's fifty-thousand-dollar fire has increased in price since it was learned that the heat was so great as to destroy an enormous quantity of eggs stored next door in Warehouse Number 2 of the Chicago Merchanting Board. Certain of the stray waifs of the Windy City are gainers, however, as they have been introduced to a new dainty, namely, baked eggs."

Pillbeck read no further; instead, he turned his eyes to the blackboard, where he saw only one item:

"Dec ref stds 28½."

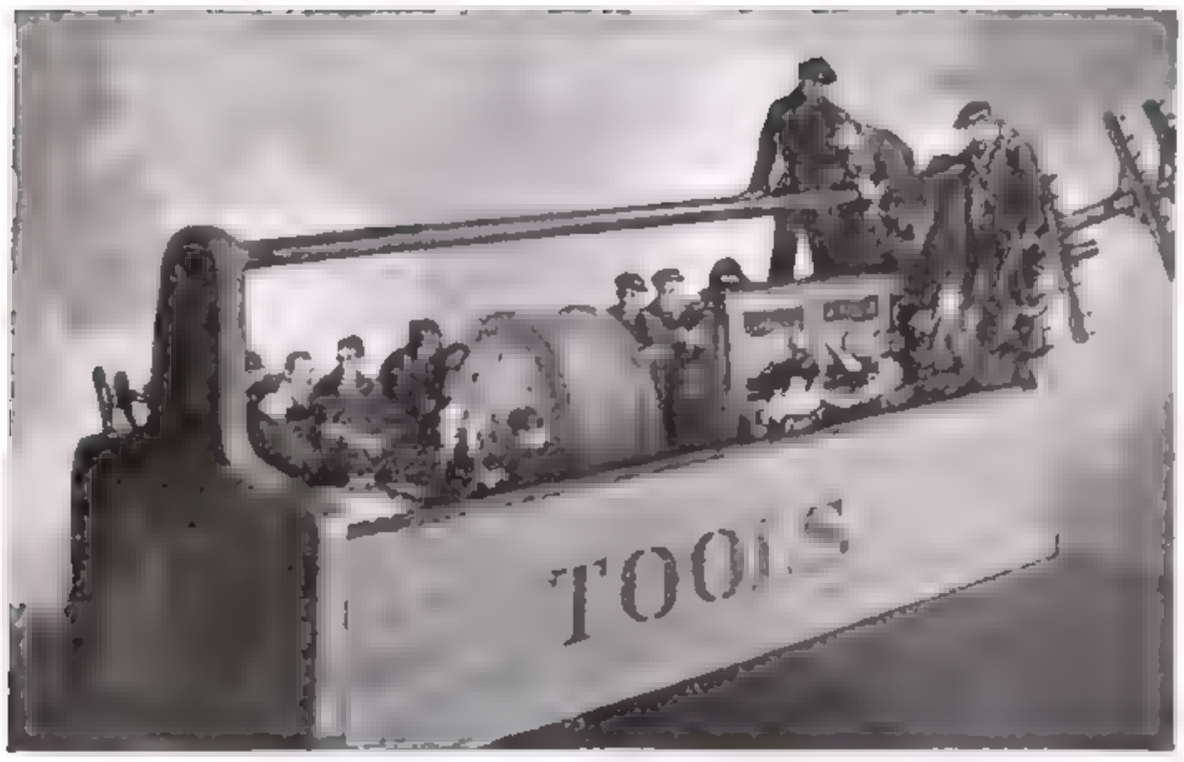
"Close me out at the market, A. B.," he murmured, folding Mr. Buck's useless check into little squares and thrusting it absent-mindedly into the small fob pocket in the waist band of his trousers. "I'll take my profit and run."

"Good boy," commended A. B.

Half an hour later Mr. Loftus received a draft for eleven thousand and forty dollars, net. He indorsed it to the order of Pillbeck Buck. Searching his pockets he found ten cents, three of which he invested in a stamped envelope at the branch post office around the corner. Seven cents remained, giving him a choice between a cup of coffee and the ferry. He chose the ferry.

"Well," he remarked smilingly to himself as he leaned over the rail and watched the lazy water crawl by, "it was a faster ride than this. Great stuff, eggs."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of stories by Mr. Chamberlain. The third will appear in an early issue.



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The tools of supply. The Western Electric Company, our manufacturing and purchasing department, its factories manned by 40,000 workers, assures us that extension of facilities need never be interrupted.

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Table of Contents

January 24, 1925

Cover Design by Thomas H. Webb

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
Honeysuckle Cottage—*P. G. Wodehouse*	8
Her Two Men—*Richard Washburn Child*	10
The Judgment From Paris—*Agnes Burke Hale*	14
Galloping Donkeys No Good—*George Pattullo*	18
Pillbeck and Eggs—*George Agnew Chamberlain*	20

ARTICLES

The Story of Irving Berlin—*Alexander Woollcott*	6
Commercially Perfect—*As Told to Myron Morris*	12
Ponds Triumphant—*Albert W. Atwood*	16
The Circumspect Seventies—*Kenneth L. Roberts*	17
Aircraft Dominate Seacraft—*Brigadier General William Mitchell*	22
After Lenine—What?—*Isaac F. Marcosson*	25
With Pencil, Brush and Chisel—*Emil Fuchs*	34

SERIALS

The House Without a Key (In seven parts)—*Earl Derr Biggers*	3
The Buccaneers of the Bahamas (Second part)—*Kenyon Gambier*	28

MISCELLANY

Editorials	24
Short Turns and Encores	26

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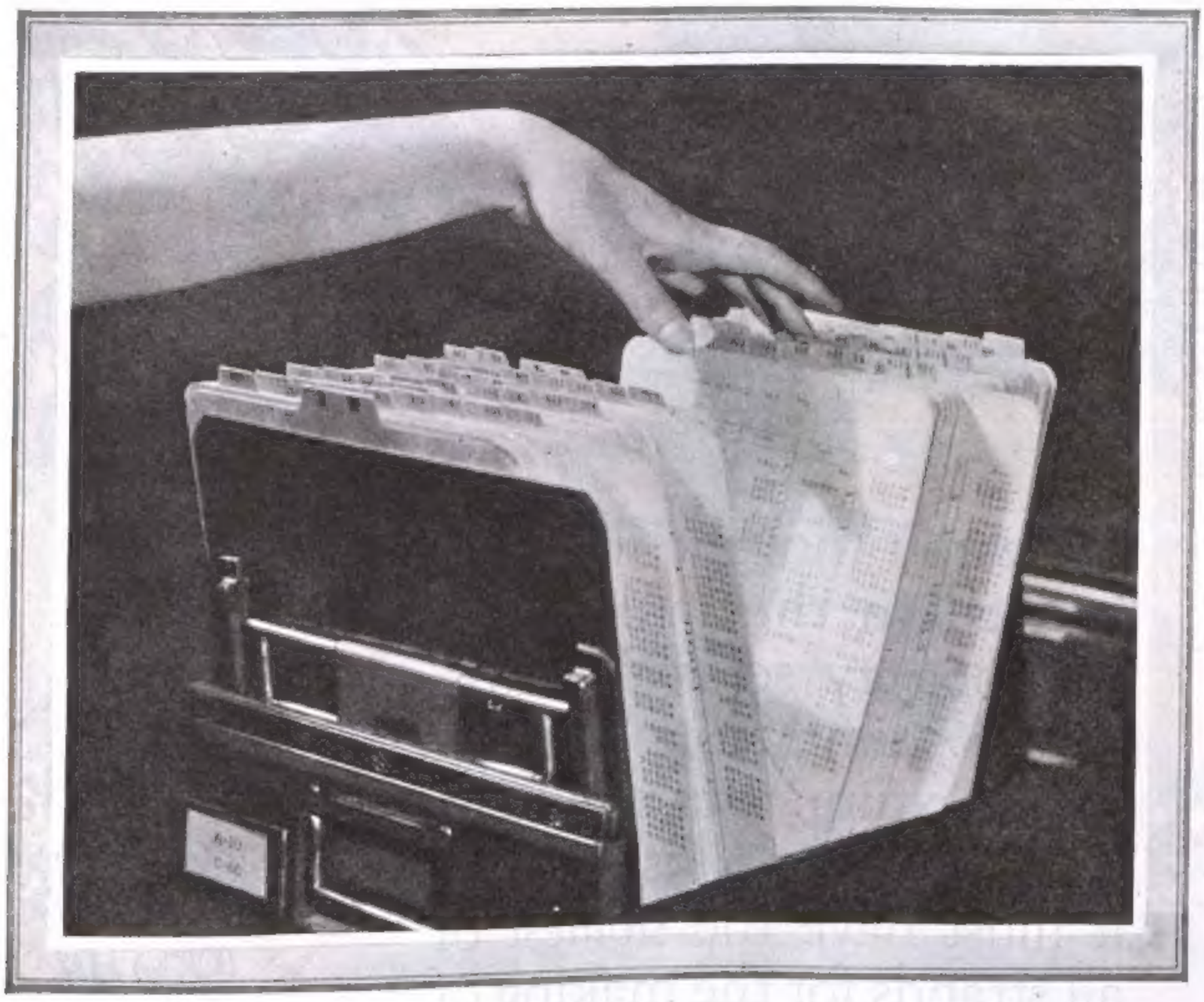

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So this fruit is of real importance. Don't think of it merely as something that you *like*.

Eat it regularly each morning for two reasons—because you like it and because of what it *does* for you.

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